PUNCH

VOL CXV



LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1898.

AP101
P8
v.11

BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO. LD., PRINTERS,
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

P101
P8
v.115



MR. PUNCH (*speaking continuously*). MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*mute*).

SCENE—*The terrace at Monte Carlo.*

Mr. Punch. Neutral ground, Madame, and the most natural spot on earth for the serious interchange of amenities. A prey to nervous prostration, you have come here to recruit yourself far from the madding crowd of boulevard politicians, "*mobilium turba Quiritium*," if I may so put it; me at this moment you may behold snatching a brief respite from the strain of punting at the green-cloth, from laying the fleeting louis on the spot which the glowing wheel ever contrives to elude—"*metaque fervidis evitata rotis*," to cite my FLACCUS once more. Tranquillity therefore becomes us both. *Allons, soyons calmes;* which means that I will do the talking.

Observe the fine sweep of blue before us from Monaco to Cap Martin. This is the same sea—here where the stillness is broken only by the paltry detonations of the *tir aux pigeons*—which we lately proposed to incarnadine, making the blue one red. That is past, Madame; frank words have been spoken on our side and good sense has prevailed on yours. But permit me once more to talk to you like a father. We are not a pincushion, Madame, as some of your friends have fancied. Punctuate us enough, and we shall bleed, and perchance make bleed. It is one of your traditional fallacies—such as that which attributes projecting teeth and huge feet to my most charming countrywomen—that France possesses the monopoly of honour. We too keep a little at need.

And, *à propos*, there are just now some certain smutches—pardon me—on your escutcheon, unworthy of a gallant army and a great nation. Make clean, Madame, make clean; whether or not you mean to use it against a foreign foe. Any evil confessed and purged is better than a secret shame. And, believe me, it is not from petty malice, as you seem to think, that our journals have urged upon you the difficult choice of expiation. A nation of shop-keepers, if you

will; but we have an old fancy for fair dealing; and we look for it in our neighbours as ourselves. So let the Judgment of Paris, as we hinted weeks ago, be wise to recognise the claims of justice, in the person of Pallas Athene; since

"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Give the award where it is due:—

"O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!"

You will, I know.

And, for Heaven's sake, Madame, purify that Press of yours, so corrupt by habit, so ignorant by choice. It has done more than fifty Waterloos or a hundred Fashodas to poison the hearts of your people and pervert them from the knowledge of their natural friends.

So may the way lie clear and clean before you that leads to that century's close which is to summon half the world to witness your triumph in the Arts of Peace. *À la bonne heure!* And there is none, you must believe, who will rejoice in that triumph with more sincerity than your humble servant.

In proof, I beg you to accept a token of that profound esteem and affection which, through all misleading signs, I hold for you. Do me the honour to glance within, and you will find straight words, that may seem to savour of offence: trust me, Madame, straight words make quickliest for a better understanding.

My man, TOBY, will deliver this tribute with all the speed and decorum of which he is capable: for he shall know that he bears no less a freight than my

One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume!



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



No. 2974.
VOLUME CXV.
JULY 9, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

For Cycles **DUNLOP TYRES** *& Carriages*
First in 1888 . . Foremost ever since.
A HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, "ALL ABOUT DUNLOP TYRES," POST FREE.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., 160 to 166, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

BAM WILDFIRE.

6/ net.

By HELEN MATHERS.

T. BURLEIGH, 370, Oxford St., W.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO. (ESTD. 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8½ Millions Stg.



NEW REDUCED RATES. WITHOUT PROFITS.

Branches in India and the Colonies.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

ALLANS ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.



Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

"THE VERY POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

PRINCE'S PLATE.

(Regd.)

"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS



"Eton."

Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 8 in., 20s. 6d.
Trousers " " 8s. 3d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.



COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest and Best Revolver made for Travellers and Cyclists. It supersedes all others. COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS & LIGHTNING RIFLES. Price Lists Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., 26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

It has long been a matter of surprise, prior to the introduction of "Emperor" Chocolates, that no English firm of standing and repute should have made a serious endeavour to rival the famous French makers in the delicacy and elegance of their confectionery. In "Emperor" Chocolates the delicious dainties of the Parisian *Confiseurs* are not only equalled but excelled. Their rare and exquisite flavour is appreciated by the most refined taste. Only the choicest Cocoas and the most delicate Vanilla are selected for their manufacture, the whole being skilfully blended by highly-trained *Chocolatiers.*

The following varieties are now sold by most of the principal confectioners throughout the kingdom, and to facilitate selection a special sample box containing a representative assortment will be forwarded by the manufacturers, ROWNTREE & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, post free to any address, on receipt of six penny stamps.

Dessert.	Pistachios.
Langues de Chat.	Crême à la Rose.
Chocolate Almonds.	Crême à la Violette
Nougat.	Coffee.
Pistachio Bonbons.	Assorted.

Manufactured by the makers of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa.



"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises

by their

Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,

For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.

For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 20th September, returning 8th November.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£10 10s. CRUISES on S.Y. "Argonaut," 3,254 tons, 4,000 horse-power, organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS (12 days) August 3rd.

ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES (14 days) Sept. 6.

£21 CRUISE (24 days) ST. PETERSBURG, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN and CHRISTIANIA, on the S.Y. "St. Sunniva," August 20th.

£16 16s. CRUISE (21 days) CANARY ISLES, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR and LISBON, on the S.Y. "Argonaut," September 22nd.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

WALSINGHAM HOUSE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

PICCADILLY, W.

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW RESTAURANT, with Reception Rooms, Private Dining Room, &c., exquisitely decorated, and perfect in every detail, WILL BE OPENED SHORTLY.

The Table d'Hôte is now open to non-residents.

WALSINGHAM HOUSE occupies the most unique and central position in Fashionable London.

THE RESTAURANT AND PUBLIC ROOMS overlook the celebrated Green Park, Piccadilly, and command a magnificent pastoral view, although in the heart of London.

A CHARMING TERRACE AND GARDEN are also attached to the Hotel.

Each single Room and each Suite of Rooms provided with a luxurious Bath Room.

G. GELARDI, *Manager.*

Telegrams: "SOIGNÉ, LONDON."

HOWARD'S PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery."—*Lancet*

DURING SUMMER

You should never be without a bottle of

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

Which cools and refreshes the face and hands, removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, and Roughness; heals and cures Irritation, Eruptions. Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

the most effectual preserver and restorer of the hair, and is also sold in a *Golden Colour* for ladies and children with fair or golden hair, as it does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.

GOLD & SILVER

Cigarette cases

manufactured by

S. Mordan & Co.

The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark



THE MILLENIUM UP TO DATE.

["The Rev. Mr. BAXTER declares that religious newspapers will require to be published as much as ever during the millenium."—*Daily News.*]

I WONDERED when I read it,
And doubted if 'twere true,
But Mr. B-XT-R said it,
And Mr. B-XT-R knew.
And so, with mixed emotions,
I set to work and humbly altered all my notions
Of the millenium.

No longer in the City
Men read the *Star* at lunch,
They looked with hypercritical eyes on *Mr. Punch.*
They cared not for the Lincoln,
Ascot unheeded sped;
Neglected lay the *Pink'un*,
The *Sportsman* lay unread.

The bookstalls at the stations
Were thronged with men who bent
O'er pious publications
With solemn looks intent.
From Monday round to Monday,
Still faster sold the stock
Of *Christian Herald, Sunday At Home, Church Times* and *Rock.*

The newsboys, little sinners,
Repentant now, were seen,
No longer bawling "Winners!"
But "*Parish Magazine!*"
——I wondered when I read it,
And doubted if 'twere true,
But Mr. B-XT-R said it,
And Mr. B-XT-R knew.



SHAKSPEARE ON MR. JOHN HARE IN THE PART OF *MR. GOLDFINCH.*

"What 'a pair of spectacles' is here!"
Troilus and Cressida, Act IV., Sc. 4.

A BALLADE OF CONCEALED ART.

Ne vulgo narres te sudavisse ferendo carmina.

WHEN you 've pruned its edges frayed,
Sifted chaff from wheat,
And your sonnet now is made
Tolerably neat;
Since the task is now complete,
Though on thorny path
Stumbled Pegasus's feet,
Tell it not in Gath.

Of encyclopædias laid
Piled around your seat;
How you spurred your sorry jade
To a well-feigned heat,
Wasted paper—sheet on sheet,
Ink—to fill a bath,
With a manifold defeat—
Tell it not in Gath.

But your poem, with pride displayed
Flowingly repeat,
Sc shall Daphne, artless maid,
You with plaudits greet;
Though your monumental feat
Plaster be and lath,
And your coin but counterfeit—
Tell it not in Gath.

Envoy.

Punch, to whom we own the cheat,
Spare your righteous wrath!
Don't proclaim it in the street,
Tell it not in Gath.

A FINANCIAL AUTHORITY BADLY WANTED.—The man who can say "Bogus" to the Investing Goose.



THE MYSTERIOUS MINISTER.

Lord S-l-sb-ry (*"spoken"*). "NO! THERE 'S NO GETTIN' AT ME! I TELL YOU STRAIGHT, I KEEP MYSELF TO MYSELF, AND NEVER SAYS NOTHIN' TO NOBODY, I DON'T; AND IF ANYBODY VERY PRESS-INGLY WANTS TO KNOW —WHY"—(*sings*)—"'I AIN'T AGOIN' TO TELL.'"



The New Curate. "SUPERB DAY, ISN'T IT!" *Giles.* "AY?" *Curate.* "SUPERB DAY." *Giles.* "AY?
Curate. "ER—A—*SUPERB——DAY!*" *Giles.* "WHOA, DOBBIN!" (*Pulls up.*) "AY?"
Curate. "I ONLY REMARKED—ER—IT WAS A *SUPERB DAY.*" *Giles.* "D——! GW'ON, DOBBIN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Do you want a change from analytical novels and solutions of life-problems? If you do, take the Baron's advice, ask for ANNA KATHARINE GREEN'S *Lost Man's Lane* (PUTNAM AND SONS), and "see that you get it." When you have got it, choose a quiet time, say a couple of hours to yourself, just before "bye-bye," if your nerves are in the very best condition; select a comfortable corner, a shaded bright light, while the rest of the room is in darkness, and then and there the Baron leaves you to thoroughly enjoy one of the pleasantest, creepiest stories, in the crime-and-detective line, he has come across for some considerable time. The secret is well kept up to the end, and the most experienced of detective-minded readers will not find it the easiest thing in the world to get on the right track.

"BLISS, SANDS & CO." are the publishers of Mr. J. ASHBY-STERRY'S latest up-to-datest story. A publishing firm rejoicing (and can they do anything else except rejoice?) in such a title ought to deal only with holiday literature, treating exclusively of the delights of the sea-side, of the pleasures of piers, of paddling, of building castles of sand, of digging holes, of lazing about doing nothing and assisting others in all the varieties of that particularly pleasant occupation. "BLISS, SANDS & CO.!" Wisely did Mr. ASHBY-STERRY, the Laziest Minstrel that ever indolently twanged the lyre and filled the hearts of the Petticoats with delight, wisely did he select this Blissful firm as the chaperons of his *Naughty Girl*, who, of course, must be as "Nice" as she is "Naughty." But is she so *very* "naughty"? The reader must answer the question. The critic who has formed his idea of "naughtiness" from a George-Mooreish novel, will most likely acquit *Miss Beryl* of the charge.

"'JACK!' said BERYL.
"'BERYL!' said JACK.
"And then the train went into a tunnel."

That is a quotation. Doesn't it whet your appetite? What happened? Where was the tunnel? Was it on the L. C. & D. line, just running into Ramsgate and issuing *sur la plage?* If so, think of the publishers again, and there you have the summing up, "Bliss!" and in less than two minutes (ah, how all too brief is such happiness!) they are in the broad daylight in full view of "SANDS & CO."! Success to ASHBY-STERRY-o'-type! says his faithful admirer, THE BARON DE B.-W.

A TIP FOR THE TRIPPER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that you have been giving advice "how to enjoy a short trip" in this (now) delightful weather. Let me give you my experience. The other day I had one of the pleasantest jaunts in my life. I will give it you from my note-book as jotted down in what may be termed "Jinglese."

Started after breakfast. Absurdly cheap return ticket; good for the entire season. No hurry. In first-class carriage. Pretty scenery. Kent beautiful. Smart run of an hour to Gravesend. No idea so much country *en route*. Train reaches pier. Steamboat in attendance. Not too crowded. Most respectable company. Fathers, mothers, and families. Efficient band. Good luncheon. Best part of the lower Thames. Even Southend picturesque. Short sea trip, then river again. Clacton charming. Harwich handsome. Felixstowe felicitous. Alliteration suggestive of special articles of daily paper. After Felixstowe the gem of the journey. An hour's delightful passage between banks of green turf and forest trees. Here and there a glimpse of ivy-covered towers. Country seats in the distance most impressive. Tea and shrimps. Return to deck; pretty scenery continued. And at 5.20, Ipswich!

There, *Mr. Punch*. Take my advice; you can ring the changes on the Belle Boats, where you need not feel ashamed to be

CAUGHT TRIPPING.

"SO RHODES is 'a left-hand bowler of quite uncommon ability!'" quoted the old lady, as she read her *Standard*. "'He plays for Yorkshire.' Well, it is *very* clever of him, but I always thought he would have to do something fresh for a living, after that JAMESON Raid failed."

OUR friend WAGSTAFFE has recently been suffering from a sore throat. He was advised to paint it with iodine. WAG replied that he was not an artist, and even if he were, he wasn't a Dutch artist, and was therefore unable even to attempt painting a "Phlegmish Interior."

"THE GUILD OF BINDERS."—Surely all the clergy licensed to join persons in holy matrimony ought, *ex officio*, to be members of this guild. They're bound to be.



TRIALS OF THOMAS.

A SOUVENIR OF THE PRESS BAZAAR.

[The *Ladies' Field*, *Strand Magazine*, and *Country Life* had fancy leather goods and Persian kittens.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

How any one gifted even in the slightest degree with dramatic and artistic instincts could conscientiously appear as the heroine of *La Traviata* in a variety of costumes of the present "so-called nineteenth century," while all the other principals, and the chorus, are attired as ladies and gentlemen of the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, is just one of those things on the Operatic stage that "no fellow can understand." It is intelligible that the male Operatic choristers would not shine in suits of reach-me-down sables provided by the costumier as per contract, and that, in low-cut ball-dresses, the "giddy young things" of the "spindle-side" would not appear to the best advantage. These reasons may be a satisfactory explanation of the fact that the Opera is *not* played in modern costume. But that Madame MELBA, having been made aware of this fact by the Operatic stage manager, should still cling to her modern fashionable attire, is incomprehensible. If the stage manager did not inform her of it, then she must have been considerably surprised on finding herself in modern dress alone among the remnants of the sixteenth century. According to this, Madame MELBA might play *Nedda* in *Pagliacci*, dressed as a fashionable London lady or as a Parisienne; and on another occasion, JEAN DE RESZKE, following suit, might play *Romeo* in such a costume as he would don for a London garden-party, all the other characters being in Veronese costumes, Mantua-made, of the fourteenth century. But why complain? An educated audience, representing most of the rank and fashion, and some of the talent, will put up with any absurdity on the Operatic stage, without uttering so much as a single ill-bred plebeian murmur. *Sotto voce*, and to one another, they smile; but protest! not a bit of it. The effect of Madame MELBA, singing perfectly as *Violetta*, appearing in nineteenth-century costumes (beautiful too!) among the sixteenth-century ladies and gentlemen, is as absurd as if Sir HENRY IRVING were to play *Hamlet* in a suit of sables of this present date, with craped "topper" and black gloves to match, while all the other actors were attired in costumes worn by the rank and fashion of Denmark at the period generally assigned to the action. M. BONNARD is a very nice little *Alfredo*, poor young man! All doing excellently well, including Signor MANCINELLI, who brings out a new Opera this week, entitled, *Hero and Leander*, a little thing of his own. In this Opera the Hero is a Heroine. *Leander*, the classical Professor of Swimming, we suppose is to be Signor SALEZZA. Success to the merry MANCINELLI, and may his Opera, Leander-like, get on swimmingly, and, un-Leander-like, not become one of the "submerged."

AT HENLEY AS IT IS.

(*By Isaac Walton Minimus.*)

THERE used to be buttercups once on these meads,
  There used to be reeds by the bank,
But now these same meadows have not even weeds,
  And the water 's decidedly rank.
The pastures are crowded with mannerless shows,
  And the river with refuse is blocked;
There isn't a corner for quiet repose,
  While the nose is most constantly shocked!
The houseboats and tents may with rich colour glow,
  And the course be more bright than before,
But there isn't the thought for the men who will row,
  As there was in the brave days of yore!
How WILLAN and WARRE and stout "JOHNNY" Moss
  Must recurrence of past time re-wish,
And the sight be to them and to rowing a loss,
  But *I* only can think of the Fish
Who are poisoned by garbage and bloated with food,
  And oppressed with the bottles o'erthrown!
My sentiments, though by the Many pooh-poohed,
  By the Few will be met with a moan!

RESCUE OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—Bravo, Mr. THOMAS J. BARRATT! You 'll be Barratt-Knighted before you 're much older! He has secured for £38,500 "all that property" known as Golder's Hill, in order to make of it a sweet preserve to suit the public taste, and thus to "rescue the charming landscape picture from speculative builders of hideous flats." A committee, under the presidency of Sir HENRY HARBEN, has come to his aid. Good! Herr President. "*Sie Haben Recht!*"

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

(By One who is in it.)

INTRODUCTORY.

The following bright and "snappy" little paragraphs have been specially written for *Mr. Punch* by a lady who assures him that she moves in the most select circles, and that the accuracy of her information may be absolutely depended upon. *Mr. Punch* cannot say that he has the honour of being acquainted with any of the personages whose dresses and doings are so minutely recorded, but possibly some of his readers may be more fortunate, and even if they are not, they will, he is sure, peruse this social chronicle with no less interest on that account.

IN THE GROVE.

Everybody one knows seems to make a point of congregating in Westbourne Grove these fine Summer mornings. Last Monday there were any number of pretty and distinguished people to be seen there. Little Mrs. FROGSWELL (who is so often taken for the Honourable Mrs. MOOKOW) was looking very sweet and distinguished in a plaid blouse with a collar of machine-made lace and a "picture-hat." Mrs. PIPKIN was walking about with Mrs. BRASS-POTT, and Mrs. STUCKOE-PEELE, in a costume of brick-red faced with cream, and a bent hat and parasol, was examining a "line" of marvellously cheap gloves in Mr. STRETCHER'S shop window. Then Mrs. GOTTEMON, quite one of the prettiest women there, wore bright turquoise blue velvet, with a sash of pink tulle and a mauve toque. Mrs. BELWEATHER, looking regal in a ruby velvet hat and an ermine cloak, chaperoned Miss "BABY" GIGGLESWICK in a little muslin-sprigged frock, much befrilled, which, though perhaps a little short, looked particularly fresh and pretty. Miss FRUMP, who has a great name for neatness, looked wonderfully smart in a dust-coloured tussore silk, with drab linen collar and cuffs; Captain COPPER, looking the picture of health, in a straw hat, frock coat, and brown boots, escorted Miss "GUSSIE" GOLDLEAF, who was all in green gauze, and, unless I am mistaken, it was pretty and sparkling Mrs. "TOM" TINSELL who rode by on her "bike." Altogether, quite a remarkable gathering of smart folk.

A SMART HIGH TEA.

Mrs. BELWEATHER'S High Tea, at Whiteley Terrace, on Tuesday afternoon, was perhaps the most brilliant affair of its kind that has transpired for years. All the best and smartest people in Society were to be seen seated round Mrs. BELWEATHER'S hospitable mahogany, and her well-known parlour was full to overflowing. Among the great ladies present were Mrs. GOTTEMON, gorgeous in green foulard, with serpent-like insertions, and a toque of sulphur-coloured tulle, with a pink aigrette; Mrs. "TOM" TINSELL, a vision in cloth of gold and silver tissue; and Mrs. STUCKOE-PEELE, who came on from a Shakspeare Reading Society at Shepherd's Bush, looking very sweet, but a little tired. Miss GIGGLESWICK looked wonderfully well in tulle illusion. Mrs. FROGSWELL and Mrs. BRASS-POTT both brought their girls, and Mr. "ALF" ROWSER, who looked in on his way from the City, brought his concertina. Mr. "HERB" LARKINS and Captain COPPER were expected, but were detained at Henley. After tea, which was quite excellent, there was a small and rather Bohemian party, one or two literary and artistic persons being present.

The next day Mrs. BELWEATHER had her dinner.

AN INTERESTING GARDEN PARTY.

Quite the smartest open-air function this season was Mrs. SAMUEL SHEKYLL'S garden-party at Jordan Crescent, Maida Vale. Mrs. "IKEY" SOLOMONS looked very up-to-date in a large check, and Mrs. SAUL SHENIE was splendid in plum-coloured Roman satin and gold passementerie. Mrs. BELWEATHER, as usual, smothered in ermine, brought Mrs. DAVID RUBENSOHN in grass-green and maize, with touches of orange in her toque. Miss REBECCA KOSHERFLEISCH, who always dresses with so much taste, came in crimson foulard with a yellow tulle sash and a hat of pale blue chiffon. A very charming and original feature of the afternoon was the institution of a sort of *buffet* under a tent, where lemonade, claret-cup, and even strawberry and lemon-water ices could be obtained on application—a fashion which is certain to be followed at similar entertainings. Among the guests were Mr. "MO" LEVERTON, Mr. "BENJY" ISAACS, and several other smart men.

[PARENTHESIS BY MR. PUNCH.

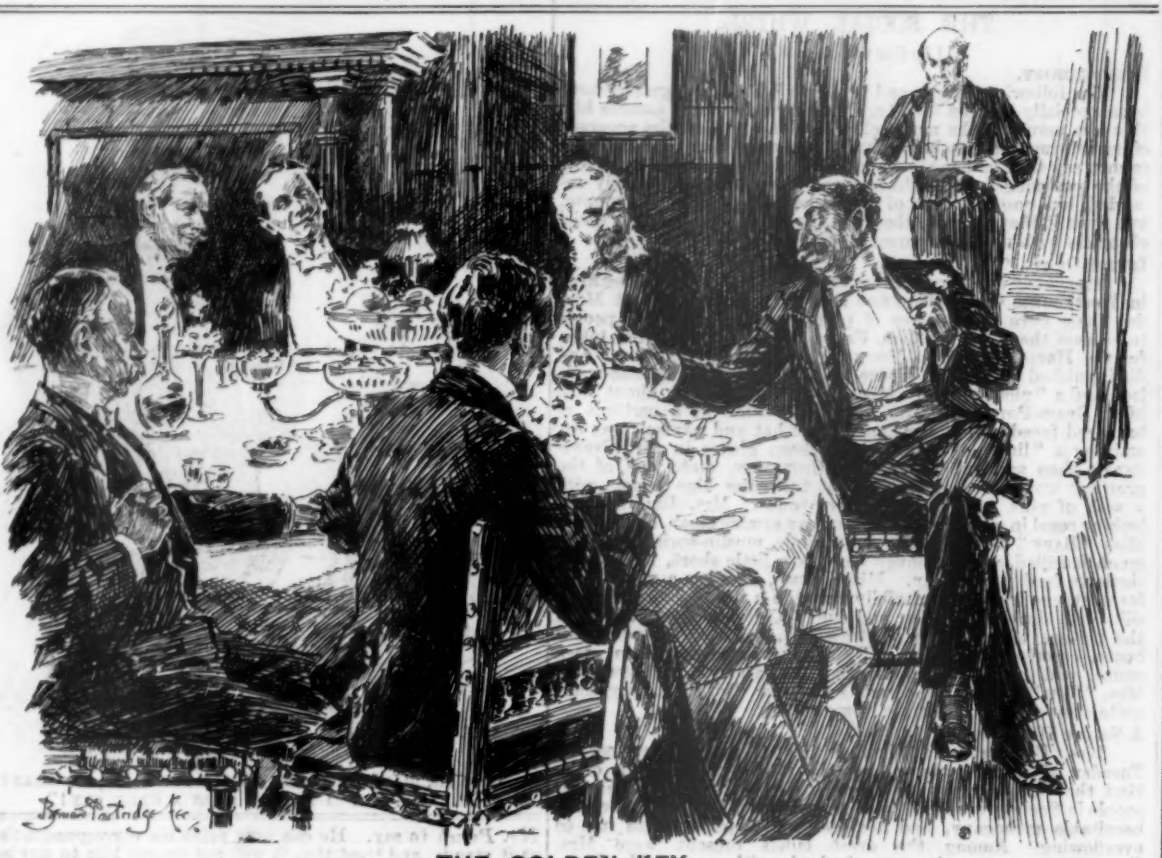
Mr. Punch must candidly confess that he is rather at a loss to account for the change of tone in the succeeding paragraph, in which the note of genial and almost reverent appreciation seems strangely lacking. Whether the accomplished chronicler has had any differences of opinion with her fashionable friends, whether she wearied of the monotony of unqualified praise, or whether she was simply out of temper at the time, it is not for *Mr. Punch* to say. He can only print his correspondent's copy as it stands, and trust that it will not expose him to any actions for libel.]



Old Gent. "IS IT A *BOARD SCHOOL* YOU GO TO, MY DEAR?"
Child. "NO, SIR. I BELIEVE IT BE A *BRICK* ONE!"

A DULL DANCE.

The general opinion about Mrs. FROGSWELL'S dance at Busting Lodge, on Friday, seemed to be that it was an utter failure. To begin with, there were no programmes (making it impossible for a partner to remember which particular dance he was engaged for), and a hostess whose drawing-room is of the dimensions of Mrs. FROGSWELL'S, should either not have the Green Hungarians at all, or else put them in the back garden. Not, however, that it signified, for the crowd was a very ordinary one, and the few people with any pretensions to smartness who came, only looked in for a few minutes. Perhaps it was the pale green paper shades over the gas-globes, which would have been trying to a really pretty woman, but Mrs. GOTTEMON was looking quite ghastly, and I heard it remarked on all sides that she is a complete wreck this season. Mrs. STUCKOE-PEELE, who is beginning to have a worn look, brought her girl, but I did not see her dancing. Miss "BABY" GIGGLESWICK seemed to be enjoying herself in the conservatory. After all, I suppose it is only consistent that people should "go on" as rapidly as they "go off." Miss "GUSSIE" GOLDLEAF looked almost girlish in the pink tulle which she always wears on such occasions. Mr. ROWSER did his best to infuse some animation into the "Kitchen" quadrilles, and his diamond solitaire stud was the centre of such brilliancy and sparkle as there were. Mrs. "TOM" TINSELL danced several dances with Captain COPPER, who is not at all well just now, and was certainly no better for having gone into supper three times. Mrs. SAUL SHENIE (the Jewish element was rather overwhelmingly represented) positively shone at the supper-table, in spite of the fact that the champagne was none of the best. By some oversight, Mrs. BELWEATHER, who looked very warm and uncomfortable in black velvet, was not asked to go into supper—perhaps none of the young men present had the requisite courage. However, it may console her to know that she did not lose much. The dancing, like the floor, was wretched, and the early hour at which the last of her guests departed must have convinced even Mrs. FROGSWELL that her social ambition had resulted in a deplorable *fiasco*. She is leaving town soon, for Margate.



THE GOLDEN KEY.

Mr. Montgomerie. "AH! MY DEAR BOYS, YOU'RE RIGHT. THE EXTENT TO WHICH OUR ENGLISH SYSTEM OF 'TIPPING' HAS GROWN IS SOMETHING MONSTROUS! WHY, I CAN ASSURE YOU—THAT—AT SOME OF THE BIG COUNTRY HOUSES I STOP AT, IT COSTS ME A TEN POUND NOTE *TO GET OUT OF 'EM!*" *Jones (to his neighbour, sotto voce).* "WONDER HOW MUCH IT COSTS HIM TO *GET INTO 'EM!*"

NOTES FROM A STAGE SHOOTING-BOX.

["The theatre is one of my weapons."—*Speech of Wilhelm, Kaiser.*]

As great Apollo, lord of light and song,
From whom the oracle was wont to flow,
Used many arrows when he drew the long,
Strong bow;

So I, his likeness, Whose revolving glance
Takes all created Kosmos nicely in,
And petrifies the powers of Ignorance
And Sin—

I, too, to supplement My royal frowns,
Have weapons ready to My mailéd fist;
Of these the Army naturally crowns
The list;

The Press (inspired), the Law, and other rules
Largely relating to *lèse-majesté:*
And last, and subtlest of My moral tools—
THE PLAY!

To this My lordly patronage I lend,
Showing My subjects (at a trivial price)
The meed of Virtue and the awful end
Of Vice.

When righteous work is done before their eyes,
Dragons disabled, villains bound with cords,
They deem it is their KAISER occupies
The boards!

I am their hero, I their man of war,
No matter under what disguises hid,—
Siegfried, Othello, Agamemnon or
The Cid.

When from the flies My happy people trace
A god debouching in a tin machine,
They like to fancy it is I Who grace
The scene.

All such, in fact, as love the Good and True
Round the idea of Me delight to rally;
For this they even congregate to view
The ballet.

As One Who wrote an Opera, I feel
How good the ballet is for Prussian youth.
For thinnish are the veils that there conceal
The Truth!

So, though Myself I play no active part,
And though instinctively I hate a show,
To this and other useful feats of Art
I go.

And when My faithful mummers groan or grin
In tragic buskins or in comic socks,
Their single cynosure is WILLIAM in
His box.

They are My creatures whom I hold in fee,
And still My presence permeates the air,
Though I should even happen not to be
Just there!

In Me a moral force directs the stage,
Which adds, in turn, to My Imperial scope
When with the Prince of Darkness I engage
To cope.

Thus, like an arrow from the straining string,
For private ends I make the drama whizz!
Hamlet was right: he said, "The play's the thing":
It is.

A Spanish Double-loon.

MARSHAL BLANCO has, according to a most circumstantial report, been fired on by a rebel and severely wounded. According to another most circumstantial report, he is in the enjoyment of perfect health. Evidently the Marshal should be known in future as Double-Blanko, and go in for dominoes to conceal his identity.

"MISCELLANEOUS."—Under this heading the following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of the 28th inst.:—

"LIP LANGUAGE.—Will a Lady who understands as above communicate with," &c., &c.

Curious advertisement for mere "lip-service." Has it anything to do with "Lipt 'uns"?



OUR MASTERS' MASTERS.

NEWSPAPER HAWKER. "SHOUT AWAY, BILL! WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH AS LONG AS WE VOTES 'PROGRESSIVE'!"

["The chief reason for the rejection of the by-law" (for the repression of street shouting) "seems to have been regard for the feelings of the Costers, who have made their power felt." .... "There are many Londoners who will regret this decision."—*Westminster Gazette, June* 29.]



TRUTH WILL OUT.

Miss Delamode (*of Belgravia*). "WELL, DEAR, I MUST BE OFF. DON'T YOU LOVE LORD'S?"

Miss Dowdesley (*of Far-West Kensingtonia*). "I'M SURE I SHOULD, ONLY——" (*Immersed in her own dreams*)—"WE DON'T KNOW ANY!"

MR. PEEPS' DIARY AT HENLEY.

Tuesday.—This day the aquatick contests at Henley, and I thither, though a great distance from Town. Paid a half-guinea to the varlet who giveth out the tickets, and sundry other monies for programme, of which I understand but little, and for sporting papers, of which I comprehend even less. To the platform of departure at Paddington, the Company very numerous and in fine attire. Observe a couple of knaves get in to my railway coach, and as soon as the train start, commence playing of cards. Asked by them to adventure certain monies upon the picture-card in a game where but three cards, in all, are used. Did so, and at the first, did win a pound—called, methinks, a "couter"—and pocket the same. But, continuing to play, did lose each time, until I owe them five pounds, at our journey's end. Did give a banknote for Five Pounds, which, seeing a Police Inspector approach, one of the varlets did hastily Pocket and hurry away. Did feel glad to see the last of such Sorry Rogues, and made a Resolution to avoid any further intercourse with the fellows. To the River, where great To-do of Flags, and Barges gaily decorated. Did walk through the gates on to the fine Lawn, when the Guardian was Not Looking, and did Ruffle it, with the Best. Comes a Policeman, who, seizing me by the collar, puts me outside again. Much diverted by the numerous small Craft upon the River, but wishing for a more Compleat view of the Racing, presently manage to Again slip in through the gates and nearly to the lawn once more, but just caught by the tail of my fine new coat, and Hauled Outside yet again by the same Policeman—a churlish fellow, but Persevering withal. Lord! to see how changed are times, since, in mine own heyday, the Watermen of Wapping Old Stairs did contest for a Coat and Badge, challenging the Watermen of London Bridge. Methinks 'twas finer sport, though far less of show and no be-decking of the great Barges, which I now perceive are dubbed "House-Boats." Many minstrels, their faces blackened, and twanging Ban-Joes, as they call them, but to me more like a Warming-Pan with musickal strings. Good Lack! What strange dress they did assume, and collars all too large and not of any fit whatsoever. Did offer a knave four-pence for a seat in his wherry, as I would have adventured up on the River, but he make merry at my expense, and place his Thumb unto his Nose and spread out his Fingers lengthwise, and was otherwise disrespecktful and Unseemly in his Conduct. Espying my Lord of CORKERTON Very Busy with a Hamper, did accost him in friendly tones with An Eye upon his Sparkling Wine. But he, continuing to consume his Toothsome Viands, did offer me none of his hospitalitie. Whereupon, wishing his Lordship a Change of Climate (though the day was Not Cold), I left him. Witnessed sundry of the boat-races, and was much diverted at sight of a strip of wood and canvas, which they call An Outrigger. Lord! to think that any man would adventure his life in such a whimsical thing! and not at all to compare with the honest Waterman's Wherry of mine own time. But, in one thing, was well pleased; the ladies, though no longer Sighing and Ogling, much comelier in dress than of yore. But in all else, disappointed. And so back to London, and thence, ere Cockcrow, to the mystic shades again.

SILOMO'S WARNING.

Wizard.

SILOMO, SILOMO! beware of the day
When thy managing-editor's driven to bay!
For a cloud of calamity darkens my sight
And thine *England* lies low in oblivious night.
Thine office is closed, and thy secrets are wrung
From thine innermost bosom, and ruthlessly flung
To the ravenous people, and lo! the whole nation
Gloats greedily over the black revelation!

Silomo.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my staff.
They are old, far too old, to be caught with thy chaff.
In vain, 'tis in vain that thy warnings are muttered.
They well know the side that their bread has been buttered.

Wizard.

Ha! Laugh'st thou, SILOMO, my vision to scorn?
Proud Member for Sheffield, thy pride shall be torn.
For look! Who is yonder? I see her e'en now,
The light'ning in eye and the thunder on brow.
Her glance is destruction—it falleth on thee!—
Ah! mercy, dispel the dread vision I see!—
Thou tremblest, thou palest—thou fall'st to the plain—
Thou writhest about in thine impotent pain,—
I see thee, SILOMO!—Thy glories are fled,
A heap of mere ashes, all shrivelled and dead
With the wrath of the duchess thou daredst to diddle—

Silomo.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not thy riddle.
What! Think'st thou the cheek of SILOMO will blench,—
SILOMO, the dread of the Treasury Bench,—
SILOMO, the hero of war as of peace,
That dared, all undaunted, the dungeons of Greece?
What! think'st that SILOMO will tremble and fly
From a duchess, a feminine duchess's eye?
So long as the SULTAN sits firm on his throne,
So long shall the name of SILOMO be known,
So long shall, bareheaded, the land of his birth
Bow down to the friend of God's Shadow on Earth.

ON OPERATIC LINES.—BELLINI'S *Norma* is a work seldom given nowadays. It might be well cast just now at the Theatre Royal Victoria and Charing Cross, with the Chairman of the L. C. & D. Railway as *Norma*, and the Chairman of the S. E. Railway as her former rival, *Adalgisa*, singing the well-known duet, "Yes, we together!" The duet, with a good translation, *vid* Calais and Boulogne, ought to be highly popular and a big success. *Bien oui! ma Share de Préférence!*—and plenty of 'em!

PEACE-WORK.—Refused—it is hoped only for the present—in Spain and America.



HARD LABOUR.

MISS DORA ALWAYS KEEPS UP A SHARP CANTER DURING HER MORNING RIDE. SHE SAYS THE VIOLENT EXERCISE IS GOOD FOR HER GROOM. WHAT THE GROOM SAYS IS UNPRINTABLE!

DARBY JONES LAMENTS ON THE EXTINCTION OF STOCKBRIDGE.

HONOURED SIR,—This week must be one of Mourning in Racing Circles for Stockbridge, that most delightful of Hampshire meetings—the only one left, in so far as I can remember, in the whole of the County over which the Right Hon. the Earl of NORTHBROOK rules as Lord Lieutenant—which, after vainly battling against the Breeze of Gate-Money Gatherings, has at last succumbed, and, as Sir FRAISER PUNNETT would say, is "Buy-buried."

It is not for My Humble Self to analyse the various motives which have influenced those responsible for the Cremation of the Bibury Club and the Stockbridge Committee, and the transference of their Ashes, in hope of Phœnix-like Resurrection, to the Bleak Downs which overlook the Palatial Demesne of Lord PEMBROKE at Wilton and the Unique Spire of Salisbury Cathedral. I can only say, like the Little Girls in the Good Fiction written for the Edification of the Young and Virtuous, "I am very sorry." From the days of the Prince-Regent down to this End-of-the-Century Conviviality, the Bibury Club has been SELECT, and Stockbridge has conduced to its Selectiveness. The Associated Forces may migrate to Salisbury, but it will, in my feeble estimation, be no longer the Dual Gathering as celebrated in many a Tradition of the Past. Stockbridge, celebrated by Lord DUCIE and other far-famed Anglian Anglers for taking Attributes with the Waltonian fly, is a spot remote from the cognisance of the Vulgar Herd, the coarse cries of the Cosmopolitan Backer and Booky. It was a Nook reserved for the Cream of the Racing World, not for the Skim Milk of the ordinary Churners of the Course. The stakes have never been of Brobdingnagian Amount, but nevertheless Mighty Heroes of the Turf have there proved their Incipient Value. Let me only cite the splendid *Galtee More*, who, but two years back, gave early evidence of victories in store, and rejoicing in the Castles of Gubbins.

It was at Stockbridge that I first made acquaintance with the noble Captain KRITERION. He had just experienced some unpleasantness at the Jubbah-Nuggah Meeting in India, where, his horse having won the Rajah's Vase contrary to orders, he had fallen down in a fit, and had afterwards to send in his papers to an unrelenting Colonel. Disregarding the *cruel slander* passed upon his Unblemished Reputation by sundry Pharisees, I greeted him the same evening with such unmistakeable sympathy for his Misfortunes, at the White Hart Hotel, Salisbury, that his Local Traducers were put to as complete silence as though they were under cross-examination by Sir EDWARD CLARKE, the Attorney-General, or Mr. C. F. GILL. Since then we have never parted in every sense of the expression.

It was at Stockbridge, moreover, that I subsequently had occasion to abruptly leave the course for Winchester, owing to an Unaccountable Attack made upon me by a Low Fellow, with whom I had had some Financial dealings at Newmarket.

It was at Stockbridge, also, that I lost—no, Sir, not my Shekels, but my Heart, to one who—— But why dissolve my Pearly Sorrows in the Vinegar of the World? Suffice it to say, that in losing Stockbridge I lose a time-honoured Friend—a High-toned Country Gentleman, with whom none of us can afford to say "Good-bye." At this, his Interment, I venture to deliver myself of some lines calculated to permit you and other Munificent Magnates to expend a few Shekels on Flowers and Wreaths wherewithal to encircle his tomb. As the saddened, but by no means defunctory, Swan, I sing of the Cup:—

In *Scrotched Muscovite* some may believe,
For *Petitioner* others declare,
Double-Berry can only deceive
If *Count Collins* should chance to be there.
Occidental I hold in respect,
The *Bailiff* may go in the straight,
But *Illfavoured*'s the one I expect
That will not give the *Rooster-slain* weight,
While *Hercloudon* I shall not neglect
For a "shop" if the runners be eight!

The Cakes and Ale are ready for you, though we stroll for the last time by the quaint little Stand, Doll-land boxes, and Noah's-Ark Paddock. Trusting that, despite the defeat of *Velasquez*, you did not neglect my second string *Goletta*, and that Rothschildian good luck attended you, I am, honoured Sir, Yours devotedly,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I chanced across Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, since writing the above, in Pall Mall this evening. To him I mentioned my departure for Stockbridge, and he jocosely remarked, "Ah! yes; meeting going to Salisbury. Should be called next year Stock-Exchange-Bridge."

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

SCENE—*A Sanctum.* TIME—*The near past.*

Editor. Sure you have given it sufficient prominence?

Sub. Think so, Sir. We have got three leaders, two special articles, and six columns of wires.

Ed. Good. How about "contents bill"?

Sub. Devoted the entire bill to it.

Ed. Right. Start the machine.

SCENE—*The same.* TIME—*A week later.*

Ed. Sure you have forgotten nothing?

Sub. Think not, Sir. Leaders of varied interest. Special articles of home interest, and the customary columns of wires.

Ed. Good. By the way, got anything in about the war?

Sub. Yes, Sir. A five-line paragraph.

Ed. Any room for it in "contents bill"?

Sub. No, Sir; crowded out.

Ed. Right. Start the machine.

(*Rights reserved for unanticipated developments.*)

THE NEW R.A. AR-RAY-'D IN ALL HIS GLORY!—Congratulations to Mr. EDWIN ABBEY, Royal Academician. The Chaplain of the Burlington House Brotherhood will rejoice in having so clever and so hard-working an *Abbé* to assist him in his arduous duties. When any "Brother Brush" possesses the talent of this artist, then, whether R.A. or not, he may well say to himself, "What's the odds as long as you're Abbey?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 27.—"If you only know how, it is," says SARK, "a very easy thing to govern a free people. Take to-night, for example. Consider the position of that blameless character, ST. MICHAEL, whose association with All Angels is more than nominal. When, in 1896, Soudan expedition decided upon, Government were in a tight place. Memories of the Sad Soudan did not endear district to British mind, nor were they calculated to make popular a fresh foray. If on top of these considerations came prospect of large expenditure, JOHN BULL would out up rough. Accordingly ST. MICHAEL, in capacity of Chancellor of Exchequer, was put up to say that the war wouldn't cost England a penny. Egypt would find the men and find the money too.

"That statement, coming in middle of debate that was growing serious, acted with marvellous effect. War is wicked, we all felt. But if it can be carried on at other people's expense, with advantages mainly accruing to us—well, we mustn't be censorious. Who are we to set up to be better than our brethren? HENRY FOWLER disturbed pleasantness of the moment by more than hinting that this was all humbug; that in the end England would have to pay. He was hustled aside, and Ministers triumphantly carried the day.

"A year later it was found that a trifling expense of £800,000 had been incurred for campaign. Egypt couldn't pay. 'Then we must,' said the British taxpayer, wearily. 'Not at all,' said ST. MICHAEL (and you might almost hear the rustle of the angels' wings). 'We'll grant 'em a loan, dear boy. Leave it all to me, and I'll make an honest penny for British Exchequer out of difference in interest between what we can raise the loan at and what we shall charge Egypt.'

"Never was there such a far-seeing Minister, such a clever Chancellor of the Exchequer. Loan approved by rattling majority. Another year passed, as they say in novels. Here we are to-night with Egypt again to the fore; three-quarters of a million sterling wanted for Soudan war expenses. Must be immediately forthcoming, or somebody will be sold up. What shall we do?

"ST. MICHAEL equal to this, as to earlier emergencies. 'What shall we do?' he says, smiling round Committee of Ways and Means. 'Why, *call the loan a gift.* It was a pound or two under £800,000; Egypt wants £750,000. By this simple device, you see, we not only provide for Egypt's immediate liabilities, but set her up with £50,000 to be going on with. Instead of making a loss, you really have £50,000 to the good.'

"Committee gasps with pleased surprise. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, posing as 'a financial prude,' says something about unsound finance; but there's no mistake about the £50,000. Oh, beneficent Government! Oh, Sainted Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

"Then I suppose," I said, "the British taxpayer won't have to pay anything? This is not supplementary to the landlord



Wretched-looking Messenger. "BEG PARDON, MR. BROWN, IT'S COME AT LAST! I'M *ENTIRELY* DEPENDENT ON MYSELF. MY WIFE 'S BEEN AND GOT A SEPARATION ORDER!"

relief and the subsidy of Church Schools, which JOHN o' GORST says are no good?"

The Member for Sark winked.

Business done.—Make Egypt a present of £790,000.

Tuesday.—Final bout in the Benefices Bill Stakes between SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and PRINCE ARTHUR. The SQUIRE in subdued mood, but fighting hard for his corner. Plants some neat blows in the neighbourhood of bread-basket of the "men who eat the bread of one Church with the object of betraying it to another." (Of course, it was the Church that was to be betrayed, not the bread. That a detail easily understood.) The SQUIRE a little weighed down with the iniquity of man. He has not only been misrepresenting the SQUIRE'S sayings and doings in connection with this Bill, but has been "playing Pigott" with the SQUIRE'S honoured name, signing it to cunningly devised fables sent to the newspapers.

Characteristic of native simplicity of SQUIRE that he provides REDMOND *cadet* with opportunity of advertising himself as champion of a Church that no one has attacked. *Cadet* wrote a letter to *Times* denouncing SQUIRE for insulting Catholic Church. *Times*, which no longer loves "Historicus," not only gave advertisement free insertion, but used it to found attack on the blameless SQUIRE. NOW REDMOND *cadet* rises to explain that when he laid a definite charge at SQUIRE'S door, he didn't mean him at all, but had SAM SMITH in his mind!

This comes of new arrangement for Leadership of Liberal Party. Not yet



"I am a Financial Prude."

Sir W. H-rc-rt's Speech, June 27.

grown accustomed to SAMUEL'S high estate, Members, especially if a little prone to muddle-mindedness, when they consider the doings of the Leader of the Opposition, mix up the late incumbent with the new commander, and buffet the SQUIRE for the ill-doing of SAM.

Business done.—Benefices Bill read a third time without a division.

Thursday.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES narrowly escaped being put in irons, an experience peculiarly painful for one of



A Case of "Conviction"; or, Wigs on the Green!

Mr. E. C-rs-n, Q.C.

his war-worn frame. As a rule, he is a model of discipline, a shining example of all a citizen should be, respectful to the Port Admiral, courteous to the ship's cook. Fancy a usually serene temper was ruffled to-day by discovery on reaching the Westminster Dock that his old moorings above gangway were again appropriated by piratical craft. In the absence of that fine clipper the *Jemmy Lowther* (gone on a cruise to Newmarket), the CAP'EN got his berth, a real good one. Still, he was riled, and the Port Admiral firing a shot across his bows when he attempted a foul, he showed his gnarled old teeth.

Fleet looked on in alarm as the CAP'EN answered shot for shot. "You have not heard me," he shouted, when Chairman of Committees demurred to his moving amendments taking precedence of Members who had put theirs on the paper. "I have heard you," said Chairman, emphatically. "No, Sir, you have not," came the sharp reply.

Duel went on for some anxious moments. Chairman evidently not to be trifled with. Another moment and the CAP'EN would be named and suspended from the yard-arm for the remainder of the sitting. Crisis avoided by Chairman calling on amendment next in order. So storm blew itself out; nobody wrecked.

Business done.—Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—SARK much interested to hear that *Billy*, the SPEAKER'S bull-dog, is sitting for his portrait for the National Gallery. A most remarkable dog *Billy*, an honour to my race. Generally in a state of profound meditation varied by occasional glances at any passing calf particularly comely. Would like to know his private views on the Benefices Bill; on Tea on the Terrace; on the actual value to the British Empire of Wei-Hai-Wei; on the suspension of the Twelve o'Clock Rule; on the exact whereabouts of the Committee of Council on Education; and on Mr. GEDGE.

SARK once met *Billy* at a country house, and had opportunities for close observation. The floor of the hall was highly polished, a circumstance that led to evidence of temporary but deplorable shortness of temper on the part of *Billy*. On leaving the dining-room after dinner and attempting to cross this glassy surface, *Billy's* almost elephantine body was too much for his legs. He rolled and slipped at every pace, his face betokening the sharpest annoyance, whilst from his ponderous jaws came a muttered noise uncommonly like preternaturally awful swearing.

Billy does not approve his muzzle, and if his start for his daily stroll in the Park happens to be timed to the hour of the meeting of the House, WALTER LONG likes to reach his room by the House of Lords entrance. This saves crossing Palace Yard, and is, the President of the Board of Agriculture says, not much out of the way.

Business done.—Scotch Estimates in Committee.

MORAL FROM THE UNIVERSITY MATCH AT LORD'S.—Says the *Times* report, "*Except for the difficult chance at thirty-five he was not missed*," &c., &c. A sad reflection for the kindly moralist! Except for that "difficult chance at thirty-five," a time of life when the chance is probably the last one, how many go out of the game, disappear altogether, and "are not missed!" *Carpe diem!*



"À BERLIN!"

MADAME SARA IN HER NEW CHARACTER OF "FRAU FRAU."

["Madame SARA BERNHARDT has at last consented to go to Berlin."—*Daily Paper.*]

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



ROPER FRÈRES'

FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES

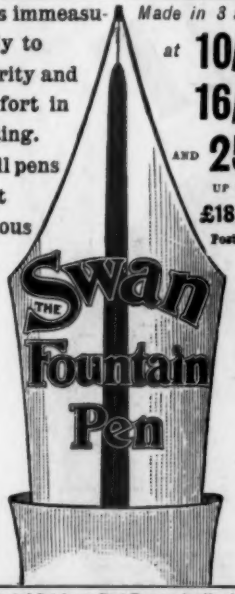


The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze, polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Phillip Lane, E.C.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

(DEPT. A. 8.)

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.

ACARIC



No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

SELF-ADJUSTING SOCK SUSPENDER

Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ANYONE

— whether old or young —

CAN TAKE

without any previous practice

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS

of views, home scenes, seascapes, &c.,

WITH A

daylight-loading film system

KODAK

Prices £1. 1s. to £5. 5s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,

Head Office—

43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches—

60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.

CHUBB

68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.

JEWEL SAFES.

Despatch Boxes. Writing Boxes.

Jewel Cases.

68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. CHUBB

SOMETHING NEW—SCOLI CLUE.

A STICKER

SCOLI PATENT LIQUID GLUE.

SCOLI is Always Ready for use. Is Invaluable in All Houses. Free from Acid and Injurious Ingredients. Will Repair Nearly Everything.

AS STRONG AS ORDINARY CAKE CLUE.

For Wood, Leather, Paper, Cloth, Glass and China Ornaments, Earthenware, Photo-Mounting, &c.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Ironmongers, Stationers, Photographic Dealers, Stores, &c., &c. If unable to obtain "SCOLI," send stamps for sample, 1/3 for 1/-, and 9d. for 6d. bottle to—COLLOID, LTD., Dept. A 6, 121, West George Street, Glasgow. Scoli is also sold in bulk for trade purposes. Test samples on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.

Sea Baths at Home.

Bracing and Refreshing.

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES

3D

Per Box of 10.

A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.

MANUFACTURED FROM

PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

"It is peculiarly well adapted for medicinal purposes."—LANCET, 28 March, 1896.

KINAHAN'S L L AND GLENISLE WHISKIES.

The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies. | The Finest Scotch Whisky Sold.

GUILDFORD STREET, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.

HOWARD BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

"COOPER" CYCLES.

From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £6. 12 Months Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.



WM. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

ECZEMA

Most Torturing, Disfiguring, Humiliating

Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin and scalp humours is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humour cures.

Cuticura

REMEDIES speedily, permanently, and economically cure eczema, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, LONDON. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

☞ "How to Cure Every Skin and Blood Humour," free.

PIMPLY FACES Purified and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

BORWICK'S POWDER

The best Baking Powder in the World.

'K' BOOTS



Pears' Soap

CAUSE AND EFFECT

IT TOUCHES THE CHEEK OF BEAUTY SO GENTLY THAT YOUTH LINGERS ON THE FACE OF AGE AND AGE ITSELF LOOKS YOUTH

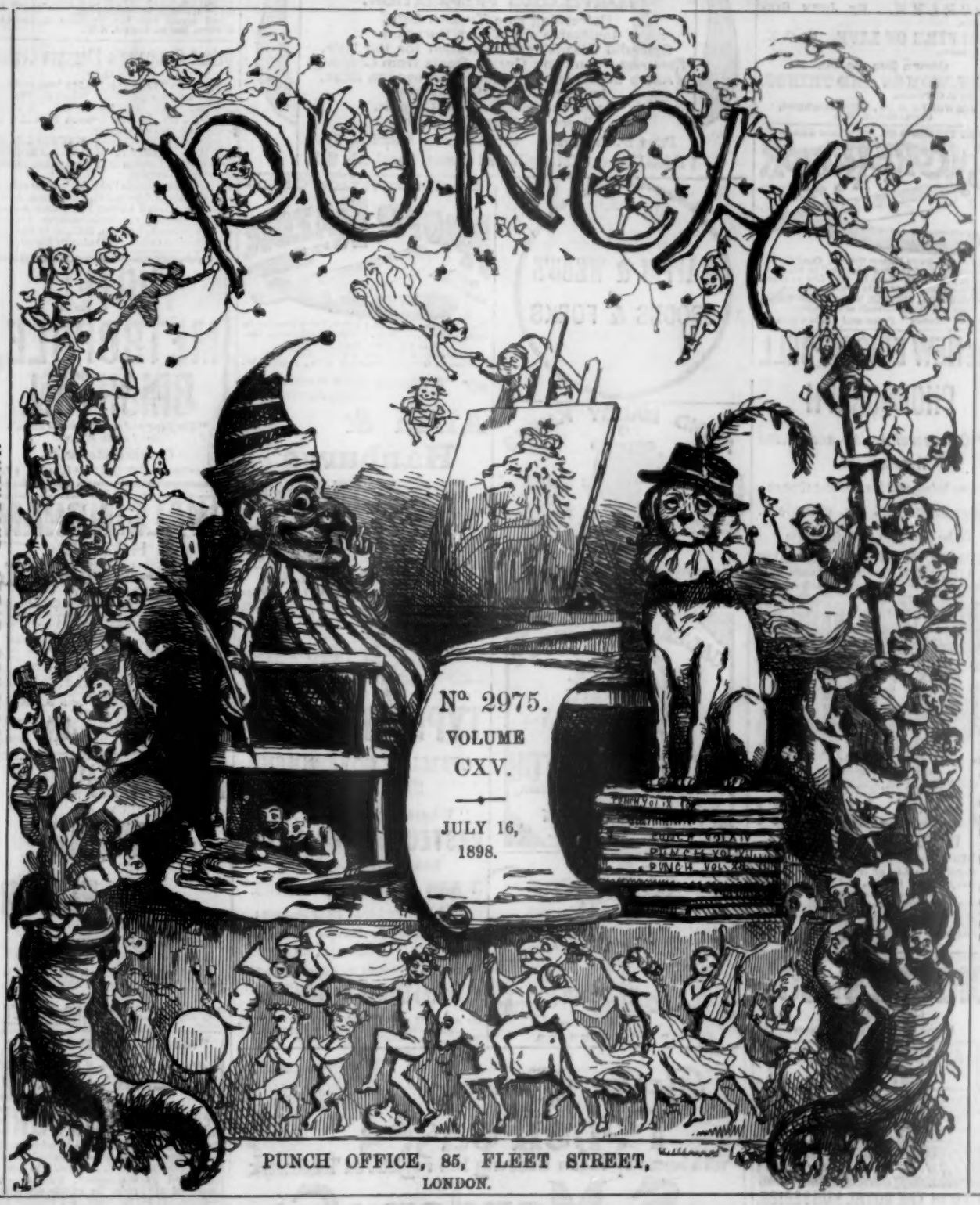
Pears' is matchless for the complexion



Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY July 9 1898.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 2975.
VOLUME
CXV.

JULY 16,
1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

Ask for
WHISKY and
"SCHWEPPE."

SCHWEPPES

Ask for
BRANDY and
"SCHWEPPE."

IMPERIALISM. By C. DE THIERRY. With an Introduction by W. E. HENLEY. Small crown 8vo, 2s.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE UNKNOWN SEA. By CLEMENCE HOUSMAN.

JOCELYN. By JOHN SINJOHN.

THE FIRE OF LIFE. By C. K. BURROW.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS. By F. C. PHILIPS.

DUCKWORTH & CO., 3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

ENCORE RAZOR



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers, T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.

Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

THE NEW EDISON-BELL PHONOGRAPH

For Commercial Use and Home Amusement.

Is now being sold for the first time at

Prices from £6 6s. complete.

To be obtained only from the

EDISON-BELL CONSOLIDATED PHONOGRAPH CO., LTD., Edison House, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., or their Licensees and Agents.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

CIGARES DE JOY

(Joy's Cigarettes)

Immediately Relieve

ASTHMA, WHEEZING, HAY FEVER.

All Chemists, box of 35, 2/6, or Post Free WILCOX, 83, Mortimer St., London, W. Sample free for penny stamp.

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

Self-Digesting.

Sold Everywhere.

In Tins 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S SPOONS & FORKS

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze, polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children,)

"Really wholesome Confectionery." Lancet

ACARIC



No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR



Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in
Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 21s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

"Shaver's Kit and Outfit." *Post Free.*

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.

Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

"COOPER" CYCLES.

From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £8. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.



WM. COOPER, 753, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 205, Victoria Street, S.W.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

GOLD & SILVER Pencil cases

with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark

S. Mordan & Co

can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

£10 10s. CRUISES on S.Y. "Argonaut," 3,254 tons, 4,000 horse-power, organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS (12 days) August 3rd.

ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES (14 days) Sept. 6.

£21 CRUISE (24 days) ST. PETERSBURG, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN and CHRISTIANIA, on the S.Y. "St. Sunniva," August 20th.

£16 16s. CRUISE (21 days) CANARY ISLES, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR and LISBON, on the S.Y. "Argonaut," September 22nd.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises

by their

Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,

For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.

For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 20th September, returning 8th November.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: **THE GORDON HOTELS, LTD.**

WALSINGHAM HOUSE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, PICCADILLY, W.

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW RESTAURANT, with Reception Rooms, Private Dining Room, &c., exquisitely decorated, and perfect in every detail, WILL BE OPENED SHORTLY.

The Table d'Hôte is now open to non-residents.

WALSINGHAM HOUSE occupies the most unique and central position in Fashionable London.

THE RESTAURANT AND PUBLIC ROOMS overlook the celebrated Green Park, Piccadilly, and command a magnificent pastoral view, although in the heart of London.

A CHARMING TERRACE AND GARDEN are also attached to the Hotel.

Each single Room and each Suite of Rooms provided with a luxurious Bath Room.

G. GELARDI, *Manager.*

Telegrams: "SOIGNÉ, LONDON."

HOWARD'S PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



"OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE."

JENKINS IN THE ACT OF WISHING TO GOODNESS THAT HE HAD NEVER BEEN INSPIRED BY THE WORK WITH ABOVE-MENTIONED TITLE!

HEMISPHERES I HAVE "EXTENDED" OVER.

(By a late Cambridge Lecturer "in partibus.")

THE recent occasion of the Silver Jubilee of University Extension, celebrated under the patronage of His Grace, the Chancellor of Cambridge University, prompts me to confide in the public ear my experiences as a Missionary of Culture to the Heathen. My subject divides itself almost automatically into two sections.

I.—THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

Am advised by my solicitors to reserve this chapter for posthumous publication.

II.—THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

If I am one thing more than other—and this is very doubtful—that thing is a patriot. Small wonder, then, that I was pained by a remark illustrative of the contempt of certain ignorant foreigners for high traditions of British Empire. Was seated in Liverpool special *en route* for the States, being in train to carry lamp of University Extension into dark places of Western Hemisphere. Beside me was an American citizen on way home. What high inspiration, I wondered, had he drawn from sojourn among us?

"Been long in this country?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I came over from Parrus last night, and I tuk a cab and drove around for two *or* three hours; *but I don't like your cawfee.*"

This closed conversation. Impossible to preserve show of friendly relations with stranger so grossly indifferent to those qualities which go to make our national greatness. (May add that present Anglo-American *entente* had not yet been fully established.)

With this episode I associate another not less painful to my patriotism. Our homeward-bound vessel was drifting up Mersey on the most sombre autumn evening at which I have ever assisted. "See here, my dear," said an American matron to small daughter, as we collected baggage, "this is Great Britain; and you will never see the sun again *until* you get to Parrus." (This also was prior to Anglo-American understanding.)

Coffee and climate! Is it by these that men judge of a nation whose navy sweeps the boundless unplumbed ocean; whose Royal Academy is the despair of foreign imitators; whose literature, from the dim dawn of promise in SHAKESPEARE'S day, to its sublime and effulgent setting in the *Yellow*——but enough! Am patriot, with patriot's prejudices.

Have always thought that dominant duty of patriot is to be ignorant of achievements of other nations. May or may not be ignorant about his own, but almost *must* be ignorant about the others. That is how it was that, when Americans on board *New York City* (now the fighting *Harvard*) spoke of having national gala on fourth of July, I naturally asked myself what the nation had done to deserve it. So took down copy of GREEN'S history from ship's library, and read chapter or so about WASHINGTON and Independence. Found it very poor reading, and determined never to indulge curiosity again in manner unbecoming to patriot. (Should add that I have lately discovered that fourth of July is day set apart for Anglo-American dinners and mutual admiration.)

Broke my resolution about indulging curiosity as to other nations' affairs, and was rewarded with severe blow to national pride. Have referred already to my proper ignorance of foreign history. Found that names of American national heroes had for me all the conquering charm of novelty. Name of a certain Mr. HENRY CLAY had been often used in my hearing, and invariably in tones of unquestioned respect. Transpired, eventually, that this person had done something in Congress in early part of one of the centuries. Apart from my principles, could hardly have been expected to know so inconspicuous a fact.

I asked, "Did your man HENRY CLAY do anything besides making cigars?"

The immediate answer—a rude and ignorant one, as I think—took form of rhetorical question:—

"Wal, say, did your man WELLINGTON do anything besides making boots?"

A propos of the neglected great, am reminded of personal narrative told by Mr. MARK TWAIN, which do not remember to have seen in print. Above humorist, ascending in elevator of lofty warehouse, found himself facing General GRANT. In moment of mental aberration failed to identify illustrious warrior; but being of social turn of mind asked him if he was "travelling" in that line of business.

"My name is GRANT," replied the veteran.

Recognising unpardonable error he had committed, humorist retired from elevator some eight storeys below his destination, "for fear," as he afterwards said, "lest I should ask him if he had ever been in the Army!"

Ought to own that I rather like humour if it is not employed at my expense or that of my country. In America found most things sacrificed to humour of a kind; sacred feelings often cruelly harrowed; sensitive skin, like my own, inclined to smart under these scintillations.

"Your stars," as I said, in a moment of unguarded anger (prior, of course, to Anglo-American exhibition of cordiality), "your stars, I see, are usually associated with stripes!"

This casual sally (not by any means one of my best) received with marked approbation by company present, who from that time onward exempted me from general charge of density so freely lavished by the States upon my countrymen. (Am speaking, of course, of a period previous to Anglo-, &c.)

These trifling episodes, however, though interesting in themselves, have no direct bearing, it may be said, upon my Extension over the Western Hemisphere. Was neither engaged to lecture upon British Humour nor American History, though the open mind with which I should have approached latter topic was clear point in my favour. But my theme was serious and literary; for, as stated in my syllabus, I proposed to discourse *On Some Alleged Obscurities in* BROWNING'S *Epic of* SORDELLO. Was to be the guest of the improving municipality of Poesiopolis, a watering-place much affected for its physical and intellectual salubrity by *élite* of neighbouring city of Cultureville.

(Shall continue this another time.)

A SUGGESTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—The old name of "Turnpike Roads" has, long ago, with the almost universal disappearance of the ancient turnpikes, become obsolete. Nowadays, bicycles being "always with us," why not for "Turnpike Roads" substitute "Turn-bike Roads"? This ought to suit the "B. B. P.," or, "Bicycling British Public."

CYRANO COQUELIN LE CONKY-ROR!—Who will dare attempt this part of *Bergerac* after M. COQUELIN? *Nez*, my friend, impossible! Whoever may think of it, *il n'ose pas.*



"THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF GRACE."

NOT OUT.



A QUESTION OF HOSPITALITY AT HENLEY.

"UNBIDDEN GUESTS ARE OFTEN WELCOMEST WHEN THEY ARE GONE."—*Shakspeare.*

TO W. G.

Born July 18, 1848. *Captain of the team of Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's, July* 18, 1898.

FIFTY, not out! and your pluck in the prime of it,
Master of veterans, matchless, immense!
May it be ours to be living to rhyme of it,
Still in its plenitude, fifty years hence!

Patient as JOB, with the judgment of SOLOMON,
Heart of a lion and eye of a hawk!
May you have wickets, to stand like a column on,
Keen as the courage that nothing can baulk!

Fortune preserve you and grant a more glorious
Power to your elbow and beef to your blows!
Broaden your shadow and leave you victorious,
Grandly "not out" at your century's close!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

THE TEMPLE.

DEAR MISTER,—By hazard I have been presented, there some time, to the President of the Temple, that sort of College of the Advocates all to the near of the Palace of Justice. This mister, of a great amiability, has had the goodness of to invite me to dine in the ancient Hall of the Temple.

I am enchanted. He appears that from the time of the Queen ELIZABETH the advocates have dined in this Hall. They dine at six of clock. *Tiens, c'est drôle!* In England you dine very late.

Eh well, I go of good hour, and, arrived at the Temple I demand the President. *On me dit qu'il n'existe pas. Sapristi! Et mon dîner?* But one demands me if I desire to see Master Treasurer. *Ah ça! Le Président s'appelle "Maître Trésorier."* Perfectly. One conducts me to a room, where I find assembled several misters in black robes. He astonishes me that they carry not also these drolls of *perruques* of the english advocates. But he appears that they are not some advocates, but some misters who sit themselves *sur un banc*, on a bank, that is to say some bankers.

Still some misters arrive, and then the Master Treasurer invites me to accompany him, and we march, *deux à deux*, two to two, preceded of a *huissier*, to the ancient Hall. This solemn procession has a little the air of a funereal convoy, and the Master Treasurer, in black robe, resembles to a protestant pastor. The advocates and the students, assembled in the hall, carry also some habits of mourning and hold themselves respectuously upright. Arrived at the great table, we put ourselves all the long of the step, as at the border of the grave, and the Master Pastor, holding a book, commences to read a prayer. That has absolutely the air of an interment. In habit, and at side of him, I believe myself that which you call the "head mourner" at the protestant funerals. But some instants more late, we put ourselves at table, and the waiters serve to us the best of your english plates, the Tortoise Soup. *Ça n'a plus l'air d'un enterrement. Ma foi, non!*

After that we eat some fish and some quails, and then the Master Treasurer lifts himself. He says "The QUEEN." All the world lifts himself. It is that which we call in french "*un toast*"; I know not how one translates that in english. *Alors c'est fini, le dîner.* But he is then of the most littles. Some soup, some fish, some quails—not of rosbif, not of bifteck, not of plumb pouding—is it that this dates also from the time of the Queen ELIZABETH? Impossible!

I am deceived myself. We recommence, and one serves to us a dinner of the most admirables and some wines of the most superbs. At the middle of the repast one brings a great *coupe*, in italian, *tazza*. What is this that this is that that? Again some tortoise soup? Probably. But at place of to serve himself of a spoon the Master Treasurer drinks from the *coupe* herself, and the bankers also. In fine me I drink, but very little. *Tiens!* It is not some soup, it is some wine. Evidently that also it is at the mode of the middle age.

We eat some *entremets*, and I attend the dessert, for you have of very good fruits in England. There is not of dessert! The Master Treasurer lifts himself, we lift ourselves all, he reads another prayer, and we go ourselves of it, *nous nous en allons.* Again two to two we traverse the *couloirs* until to another hall. *Tiens, voilà le dessert!* And some wines again more superb!

A little more late I say goodevening to the Master Treasurer and to the bankers, praying them to agree all my thanks of their charming and amiable hospitality. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.



The Rev. Mr. Haircomber. "I MUST REALLY TRY SOMETHING FOR MY HAIR. I'M GETTING RATHER BALD!"
Captain Jinks. "DEAR ME! I WOULD NOT HAVE NOTICED IT IF YOU HADN'T TOLD ME!"

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

["London's health continues marvellous. There is no epidemic of any kind in our midst."—*Echo.*]

DAPHNE, why should fashion's freaks
Drive us several precious weeks
Out of town, where safe and sound
We might live the whole year round,
Still the unknown ills to brave
Lurking by the sad sea wave?

Why in filthy railways ride,
Reeking, writhing, five a side?
Why, arrived in dismal plight,
For our shattered luggage fight,
While this sentence custom dooms—
Banishment in poky rooms?

Teem with manifold infections
Sands and pier in all directions;
Furtive sewers belch gruesome smells,
Dread diphtheria poisons wells,
Fever's rumour, typhoid's scare,
Haunts the traveller everywhere.

Ah! that proverb (DAPHNE own)
Wisely says—"Let well alone";
Here the death-rate's ever low,
Here perennial comforts flow,
Here the club, the park, the play,
Soothe the night and cheer the day;
Yes, the joys of town are deeper,
DAPHNE—and a good deal cheaper.

On Wimbledon Common.

Angelina (to Edwin). Darling! how those dreadful soldiers frighten me flourishing their fearful weapons! Are they fighting?

[*And it was all that* EDWIN *could do to explain without laughing that the supposed Tommy Atkinses were red-coated golfers, under the command of "Colonel Bogey."*

DARBY JONES TALKS ABOUT SANDOWN AND THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

HONOURED SIR,—I left Stockbridge, like Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY did the Court of Queen's Bench, a sadder and a poorer man. In my own case, I was Asinine enough to imagine that *Sambre* was the superior of that fine-pacing animal *Cyrenian*. My Friends GROGANOFF and KRITERION were filled with the same belief, and we were ignominiously "carted" together. It is true that we were placed in receipt of a few welcome shekels when *Hips and Haws* (not forgotten by Yours Truly) waltzed in after the Duet for the Stockbridge Cup, but the victory of *Cyrenian* had a pernicious effect on the Sport of the Week.

The Count himself is the Victim of a most Diabolical Attempt to ruin his Reputation on the other side of the Straits of Dover. It appears that some Miscreant used his Name and Title for Wagering Purposes at a recent Meeting at Auteuil, when—I suppress the Trivial Facts—a certain horse did *not* win. A week afterwards a most Scurrilous Attack on my Friend appeared in a Gallic Rag quite unfit for Publication. The Count at once wrote to the Editor denying his responsibility in the affair in question, and demanding that Apology which every Gentleman maligned by a Penny-a-Liner requires. The Apology duly appeared. It ran as follows: "*Si ce n'était pas toi,* GROGANOFF, *c'était ton frère.*" With this Infamous Bar Sinister placed by Journalistic Malevolence on the Family Scutcheon, the Count has had to be content.

And now to Sandown, to the hill-side, whereon a statue of Mr. HWFA WILLIAMS will no doubt one of these days beam on the Main Line of the London and South Western Railway Company. Mr. WILLIAMS's Christian Name is, like that of many Welsh towns, somewhat difficult to enunciate. But I imagine that Captain KRITERION is not far from the bottom of the Well in which Truth dwells in calling the Despot of Sandown "OOFY" WILLIAMS. Anyway, he deserves the Appellation, if only by reason of the Eclipse Stakes. Just look at the Owners of the Winners of the World-famed Prize since its Institution! Not a Poor Man among them! The Duke of WESTMINSTER (three times), the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. H. MCCALMONT, Mr. A. MERRY, Monsieur SCHICKLER (why have all successful Frenchmen got German names?), Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, and the Prince of WALES! There's a list! It only wants an enterprising Yankee, say Mr. LORILLARD, to come and take the stakes, to bind the Anglo-American Alliance more concretely than ever. Eclipse Millionaires first, the rest nowhere. After dipping my beak into Invigorating Shandy-gaff and my quill into Condensed Milk of Human Kindness, I venture to chortle:—

The *Godsend* I cannot uphold,
Nor the *Goldmine*, if sent here from France,
For *Willing Court* too I am cold,
As the *Necklace* must e'en look askance;
But the *Cricketer's Hope* may run well,
And the *Shadowy Saint* cause surprise,
But *Let-her-go's* chance I foretell
When the *Painter* has cracked on the "rise."

Need I say more or less? Probably less.

Your loyal Servitor,
DARBY JONES.

THE GOLFER'S FRIEND AFTER LONG DRIVES.—The Tea-Caddy.

THE M.P.'S LAMENT.

[Another M.P. has been disillusioned. . . . It is only a few weeks since Mr. HENDERSON was returned for West Staffordshire, and here he is telling his constituents that they are really breaking him down with their demands upon him. . . . "The number of things a Member of Parliament is expected to do is something surprising."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

Oh! alas, that I would be that unhappy thing, M.P.!
Ah! the letters that I have to read and docket!
And the cheques—it makes my hair stand on end, for I declare
That my hand is hardly ever from my pocket.
Should the town Y. M. C. A. want a picnic, who 's to pay?
Why, of course, the Member always finds the victuals,
And the whole I. O. G. T. turn expectant eyes to me
To provide them with their summer beer and skittles.

Then the rector lets me know that his tithes have sunk so low
(The effect of agricultural depression),
That unless those help who can he will be a ruined man
And a bankrupt, with the bailiffs in possession.
As the Baptist Church is filled, they intend (D. V.) to build
To accommodate the growing congregation,
While the Roman Catholic priest lets me know the very least
That will satisfy the Irish population.

Then the Sunday School, I hear, has an outing every year,
And my predecessor always sent the apples;
By the self-same post I learn that the Independents yearn
To erect a pair of corrugated chapels.
And before I can decide how my favours to divide,
The Salvationists, with Hallelujah chorus,
Write that "We are marching down, and we hope to storm the town,
But we need the sinews for the fight before us."

Then the Clubs—with one consent they elect me President,
And before I can accept the proud position,
Lo, the golfers intimate that my predecessor late
Gave a silver cup for Bogey competition.
And the cricketers declare that they think it only fair
I should patronise the pastime of the million.
So they trust—in short, the gist is that I should head the list
They are raising to erect the new pavilion.

Then there come in scores the cranks, and I owe them little thanks
For the reams they send me, windy, long, and blatant;
Here is one with a design for extracting beef from swine,
And he only wants the cash to get the patent.
And another one has found that the reeking Underground
Might be made a very Klondyke for the needy—
Take the sulphur (it 's a fact that it 's plentiful), extract
And convert it into tablets for the seedy.

Thus from early morn till late in the evening, I dictate
Correspondence, and my labour endeth never,
While my secretary, wan and as white as any swan,
Plies the typewriter that clicketh on forever.
Oh, ye Gods! who, who would be that unhappy thing, M.P.,
For constituents to plunder and to pillage,
Bound to answer every beck with a letter and a cheque,
The fair prey of every vote in every village!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In relating *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette during the Reign of Terror* (BLACKWOOD), Mr. BERNARD CAPES does not avail himself of any machinery in the way of a recovered box of old letters or a supposititious diary. He plunges straightway into his story, preserving throughout a marvellous *vraisemblance*. He has evidently dived deep into the sea of personal record of the times of which he treats, and brings back rich treasure. Among lurid side-lights thrown upon those terrible days, my Baronite specially mentions the description of life in the prison of the Little Force, with its almost hideous gaiety, its reckless heroism of dainty cavaliers and high-born ladies. There are other scenes, such as the trial in the Court at the Conciergerie, and the flight through the quarries of Montrouge, that are of thrilling interest, an undercurrent of grim irony relieving their tragedy.

If ever there were two novelists most unlikely to meet on common ground, it would be CHARLES DICKENS and Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. Yet, in Mrs. WARD's latest work, *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (SMITH, ELDER), there is a striking resemblance between the character of *Mr. Haredale* in *Barnaby Rudge*, and *Mr. Alan Helbeck* of Bannisdale. Both are Catholics, the one living before, the other after the repeal of the harsh persecuting laws directed against the Romanists in Great Britain and Ireland; *Haredale* defending himself as a Papist against Protestant aggression, and being wounded on the forehead by a stone hurled at him by some one in the "No Popery" mob; *Helbeck*, in a similar position, set upon and wounded by a cowardly Westmoreland gang. There is, too, a certain kind of resemblance between the events that made both *Haredale* and *Helbeck* what they are in the two stories. *Mr. Haredale* is one of the least exaggerated of CHARLES DICKENS's characters, but Mrs. WARD's *Mr. Alan Helbeck* is a saintly personage, who has just stepped out of a "light" in some painted window of a Gothic church, and has accidentally left his "halo" behind him. He is an amateur ascetic of preposterous piety, detached from all creature comforts except (thank goodness!) his quiet pipe of tobacco. And then the atheistical girl *Laura*, who falls in love with, and who is loved by this Painted Window Personage, is she a finished portrait from life? Can either be considered as a type? The atheistical young woman would like to become a Papist, in order that she may marry *Helbeck* (or say *Heavenbeck*) of the Painted Window, but as she cannot arrive at this, she drowns herself. Then *Helbeck* of the Painted Window is free to return to his "halo," if so inclined, and if the vacant space has not already been filled up. However, as to his future career, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD charitably and artistically leaves us in considerable doubt. If poor *Ophelia-Laura* could only have been resuscitated, and both lovers been made into a couple of sensible people, and could it all have ended in a happy marriage with the brightest prospects before them, then one half-hour of gentle melancholy, partially relieved by a smile or two, would have been spared to Mrs. WARD's devoted admirer,

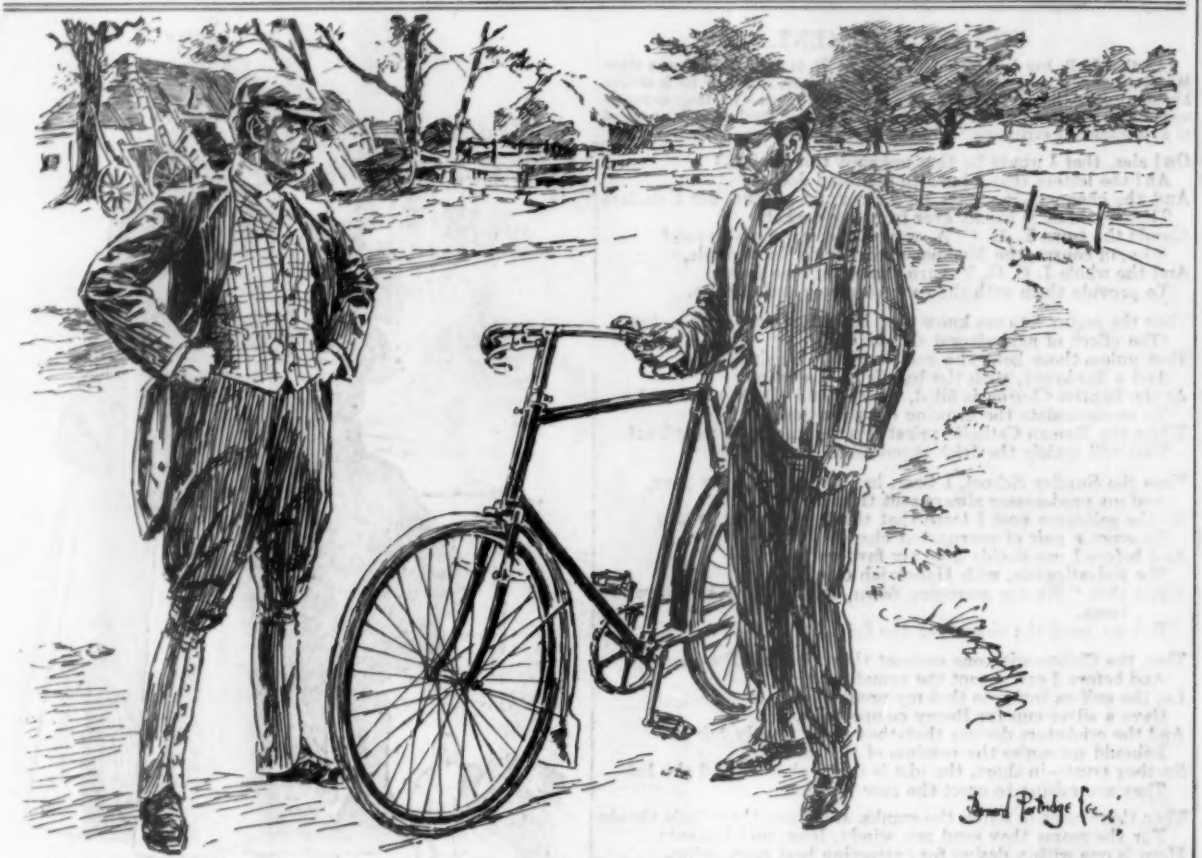
THE BARON DE B.-W.



"WHAT MAISIE KNEW."

Kind Aunt. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF MY LITTLE PUG, MAISIE. HE WON'T BITE YOU."

Maisie. "NO, AUNTIE. BUT HE MIGHT KICK!"



Sir Charles (to his Cockney Valet, to whom he has lent his machine to go to the post). "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BICYCLE, JOHN? IT MAKES A TERRIBLE NOISE."

John. "I DON'T THINK IT MAKES A NOISE, SIR CHARLES, BUT IT 'S THE DISTRICT IS SO QUIET, SIR!"

THE CLUB WOMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it your opinion that a spinster should have all the advantages of a bachelor?

Answer. Certainly; and that opinion is endorsed by modern legislation.

Q. You consider that the position of a woman is as good as that of a man?

A. Yes, and better, for to the present equality of the sexes she is able to add the chivalrous superiority that has come to her as a legacy from the past.

Q. You think you have a right to the liberty enjoyed by your brothers?

A. Certainly; and intend to exercise it.

Q. In what manner do you assert your freedom?

A. By living by myself in Chambers and belonging to a Ladies' Club.

Q. What are the special advantages of living by yourself in Chambers?

A. That I rid myself of the control of my mother and the rivalry of my sisters.

Q. And of belonging to a Ladies' Club?

A. That I can talk scandal with my female fellow-members and smoke cigarettes.

Q. Can you suggest any improvement for Ladies' Clubs?

A. Well, some say that they might be made more cheerful by the admission of male guests.

Q. Then the company of the inferior sex is not to be despised?

A. In moderation it may be desirable.

Q. Is there any particular advantage to be obtained by the freedom you have secured which could not be equally enjoyed by residence in the home of your parents?

A. Latchkeys in the parental household are the exclusive property of its male members.

Q. And how often do you use a latchkey?

A. About once in twelve months.

Q. Then, although emancipated, you still believe in propriety?

A. Unquestionably, and fail to see why freedom should become licence.

Q. Then you are perfectly satisfied with your life of single blessedness?

A. Yes—theoretically.

Q. Why do you say theoretically?

A. Because, as a practical woman, I am not quite sure that I should not have been happier if I had married.

ETON v. HARROW.—A striking match. Most brilliant up to a certain point, and then, the Etonian innings over, Cimmerian darkness! "Regardless of grammar," we may thus express it, "*The last Light Blue out!*"

SERIOUS MALADY (*from which most of the War Correspondents round about Key West are now suffering*).—Rumour-tism.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."

THE BERLIN TREATY, SIGNED JULY 13, 1878.

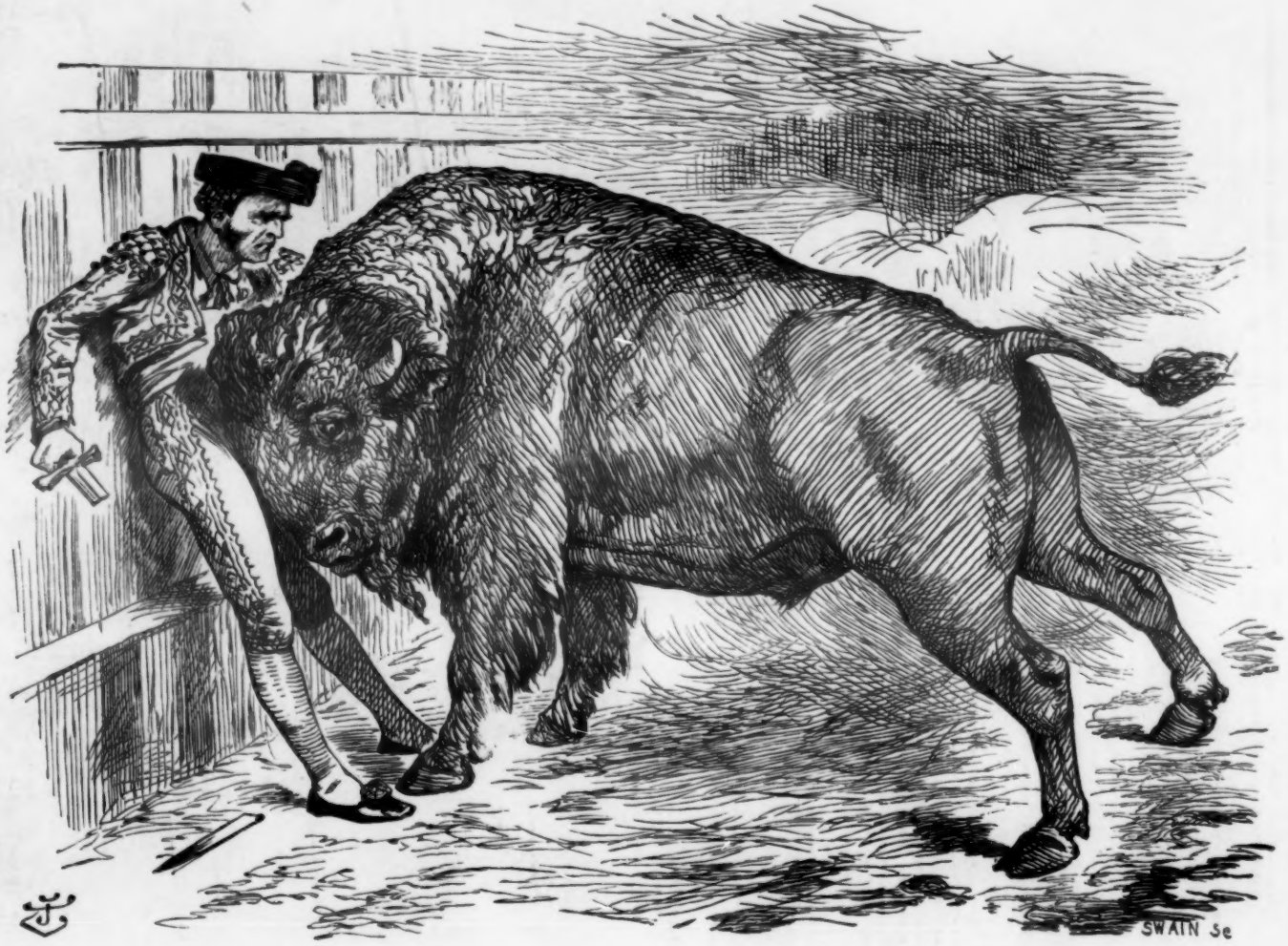
A score of years! a little roll
Of Facts upon the Scroll of Time,
Yet Time demands its constant Toll
On Universal Change of Crime.
"Honour with Peace" was then the cry,
The shout is now the very same.
"Dishonoured Peace" none can deny,
While "Honoured War" is much the same.
And so must Two Great Nations kill
Each other's sons with fearless skill?
Not so! That Bygone Touch unquenched will still,
With "Peace with Honour," burn God's will.

FLOREAT ETONA!

A Look-back on Henley, by an Old Etonian.

["Eton beat First Trinity, after a grand race, in the final heat for the Ladies' Plate."]

THE old "White Caps" have won once more,
The Plate has gone back to its almost Home,
It's a triumph for PEIRSE, DE HAVILLAND, WARRE,
A regular rout of the ranks of Rome!
Not Tiberian Romans, but Latins, who
Had forgotten whence the Cam got its azure blue!



"PINNED!"



Miss S. "BUT THERE ARE SOME COMPENSATIONS IN WAR, ARE THERE NOT?"

Mr. B. "WHY, YES. THE PAPER-BOYS ARE NOT *ALWAYS* SHOUTING 'WINNER!'"

FLITTINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Our excellent captain has given us a mill-pond voyage, and steered us clear of dust-storms, Spanish men-of-war, and other nautical unpleasantnesses. I am bound to say, however, that we were rather oversupplied with babies on board. They swarmed over the decks, and out-yelled each other in the small hours of the night, and even took airings in their perambulators in the none too extensive space that was meant for quoits and promenades. I think that the sea-going infant in general should be relegated to the refrigerator. Otherwise, we had a most delightful voyage.

As to the various towns we visited since I last wrote, they cannot be adequately described in a postscript. We rode in a postscript—I mean a post-cart—from King Williamstown to Grahamstown, a distance of eighty miles as the locust flies. If you are a Family Removing, you had better go round the five hundred odd miles by train, luggage being excessed on the cart at the rate of fourpence a pound. Except for the fact that the half-caste Jehus smoke vile tobacco the whole time, and their teams of six mules do the "grand chain" at intervals, and you have to start before sunrise, it is a drive distinctly worth taking. Spreeuws, meerkats (spelling not guaranteed), monkeys, euphorbias, wild geraniums, and ostriches are among the fauna and flora to be seen on the road, when your hat-brim is not being knocked over your eyes.

Grahamstown is termed the Settlers' City, also the Athens of South Africa, and a local Wesleyan Minister, I am told, compared Milan Cathedral (unfavourably) with his own chapel in the High Street, on his return from an Italian tour. The descriptive reporter has therefore a wealth of geographical allusion to draw upon. The young ladies of Grahamstown, who are being "finished" there in great quantities, have a well-established reputation for good looks. This Christmas Grahamstown is going to have a fling with a South African Exhibition, which will last five weeks. As it is the most English town in South Africa, the Boers and Hollanders are holding aloof. They prefer to make an exhibition of themselves in Pretoria.

Port Elizabeth is a perpendicular sort of place, built on the steep slope of a hill. Belated old London would do well to copy its electric trams. Yours, home again, Z. Y. X.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—ROSSINI's Opera, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* ("in Italian," too! Welcome little stranger!), always and for ever charming. So refreshing, these delightful examples of "spoken through the music." And then the graceful melodies illustrating every detail of the action from beginning to end! A fine singing *Figaro* is Signor CAMPANARI, though, "if it's humour you want"—well, you won't get it from CAMPANARI.

Madame MELBA, who is not exactly an ideal *Rosina*, was in fine voice, and literally brought down the densely-packed house, which applauded her three songs in the celebrated "music-lesson scene." As to an encore! she could have had five of them had she so chosen.

M. SALEZA is but a shadow of what the dashing and amorous *Count Almaviva* ought to be; appearing quite subdued in the presence of so royal a *Rosina* as is Madame MELBA. It was, perhaps, this feeling that made him careless as to his disguise, for if *Don Bartolo* (capitally sung, but acted and made up as the traditional old pantaloon, by M. CARBONE) had been only in the slightest degree sharp, he would have recognised the Count in the cossack of the music-master, as M. BONNARD, having effectually changed his costume and his wig, had entirely omitted any facial alteration, and was, consequently, rather more like himself than ever. The argument may be, that, were the Count so perfectly disguised as to be unrecognisable (as undoubtedly he ought to be), then how on earth could *Rosina* know that the supposed music-master is only her lover masquerading as *Don Basilio's* substitute? I see only one way, he should wear a false nose, a false beard and moustache, and the business of the stage should be so arranged that, on his introduction to his pupil, he should take the opportunity of *Don Bartolo's* back being turned to lift his beard, remove his nose, and replace both before that profound old idiot *Bartolo* has time to turn round. But no, the venerable "business" is retained on account of its long and useful service, and so the comedy scenes which might be so perfect as comedy, become mere conventional farce, and played so low down as to be indifferent pantomime.

Undefeated and wonderful Mlle. BAUERMEISTER-singer as good as ever, gaining special applause for her one song.

EDOUARD DE RESZKE sings *Don Basilio's* music as only EDOUARD DE RESZKE can sing it; but why play the part with bent knees? Does he wish to convey that he is lowering himself by condescending to lowest farcical acting? It is all Scaramouchy, every bit of it, and this to the loveliest, most perfect comedy-music ever written.



Suggestion for Operatic Pantomime—Harlequin Figaro and the Little Count Out.

I confess to losing all patience with these Operatic undramatic actors. Perhaps they would not heed the voice of a competent stage-manager, stage-managed he never so wisely. The English public tolerate it as child's play because it is Italian Opera, and critics who, for the same reason, extol such acting *here*, would ruthlessly condemn it at the Savoy, Daly's, or any other temporary lodging of English Comic Opera.



IN THE SICK BAY.

Fleet Surgeon. "THERE DOESN'T SEEM MUCH WRONG WITH YOU, MY MAN. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

A. B. "WELL, SIR, IT'S LIKE THIS, SIR. I *EATS* WELL, AN' I *DRINKS* WELL, AN' I *SLEEPS* WELL; BUT WHEN I SEES A JOB OF WORK—THERE, I'M ALL OF A TREMBLE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A Poet, extended in a hammock o'erlooking a Lawn on a June afternoon, is moved to minstrelsy.)

SUMMER has come! In yellow green
The oak aims high at darker hue,
The rhododendron's Eastern sheen
Looks down on bells of British blue.
Red Roses revel in the glow,
Long Lilies languish in the light,
And Chestnuts shed their tinted snow
Where ruddy May smiles at the white!

Summer has come! Your dainty feet
Across the dimpled daisies dance,
Of all the blossoms you most sweet,
Since all your charms their own enhance!
You are their Queen! Your subjects fair
With fragrant kisses greet your way,
And waft into the lambent air
Their scented tribute to your sway!

Summer has come! From yonder bowers
Are heard the lays of feathered quire
Trilling the song of love and flowers
That would the meanest bard inspire!
So on my tablets here I write
These lines unworthy of my theme,
But with my soul I them indite
As forethoughts of a happy dream!
[*Falls asleep.*

* * * *

(*Wakes up.*)

Summer has come! And with it those
Whom I, for one, would fain not meet,
The grub is gnawing at that rose,
The snail sneaks from its slimed retreat,
The flies are buzzing round my head,
The spider lurks among those eaves,
The centipede defiles the ground,
The slug is battening on the leaves!

The bumble-bee's deep monotone
Vies with the gnat's ambitious hum,
The beetle lifts aloft its drone,
Summer has come! Summer has come!
Five caterpillars fall on me,
A wasp beats loud his kettle-drum,
A hornet, too! I fly! I flee!
The mists now rise where sunbeams shone.
With wings and stings,
And horrid things,
Summer had come! Summer has gone!



THE BECINNING OF AN EMPIRE.

UNCLE SAM'S YOUNGEST.

["President M'KINLEY, at seven o'clock this evening, signed the Resolution annexing Hawaii to the United States."—*Washington, July* 7, 1898.]

PEPYS AT HENLEY.

SIR,—When the ghost of sly old SAM PEPYS was at Henley last week (as duly related by himself to *Mr. Punch*), why did his respected Shade keep so very dark? Why, at least, did he not reveal himself to "*No.* 2 *in the Eton Boat*, Mr. SAMUEL PEPYS COCKERELL," who is a direct descendant of the undefeated Diarist? Won't old SAM PEEPS be delighted to know that it was "the Ladies' Plate" for which the Etonians contended, and which they won? Please see this letter properly sent through the Dead Letter Office to S. P.

Yours truly, ONE WHO ROWS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 4.—"If there were more Irish Members like HORACE PLUNKETT," says SARK, "there would be no Irish Question."

It is a hard saying, but, really, when you come to consider it, there's something in it. In the first place, the selection of a representative of this particular kind is indicative of the character and leaning of the constituency. The man whom South Dublin delights to honour is modest, yet capable, cultured and absolutely free from snobbishness, kind-hearted, yet clear-headed. His every action in public life is influenced by the purest passion of patriotism. There must be large sympathy with these qualities among his constituency, or they would have gone elsewhither and endowed Westminster with a more familiar type of Irish Member.

PLUNKETT is one of the leading spirits, the hardest worker on the Congested District Board, the only Ministerial institution in Ireland universally approved, the sole agency, whose efforts for amelioration of distressed Ireland meet with popular recognition. Of late, has varied his slavery to Ireland by arranging details of debate on Financial Relations between sister countries. He is the only man who could bring together what DIZZY would call the Two Nations in Ireland—the landlord and the tenant.

The common ground certainly enticing. As the BLAMELESS BARTLEY, breaking long silence, declared to-night, Ireland is always united when there is something to be got out of the Saxon. Labour of engineering the temporary union none the less great. PLUNKETT literally oozing with correspondence. When he can get no more in outside pockets he carries appalling bundle in his right hand, scurries to and fro across lobbies, through corridors. "Always looks as if he was looking for somebody," as SARK says. To-night he found EDWARD CLARKE and LECKY, the former brisk, practical, forceful and argumentative, the latter more than usually Leckydaisical in tone and manner, but weighty in matter, eloquent in phrasing. BLAKE also delivered admirable speech, handicapped by his fatal inability to compress.

"BLAKE should have been caught younger," SARK says. "If he'd come into the Commons when he was twenty he would have gone far. Having commenced his Parliamentary career on the Continent of America, he has in the matter of length drawn his speeches to scale, and for our little island they stretch too far."

Business done.—Proposal to readjust Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland.

Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Financial Relations. Been much better had it been compressed within one. Fatal air of unreality about it. No one expects any practical result. But if MAC makes a speech, O', being also an Irish Member, must make one too, or what will they say in Clonakilty?

Best thing I've heard on subject not said in present debate. It was at Ministerial dinner at the opening of last Session when Financial Relations of two countries first became political question, and filled the air with incessant buzz. Lord RATHMORE (the lamented DAVID PLUNKET of our House) turned up at dinner in full dress, save that he did not wear his sword. Much good-humoured chaff at its absence. Where could it be that he had not brought it?

"I know what you mean," said RATHMORE; "but you're all mistaken. My sword is not deposited with my F-f-financial Relation."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD effusively and elaborately said nothing in a speech more than thirty minutes long. Bound as Leader of Opposition to take part in debate. All very well if what he said might straightway be forgotten and remain unrecorded. Some day he may again be Chancellor of Exchequer. If he now says things pleasant to Irish Members, he will then be inconveniently reminded of them. So carefully avoids details, mouths generous generalities, and sits down with serene consciousness that he has not committed himself. House anxiously awaiting the conclusion to which his argument may lead, faintly laughs when it finds it leads no whither.

Business done.—Financial Relations resolution negatived by nearly two to one.

Thursday.—Curious how unexpectedly things crop up. Just now, *à propos de bottes*, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG men-



"A PARLIAMENTARY LEPRICHAUN."
Mr. Serjeant H-mph-ll.

[Our Artist says that if this is not *like* a "Leprichaun," it *ought to be.*]



THE POLICY OF THE "OPEN DOOR."

(*As some would like to interpret it.*)

Chorus of Lukewarm Supporters (within). "MUST YOU REALLY BE GOING?"

tioned that he would be in Belfast on Tuesday next, being the 12th of July. It we had thought of it we might of course have concluded he would be there. Belfast would not be itself on the 12th of July without this warrior figure, the Orange sash round his waist, the Orange rosette on his manly chest, art subtly backing up the effort of Nature to give his flowing beard an orange tint.

It is only once a year that BALLYKILBEG goes the whole hog, so to speak, in respect of his beard. Niggard Nature stopped at the tawny tint. A little more, and it would have been true orange, thus artistically completing a historic personality. Once a year, on the 12th of July, this defect is corrected. It is said that in the mighty and imposing procession there is nothing strikes such terror into the breast of the Papishers as the sight of the flowing beard, bright orange in hue, of the warlike figure striding at its head.

Something of this instinctive apprehension shown even to-night. When Nationalists heard that BALLYKILBEG "would be there," they laughed a hollow laugh meant to be scornful. Some time later, JOHN DILLON rose and asked CHIEF SECRETARY what measures the Irish Executive proposed to take for the preservation of life and property in Belfast on Tuesday next, when BALLYKILBEG will take the field—or rather, the street? Gravity of situation further shown by BROTHER GERALD asking for notice.

Business done.—Further discussion on Irish Local Government Bill.

Friday.—*Blackwood*, almost the oldest, remains, in matter of freshness and vitality, the youngest of monthly magazines. The current number has special interest in



"ARMAGH VIRUMQUE," &c.

(*The latest thing in Nationalist Leaders.*)

Colonel S-nd-rs-n.

these parts by reason of inclusion of article embodying reminiscences of the Father of the House. Curious to note that our dear Sir JOHN MOWBRAY has lived so long that one family name has not been enough for him. Up to 1847 he was known to STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and others as "My dear CORNISH." With approach of the new half century, he took the new name by which he has since been known and is honoured in the House of Commons and elsewhere. He tells in characteristically modest manner his marvellous story—now Mr. G. has gone, he alone can tell it—of "Seventy Years at Westminster."

Business done.—Second reading of Bill rendering valid in Great Britain marriages contracted in Colonies with Deceased Wife's Sister carried in Lords by nearly three to one.

GRAVE CHARGES ALWAYS MET.—Burial fees.



STIMIED.

Golfer. "FORE!" *Tinker.* "WHAT!"
Golfer. "GET OUT OF THE WAY!" *Tinker.* "WHAT FOR!"
Golfer. "I MIGHT HIT YOU." *Tinker.* "THEE 'D BEST *NOT*, YOUNG MAN!"

A SKYE PILOT IN ORNITHOLOGY.

Mr. KEARTON, in his *With Nature and a Camera*, says that he met with a Scottish Minister, who averred that the Great Northern Divers make no nests at all, but hatch their eggs under their wings. Subsequently, three independent witnesses averred that one Sunday afternoon, sitting on the cliffs of Skye, they saw a Great Northern Diver lay her egg on the sea, dive after it, and catch it before it reached the botton. Mr. KEARTON does not state if the Scottish Minister accused the three Independent Witnesses of breaking the Sabbath law, or the Great Northern Diver of breaking the egg. But at all events, Mr. KEARTON deserves an ovation.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.



Cuticura SOAP FOR **BABY'S SKIN**

Nothing so pure, so sweet, so wholesome, for preserving, purifying and beautifying baby's skin, scalp, and hair, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by occasional anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The best Baking Powder in the World.

CARLTON — RICHD. MATHEWS & Co's — TRADE MARK — WHISKEY

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland small Stills.

25s. the Gall., 50s. the Dozen. Cash only.

Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 8d.

RICHD. MATHEWS & CO.,

24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the COLONIES.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH

INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET

REFUSE ALL OTHER SOAPS

IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.

Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.

Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170. C179. 291. 303, 431, 659. 1000.

Rowntree's "EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

It has long been a matter of surprise, prior to the introduction of "Emperor" Chocolates, that no English firm of standing and repute should have made a serious endeavour to rival the famous French makers in the delicacy and elegance of their confectionery. In "Emperor" Chocolates the delicious dainties of the Parisian *Confiseurs* are not only equalled but excelled. Their rare and exquisite flavour is appreciated by the most refined taste. Only the choicest Cocoas and the most delicate Vanilla are selected for their manufacture, the whole being skilfully blended by highly-trained *Chocolatiers*.

The following varieties are now sold by most of the principal confectioners throughout the kingdom, and to facilitate selection a special sample box containing a representative assortment will be forwarded by the manufacturers, ROWNTREE & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, post free to any address, on receipt of six penny stamps. Kindly mention *Punch* when writing.

Dessert.	Pistachios.
Langues de Chat.	Crême à la Rose.
Chocolate Almonds.	Crême à la Violette
Nougat.	Coffee.
Pistachio Bonbons.	Assorted.

Manufactured by the makers of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa.

THE FAMOUS



"MAB" RAZOR

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—

Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 5/6

PAIR IN CASE.

Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6

Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.

Sea Baths at Home.

Bracing and Refreshing.

SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER.

Prepared from the Flowers and Natural Perfumes only.

STRAND, LONDON.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11, 9/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists,

413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

GOLDEN HAIR ROBARE'S AUREOLINE.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Sold by Perfumers and Chemists.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, and all principal Patent Medicine Warehouses, London.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY

TRY THE FAMOUS

UAM-VAR SCOTCH WHISKY

And you will not be disappointed.

INNES & GRIEVE LTD.,

EDINBURGH & LONDON.

No Camera is a Kodak unless made by the Eastman Company.

KODAKS

For Cyclists, Tourists, Ladies, Sportsmen and all Holiday Makers.

KODAKS

Light and Compact.
Mastered in a few minutes.
Loaded in Daylight.
No Dark Room needed.

KODAKS

Pocket, Folding Pocket, Bull's-Eye. Bullet and No. 4 Cartridge.

KODAKS

Prices £1. 1s. to £5. 5s.

Illustrated Price Lists Free.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co. Ltd., 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C. 115-117 Oxford St.; 171-173 Regent St., W.

Carter's Concentrated Lemon Syrup

Old Refinery Bristol

FROM FIRST CLASS GROCERS

ROSBACH

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

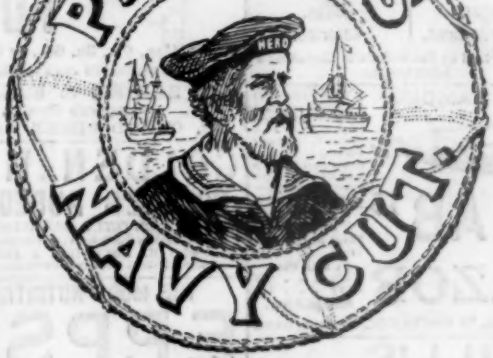
ROSBACH SPRINGS, Ltd., 19, Regent Street, S.W.

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS



A FAVORITE GENERAL

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT



A GENERAL FAVORITE

M&C

THE ARMY and the Navy-Cut for ever.

PLAYER'S "NAVY CUT"

is the ORIGINAL and the BEST.

It is sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and in 2-oz., 4-oz., 8-oz., and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition. Smokers are cautioned against imitations. Always ask for "PLAYER'S."

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 16, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

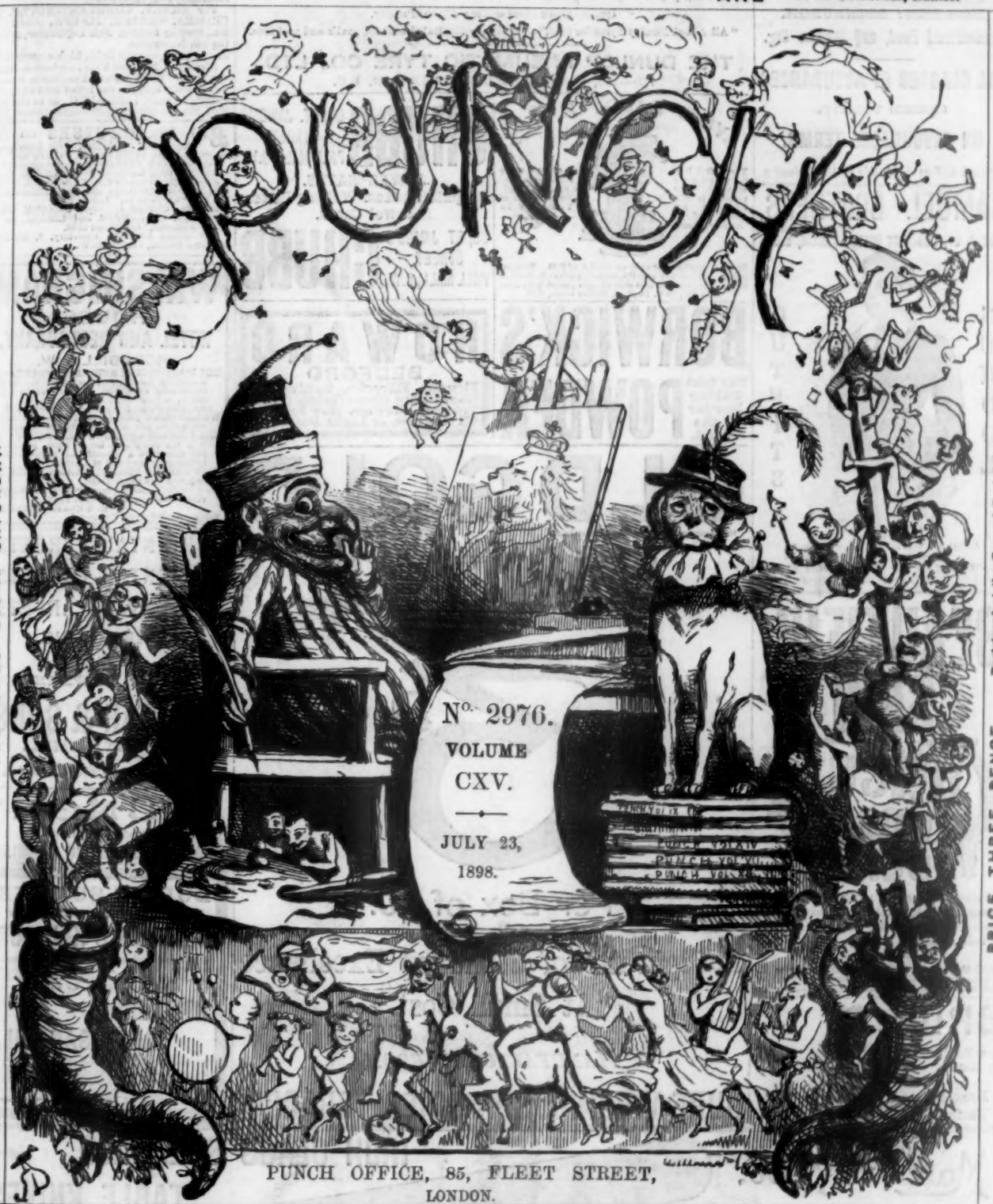
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE
GORDON HOTELS
ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



N°. 2976.
VOLUME
CXV.

JULY 23,
1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

THE "IDEAL" TABLE WATER.
SALUTARIS.
THE SALUTARIS WATER CO., 236, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
(Established 1825.)
Head Office: EDINBURGH.
Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES
CARRIED THROUGH
ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.
Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
LTD.,
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS



"Eton."
Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 6 in., 20s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s. 3d.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN
Hands and Hair Produced by
Cuticura SOAP
The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world for the complexion, hands, and hair, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.
Sea Baths at Home.
Bracing and Refreshing.

For ALL WHO CYCLE
DUNLOP TYRES
Are simply perfect, and perfectly simple. Cheaper and Better than ever.
Quality Guaranteed under a £10,000 Penalty.
"All About Dunlop Tyres for 1898," a handsome illustrated booklet, gratis and post free.
THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,
160—166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze, polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to F. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

CHUBB
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.
JEWEL SAFES.
Despatch Boxes. Writing Boxes.
Jewel Cases.
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. CHUBB

BORWICK'S POWDER
The best Baking Powder in the World.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
3D
Per Box of 10.
A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises
by their
Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,
For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.
For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 30th September, returning 8th November.
String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.
Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue.
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£10 10s. CRUISES on S.Y. "Argonaut," 3,254 tons, 4,000 horse-power, organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE.
NORWEGIAN FJORDS (12 days) August 3rd.
ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES (13 days) Sept. 6.
£21 CRUISE (24 days) ST. PETERSBURG, STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN and CHRISTIANIA, on the S.Y. "St. Sunniva," August 20th.
£16 16s. CRUISE (21 days) CANARY ISLES, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR and LISBON, on the S.Y. "Argonaut," September 22nd.
Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

WALSINGHAM HOUSE
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,
PICCADILLY, W.
THE MAGNIFICENT NEW RESTAURANT, with Reception Rooms, Private Dining Room, &c., exquisitely decorated, and perfect in every detail, is NOW OPENED.
The Table d'Hôte is now open to non-residents.
WALSINGHAM HOUSE occupies the most unique and central position in Fashionable London.
THE RESTAURANT AND PUBLIC ROOMS overlook the celebrated Green Park, Piccadilly, and command a magnificent pastoral view, although in the heart of London.
A CHARMING TERRACE AND GARDEN are also attached to the Hotel.
Each single Room and each Suite of Rooms provided with a luxurious Bath Room.
G. GELARDI, *Manager.*
Telegrams: "SOIGNÉ, LONDON."

ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
TRELOAR'S
LISTS OF
SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.
TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.
Ask for Catalogue.

"PUNCH"
is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

DURING SUMMER
You should never be without a bottle of
ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,
Which cools and refreshes the face and hands, removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, and Roughness; heals and cures Irritation, Eruptions. Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.
ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,
the most effectual preserver and restorer of the hair, and is also sold in a *Golden Colour* for ladies and children with fair or golden hair, as it does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.

Mappin & Webb,
158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
} LONDON.
(Facing the Mansion House.)
Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.
Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



'Arriet (as a bee alights on her hand). "MY WORD, 'ARRY, WOT A PRETTY FLY!" *(Sting.)* "CRIKEY! AIN'T 'IS FEET 'OT!"

THE BELGIAN SHAKSPEARE.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

(As Shakspeare would certainly have written it, after visiting M. Maeterlinck's "Pélléas and Mélisande" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. Tree should give this amended version a trial at Her Majesty's.)

ACT I. SCENE—*A Public Place in Rome.*

Brutus. It is warm to-day. There is thunder in the air. I am sure we shall have thunder. Do you not feel the thunder in the air?

Cas. (*interrupting*). I fear they will make CÆSAR king.

Bru. But surely this is very unusual. Our ancestors never had kings. Our ancestors have not had kings for centuries. Surely this is very unusual.

Cas. I fear that ANTONY will make CÆSAR king.

Bru. (*yawning*). It is warm to-day.

[*Enter* CÆSAR, ANTONY *and* CASCA.

Cæsar. Let me have fat men about me, ANTONY.

Antony. Fat men, CÆSAR?

Cæs. Very fat men. CASSIUS there is lean. What is he doing here? I do not like lean men. (*Turning to* BRUTUS.) "*Et tu, Brute!*"

Ant. Not yet, not yet. That does not come till the second act.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* ANTONY.

Bru. It is warm to-day. [*Da capo.*

Cas. (*to* CASCA). Did ANTONY make CÆSAR king?

Casca. CÆSAR refused the crown. He refused it three times.

Cas. Then we must kill CÆSAR.

Casca. CÆSAR must certainly be killed.

Cas. "*Et tu, Brute!*"

Bru. (*yawning*). I thought only CÆSAR was allowed to say that. (*Yawns.*) The day is certainly very warm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE—*The Forum.*

Bru. (*to assembled conspirators*). How unbecoming conspiracy is! What ruffians we all look! It is quite extraordinary how unbecoming conspiracy is!

[*Enter* CÆSAR *and* ANTONY.

Cæs. Good morning, friends. "*Et tu, Brute!*"

Ant. (*aside to him*). Not yet, not yet.

Cæs. (*looking at* CASSIUS). I thought I said I would have fat men about me.

Cas. Then we must kill CÆSAR.

[*Stabs him.*

Casca. CÆSAR must certainly be killed.

[*Stabs him.*

Bru. Conspiracy is most unbecoming.

[*Stabs him.*

Cæs. "*Et tu, Brute!*" (*Aside to* ANTONY.) I may say "*Et tu, Brute!*" now, may I not?

Ant. (*aside to him*). Quite right; quite right. This time you are quite right.

Cæs. I am not happy!

[*Dies. Exeunt conspirators.* ANTONY *ascends the rostrum. A crowd collects.*

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen. I have not come to bury CÆSAR, but to praise him. In this cloak CÆSAR overcame the Nervii. Through this cloak BRUTUS and CASSIUS stabbed CÆSAR. You can see the holes in the cloak.

Crowd. Do not speak ill of BRUTUS.

Ant. But it was in this cloak, &c.

Crowd. Do not speak ill of BRUTUS.

Ant. Then you compel me to read CÆSAR'S will. When you have heard CÆSAR'S will, you will allow me to say what I please about BRUTUS. It is a very generous will.

Crowd. Read the will.

Ant. CÆSAR'S will is very generous. He leaves you a large sum of money. He also bequeaths his gardens to you for a public park. CÆSAR'S gardens are by the Tiber. They will make a beautiful park.

Crowd. We will avenge CÆSAR. His will is very generous.

Ant. (*continuing*). The good that men do lives after them——

Crowd (*all interrupting and speaking at once*). Moreover, we can loot the houses of the conspirators. And CÆSAR'S gardens will make a beautiful park. [*Exeunt.*

Ant. As I was saying, the good that men do lives after them—— [*Left speaking.*

ACT III. SCENE—*The Plains of Philippi. Midnight.*

Bru. CASSIUS, you have an itching palm.

Cas. I have not an itching palm. CÆSAR himself would not have dared to say I had an itching palm.

Bru. Yet you have an itching palm.

Cas. You do make me so angry with you, BRUTUS. You should not make me so angry. [*Ad lib.*

Bru. I, too, am angry, CASSIUS.

[*Enter the Ghost of* CÆSAR.

Ghost (*looking at* CASSIUS). Let me have fat men about me. Let me have very fat men about me.

Cas. It is CÆSAR'S ghost. I am certain it is CÆSAR'S ghost. [*Kills himself.*

Bru. Do not die, CASSIUS.

[*Bends over the body.*

Ghost (*turning to* BRUTUS). "*Et tu, Brute!*" [*Vanishes.*

Bru. (*rising from the body of* CASSIUS). CASSIUS is dead. I am sorry CASSIUS should die. He was the last but one of all the Romans. But I—I am the very last.

[*Kills himself.*

Ant. (*hastily ascending a hillock*). "*Et tu, Brute!*" This was the noblest Roman——

[*Left speaking. Curtain.*



ABANDONED!

NO BALD-HEADS NEED APPLY!

[A case recently came before the Courts in which a gentleman sought damages from his landlady for ejecting him on discovery of his baldness; her contention being that this physical defect would be offensive to the taste of her younger lodgers.]

'Tis not that both my eyes are black,
My legs arrayed in odd extensions;
Not that I wear, like *Bergerac*,
A nose of rather rude dimensions;—

Not that my chin is cheaply shorn,
Not that my face is frankly soapless,—
Not, therefore, with unfeeling scorn,
Woman, you treat my case as hopeless!

But just because above my brow,
That still preserves a certain lustre,
The locks of youth no longer now
Promiscuously cling (or cluster);—

Because, in fact, I chance by some
Design of Providence, it may be,
To have my pericranium
Bald as the surface of a baby;—

For this, although my state is due
To no specific sin or error,
Woman, I understand you view
My form with unaffected terror.

I that was pleasing in your sight,
When first you saw me with my hat on,—
Soon as my top is bathed in light,
Am, metaphorically, spat on!

My presence, so you say, would jar
Upon your younger lodgers' joyance;
To such the hairless ever are
A source, you say, of deep annoyance.

O Woman! in my hairy prime,
When I resembled young Apollo,
I seldom fancied—at the time—
How swift a falling-off would follow.

I deemed my hair should doubtless be
A permanently rooted fixture;
No man should ever hint to me
"You want a little of our mixture!"

Then came the *decadence;* my poll,
Round as a Dutchman's ruddy cheese is,
Loomed freely upward till the whole
Stood bare to all the wanton breezes.

Long with insidious lotions drenched,
My barren scalp was seared or scalded
Until the vital spark was quenched
And children cried, "Go up, thou bald-head!"

But still I argued, "Youth may well
Be tickled by a mere external;
Grown men ignore the outer shell
In favour of the precious kernel.

"And Woman—surely Woman must,
If rightly painted by the poet,
Neglect the crude material crust
And love the soul that lurks below it."

But you, who should have probed beneath
The rusty rind, the faded gilding—
You threw my baldness in my teeth,
And me myself outside the building!

And yet, believe me, there have been
Heroes and gallants, saints and Cæsars,
Whose sculptured heads are just as clean
As though the thing were done with tweezers!

Nay, there are those in whom you see
Rough Nature's task anticipated;
They took a vow of chastity,
And had their summits depilated!

Virtue may hide in lack of hair;
And, Woman, you may live to rue it,
Who oped your portal unaware,
And sent an angel flying through it!



OVERHEARD ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

She (on her first Trip to Europe). "I GUESS YOU LIKE LONDON?"

He. "WHY, YES. I GUESS I KNOW MOST PEOPLE IN LONDON. I WAS OVER THERE LAST FALL!"

EXAMINATION PAPER À LA MODE.

(Set with a view to testing a Boy's Useful Knowledge.)

GIVE a short account of the progress of football during the winter term, with notes on some of the leading players.

Explain the term "getting your cap," and give reasons why you are still in the second eleven.

Furnish the rules of lawn-tennis, and the regulations governing a paper-chase.

Compare JONES *major* with SMITH *minor* (1) in the cricket field, (2) in the "fives" court, and (3) in the gym.

Write a history of GRACE, and compare his averages with some celebrated Australian cricketers.

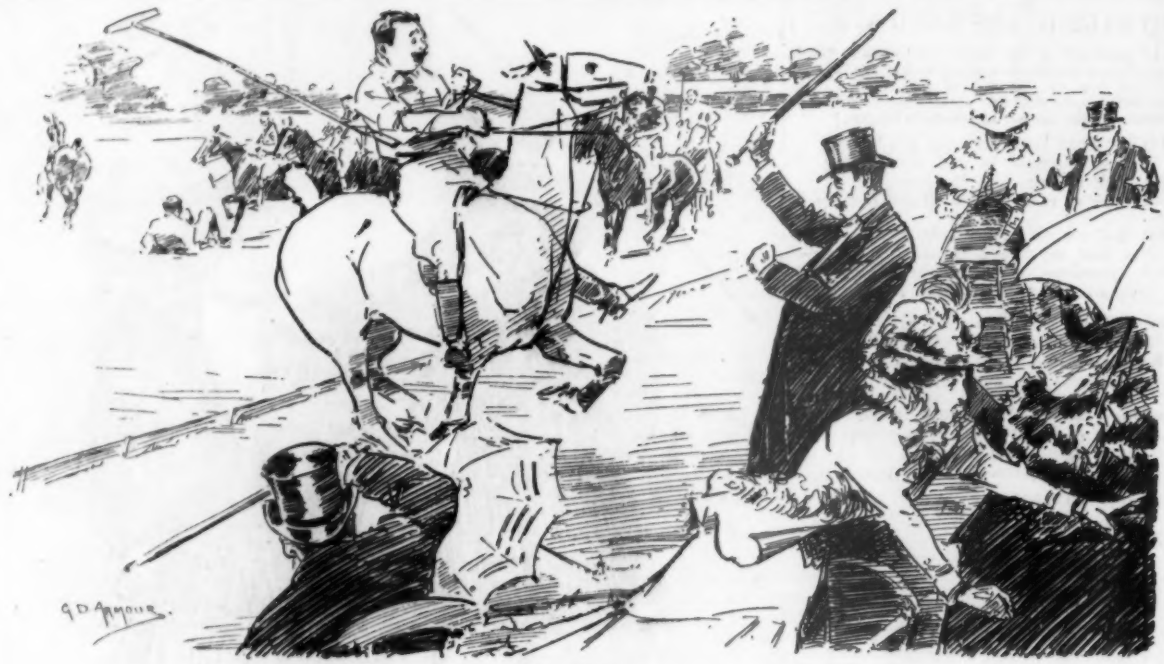
Draw out a programme of athletic sports suitable for three hours' enjoyment.

Give the records of throwing the cricket ball, the high jump, and the hundred yards.

Optional.—If you have time, jot down all you know about Latin, Greek, and mathematics.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR THE WAR ARTICLES OF THE P. M. G.—Astorpedoes.

AN INAUSPICIOUS GENERAL.—Marshal Blank-o.



POLO.

"IF YOU HAVE ANY RAW PONIES, ALWAYS PLAY THEM IN BIG MATCHES; IT GETS THEM ACCUSTOMED TO THE CROWD, AND THE BAND, AND THINGS."

COQUELIN "EST NÉ," PARFAIT!

THERE was a song years ago which achieved a temporary popularity on account of its catching lilt and the charm of its fair singer; it bore the title, "*Nobody Knows as I Know*," words that gave the profane parodist—*un "sapeur" à qui "rien n'est sacré"*—the chance of writing, "Nobody's nose like my nose," and this would be, just now, most suitable to the talented M. COQUELIN when made up as the hero of the new play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. COQUELIN'S nose is the feature of the piece, as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, but for this actor's prestige, would not have attained its present success on its own merits. It is "talky," the "talk" being neither particularly brilliant, nor assisting the piece in "getting any forrarder." The play has only three fairly dramatic situations, of which the one that ought to have been the most powerful is dismissed in a comparatively off-hand way; while about an hour wasted on mere declamation, to the detriment of the action, might be cut out with advantage if ever a translation of the piece is attempted on the English stage. Who would play *Cyrano?* IRVING? Ahem! ALEXANDER? Perhaps. WYNDHAM? Probably.

It is a queer character, this of *Cyrano*—poet, musician, singer, hero, sober as a teetotaler, yet with a nose to which that of *Bardolph* is by comparison a thing of naught. Why did they not nickname this soldier-poet "*Ovidius Naso*"? M. COQUELIN achieves a nasal victory over difficulties which are of his own choice, and the author of the play, M. EDMOND ROSTAND, has much to be thankful for. In the first page the dramatist writes, "*C'est à l'âme de Cyrano que je voulais dédier ce poème.*" Better would it have been for the play had he dedicated it "*à la lame de Cyrano*," which could then have been usefully employed in making several effective *coupures*. However, the play here is not the thing so much as the character, which is a mixture of *Mercutio*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and the hero of *All for Her*. Mdlle. MARIA LEGAULT, as *Roxane*, the heroine "*libre, orpheline, et cousine de Cyrano*," played very charmingly, her method in the stronger scenes being occasionally *Bernhardtistic*. JEAN COQUELIN (*i.e.*, COQUELIN *cadet*, and there are seven "cadets" in the piece—it might be a game of golf!) was good in the undistinguished part of *Ragueneau*, and M. VOLNY lived and died an excellent *Christian*—which is saying a good deal for any one—while M. DESJARDINS, as *De Guiche*, was what one of DICKENS'S characters termed "massive and concrete." That M. COQUELIN is thoroughly popular in London was proved by the crowded houses and delighted audiences that went to improve their acquaintance with the comedian and with the French language at the same time.

A COCKNEY RHAPSODY.

[A critic in the *Daily News* accuses artists generally of ignorance in their treatment of rural subjects, and declares that nearly every picture of work in the hay or harvest field is incorrect.]

COME revel with me in the country's delights,
Its rapturous pleasures, its marvellous sights;
No landscape of common or garden I praise,
But Nature's strange charms that the painter pourtrays.

No Summer begins there, and Spring never ends,
It mingles with Autumn, with Winter it blends;
Its primroses bloom when the barley is ripe,
Amid its red apples the nightingales pipe.

There often the shadow falls southward at noon,
And sunrise is hailed by the pale crescent moon,
The sun sets at will in the east or the west,
In the grove where the cuckoo is building her nest.

There the milkmaid sits down to the left of the cow,
In harvest they sow, and in haytime they plough;
While mowers, in attitudes gladsome and blythe,
Impossible antics perform with the scythe.

There huntsmen in June after foxes may roam,
And horses unbridled go champing with foam;
From torrents by winter fierce swollen and high,
The proud salmon leaps in pursuit of the fly.

Ah Nature! it 's little—I own for my part—
I know of your face save as mirroured in art;
Yet vainly shall critics begrudge me that charm,
For a fellow can paint without learning to farm.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Egypt in 1898 (BLACKWOOD), by G. W. STEEVENS, is a brightly-written account of a visit lately paid to that country. My Baronite is under the impression that the work originally appeared in the form of letters contributed to that sprightly little paper the *Daily Mail*. It is as informing as it is interesting, and is illustrated by some admirably reproduced photographs.

Two old friends, with brightened up faces, and looking uncommonly handsome and as fresh as colour can make them, are GILBERT À BECKETT'S *Comic History of Rome* and the second volume of the *Comic History of England* (both from BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), by the same author. Many a true word is here spoken in jest, and it is a pity that a knowledge of this English history according to À BECKETT is not generally adopted by examiners, as a most useful commentary on the serious records. The pictures representing the notable characters and chief events would impress themselves indelibly on the mind of the youthful student, who would be requested by the judicious examiner to correct whatever was incorrect in the costumes and accessories which make JOHN LEECH'S illustrations, conceived in the vein of genuine burlesque humour, things of beauty (certainly not a few of LEECH'S ladies merit this distinction) and joys for ever. Thus would the artistic faculties of the youthful aspirant be encouraged, and his appetite for knowledge, even of the driest kind, pleasantly whetted. THE BARON DE B.-W.

"SCENE IN COURT."

IN *Kingsbury* v. *Howard*, before Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES and a special jury, Mr. CARSON, Q.C., in his cross-examination of Dr. KINGSBURY, in the course of some questions concerning hypnotism, asked the witness, "Can you do as well on weak-minded men as on strong?"

Imagine the interest shown by the judge, leaders, briefed, and briefless, in fact by every one in court as they awaited the experienced doctor's reply!

"Some of my best experiments," said the witness, evidently with a keen perception of the situation, "have been on the members of the Manchester Bar."

"We will adjourn," said Mr. Justice GORELL BARNES, without a second's hesitation.

Fancy the awful possibility of a judge, jury, counsel, and everybody engaged being suddenly hypnotised by a plaintiff or defendant as the case might be! What a scene of Sleeping Beauties!!

THE WAY TO BE A POLICEMAN.

(From Information received on a recent Memorable Occasion.)

BY stolidly refusing to show any discrimination, and keeping the door closed in the face of an illustrious personage.

By declining to believe that an illustrious personage is himself, and observing, "Oh, yes, I daresay. We have heard *that* before!" or by using words or gestures to the same effect.

By allowing a crowd to meet another crowd without keeping either to the right or left.

By being everywhere when not needed, and nowhere when services are required.

By failing to keep a crush from entering a room, and having to fall back upon the assistance of an amateur special.

By allowing a procession requiring particular attention to be mobbed by a host of enthusiastic but inconsiderate admirers.

By general apathy to the necessity of organising a crowd numbering thousands of well-dressed people.

By doing nothing to increase the prestige of that traditionally most worthy body of men, the Police Force of the Metropolis.

À PROPOS OF THE TWELFTH.

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE.—Can't get any grouse shooting this year, so no moor at present from Yours truly,

Lowater Lodge. HARRY HARDUP.

At the Opera.

Classical Lady (*to Flippant Habitué*). How do you like the WAGNER operas?

Flippant Habitue. Um—rather dull. Think they'd be all the better for a little of DAN LENO in 'em.



Dolly. "I WONDER, GRANDPAPA, HOW YOU CAME TO HAVE SUCH LONG EYEBROWS?"

Grandpapa. "DON'T KNOW, DOLLY. S'POSE I WAS BORN SO."

Dolly. "OH, GRANDPAPA! HOW YOU MUST HAVE FRIGHTENED YOUR MAMMA!"

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

Exeunt omnes. But "the resources of civilisation are not exhausted." By no means. With every post *Mr. Punch* is inundated with suggestions, and while he finds it impossible to print them all, he commends the following to the Cabinet to be carefully studied before the next General Election.

"H. R. H." writes, "It is preposterous to talk of providing pensions for the aged poor. The poor are the only well-to-do people in the country. They have no expenses—what do they want with pensions? The really distressed class are the Royal Dukes, whose treatment is a national scandal. Why, Sir, some of us have to keep up a position on £10,000 a year *and even less!*"

"GRUB STREET" considers the whole scheme "chimerical and criminal. It pauperises the poor, ruins thrift, and undermines self-dependence. Genius alone can accept such a provision without being morally degraded. Then again, the amount proposed is absurdly inadequate. Five shillings a week would be of no use to me: it must be guineas at the very lowest."

"DOSSER," who dates from *Tems Inbankmint*, wants to know "why e should giv 5 bob a weak ter chaps wot works coppers an other innimys of sersyerty wen he aint got a tanner isself for ter get a tuppiny rope."

On one particular *Mr. Punch's* correspondents are all agreed—the utter absurdity of every scheme except their own. On other points, *quot homines, tot sententiæ*; and before the Cabinet can satisfy every one they will have to discover how to give a pension to each without giving one to all.

FROM OUR OWN IRRESPONSIBLE ONE (*apparently reading Isaac Walton in retirement*).—*Q.* What Fish is most appreciated in female piscine society? *A.* The gent-eel, of course!

NOTE BY OUR GALLERY ARGUS.—Bills not often met by the Parliamentary drawers: Private ones.



She. "WELL, HOW DID YOUR SHARES IN THE DANAË GOLD MINE TURN OUT"
He. "OH, I—ER—I'VE LOST ALL INTEREST IN THEM."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Ero e Leandro, the new opera by Signor MANCINELLI, was well received on Monday, when it made its first appearance in London. It is neither great nor original, but it is distinctly pleasing; in fact, it is MANCINELLI under gentle influence of WAGNER and MASCAGNI. Occasionally it seemed as if, had he only dared to violate the canons of the modern school, he would have liked to indulge himself by writing a "tuney-*tune!*" Apparently, when he had nothing extra original to say, he tinkled the brass loudly. In the last act, the orchestration in combination with a thunderstorm was a trifle overpowering. Madame EMMA EAMES sang well, though a little too lackadaisical for an emotional heroine. Her *Shell* song, a kind of Wagnerian edition of "*What are the Wild Waves saying*," was greatly applauded. M. SALEZA, a most heroic *Leander*, seemed a bit tired, but he has had a good time of it this season as a tenor of all work, and lots of playing. As a Professor of Natation, his costume was strictly irreproachable. Evidently the Greeks of old bathed in full costume. M. Plançon sang and acted in his usually suave high-priestly manner. The mounting was excellent, and everything went without a hitch. The classical chorus sang well together, their appearance, especially the feminine portion, being distinctly and quaintly antique, whilst the men were more prehistoric than heroic.

Thursday.—The following letter, which has reached 85, Fleet Street, speaks for itself:—

July, 1898.

GOOD MASTER PUNCH,—Or you might be "bad" for aught I care, save that I wish to conciliate you, and get your consent to the publication of this letter. I have a complaint, good *Master Punch*, a complaint!

On Thursday, *Henry the Eighth*, composed by Camille Saint-Saëns, and written by the Messrs. Détroyat and Silvestre, was played for the first time in England in Covent Garden. Naturally I was there to see.

The curtain rose, and we were in a hall of His Majesty's Palace in London. I could not determine where. It might have been (and probably was) that splendid structure opposite Chancery Lane where HENRY, had he lived in these days, might have got his hair cut. Out of the window was a capital presentment of Fleet Street in the olden time. The courtiers discuss with *Don Gomez*, the Spanish ambassador, the gossip of the moment. The king is in love with *Anne Boleyn*. He is getting a divorce, and *Buckingham* is to be executed. Then the king appears with *Catherine*. They are followed by *Anne* (smiling), and the chorus declare—to quote from the Argument—"that France and England are now one, seeing that the new maid of honour has come direct from the Court of CHARLES THE TWELFTH." *Henry* creates *Anne* Marchioness of Pembroke. Then *Buckingham* is heard without going to his execution to the sound of military music, suggestive of rather a sad Lord Mayor's Show, and the curtain descends—again I quote from the Argument—"as *Don Gomez* realises that he loves *Anne* in vain, while the others sing a solemn chorus on the subject of *Buckingham's* doom." But there was a gap. Some one was not there!

In the second act we are in Richmond Park, with *Henry* and *Anne*, to put it colloquially, "carrying on." The Papal legate arrives to decide against the king, when the monarch postpones further business to join in a popular *fête*. The value of the original, which included a presentment of the gathering of the Scottish clans, was not given. It was indeed regrettable. Then there was another omission. There was a gap. Some one was not there!

The third act passes in Westminster Hall, where *Catherine* is tried. I quote from the Argument. "The Papal legate enters, and showing the Papal Bull, announces that the Pope declares the marriage with *Catherine* lawful and valid. *Henry* then appeals to the people, and asks if they will accept a foreign mandate. On receiving a frantic negative, he constitutes himself head of the Church of England, and announces that he will take to wife *Anne Boleyn*, Marchioness of Pembroke. The legate excommunicates *Henry*, who always has a ready retort, and the scene closes amid general enthusiasm and rejoicing." But there was an omission. There was a gap. Some one was not there!

The opera—which I venture to declare is in plot, music, and execution, admirable—is brought to a close at Kimbolton, where *Anne* and *Henry* meet in the death-chamber of *Catherine*. But even then there was an omission. There was once more a gap. Some one again was not there!

And now, good *Master Punch*, tell me the name of the absentee. You cannot! Then I will supply the information. *I* was not there. *I* had been cut out. *I* had been omitted. My king was there, but not *I—I—I*. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.

Yours in (operatic) tears,
THE SHADE OF WOLSEY.

Elysium.

HIRSUTE ADORNMENT GREATLY AFFECTED BY MALE TEETOTALERS.—The ginger beard.

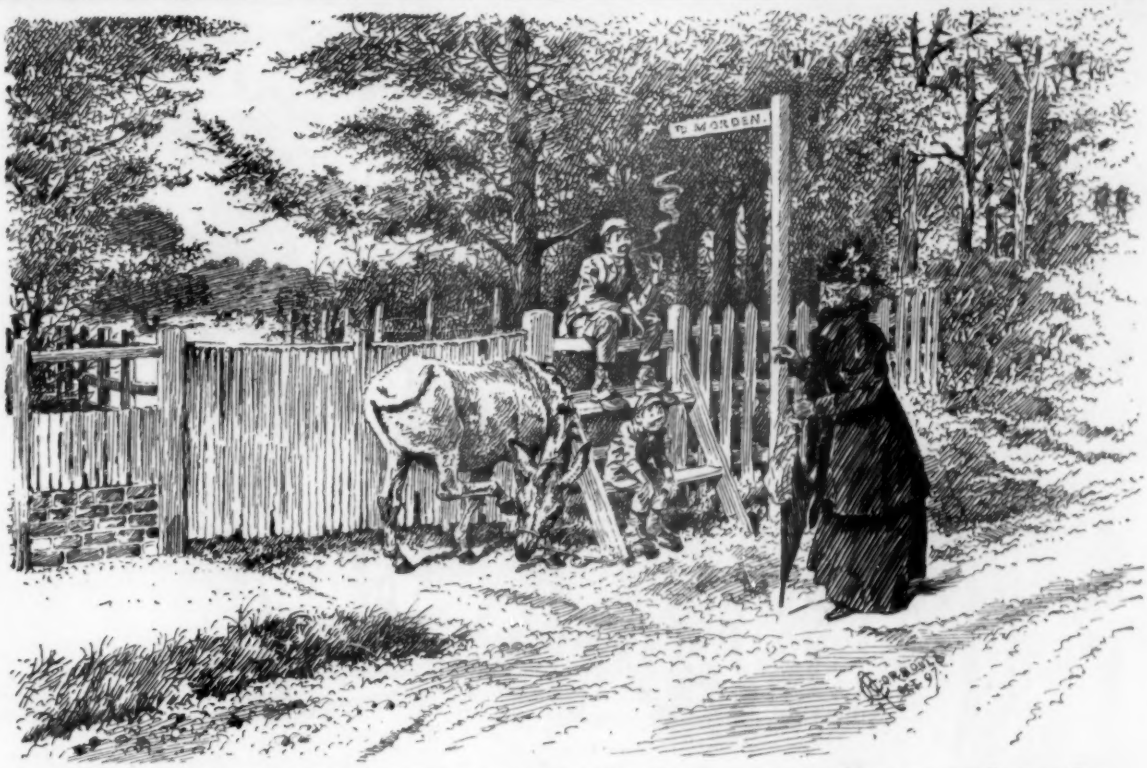
UNDESIRABLE BRIC-A-BRAC.—Family jars.



"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

AUSTRALIA. "NOT TO-DAY, POSTMAN. IT MAY SUIT THE OTHERS, BUT YOU DON'T LAND HERE FOR A PENNY!"

["Australia will neither send nor receive penny letters."—*Daily Paper.*]



Old Lady. "THROW THAT NASTY CIGARETTE AWAY, MY GOOD BOY. IT MAKES ME QUITE ILL TO SEE *YOU* SMOKING!"
Boy. "IT 'UD MAKE YOU WUSS IF YER SMOKED IT YERSELF, MUM!"

KISMET.

By good (or else by evil) chance
I used to see her everywhere—
When I went out to crush or dance,
'Twas ten to one that she'd be there.
What dainty pictures I might draw,
If I had skill to paint or write,
And make you see her, as I saw—
The pretty girl I knew by sight!

Yet, on mature reflection, I
Will leave her portrait unessayed—
If you would know the reason why,
It might be lifelike, I'm afraid!
So whether she was fair or dark,
Or short or tall, are matters slight—
She was, I but again remark,
A pretty girl I knew by sight.

With unobtrusive interest
I watched her move through Fashion's maze,
I saw her fair and sweet, possessed
Of none but "great and gracious ways."
To study her I simply sought
Alike "by sun and candle-light,"
To me she still continued nought—
A girl I only knew by sight.

And "strangers yet," as HOUGHTON sings,
We two for many months remained—
'Tis one of those peculiar things
Which never can be quite explained.
I hold that Kismet shapes our ends,
I said, "Whatever is, is right:
We are not destined to be friends"—
'Twas much to know her e'en by sight.

At last, no matter how, at last
Fate with her kindly cruel net
Caught us together in one cast,
And so at last, at last we met!
We talked the afternoon away,
How swift those hours winged their flight!
She was my friend for half a day—
The girl I'd known for months by sight.

Since then she's vanished from my ken,
And I have haunted every place
Affected by my fellow-men,
Where I might hope to see her face.
I've sought her everywhere in vain,
A very "phantom of delight,"
A phantom that appears again
To memory only, not to sight.

To meet her howsoe'er I pray,
It is not likely now, I know,
Because that memorable day
Was ages—quite a week—ago!
The Season wanes, the folk depart,
And Fate decrees, in my despite,
That I should know her now "by heart,"
Instead of knowing her "by sight"!

Curious Effect of the War.

ARTICLES of commerce which have become much dearer:—Bread (in spite of the downfall of Mr. LEITER); Tobacco (notwithstanding the remission of duty); Claret and Brandy (though supposed to hail from France); Ropes (ostensibly by reason of the investment of Manila); Oil (apparently used as fuel by both the American and Spanish navies); Potatoes (possibly used as missiles). To which may be added Paper (which has been used in unprecedented amount); and goose-quills (ditto).

AT THE BAR.

(*Vide* "*Daily Chronicle.*")

ERE the sparrow starts to twitter,
Ere the milkman yokes his van,
We are up and drawing "Bitter"
For the British working-man;
When the ever-watchful peeler's
Bull's-eye flashes like a star,
We are serving midnight reelers
At the bar.

Never resting, never sleeping
Till the night is on the wane,
And before the dawn is peeping,
On our weary feet again;
And however late or early,
Or however tired we are,
It's dismissal to look surly
At the bar.

So with lips too often laughing
Over sad and weeping hearts,
'Mid the vulgar wit and chaffing
Do we play our hated parts.
And we often think 'twere fitter
To be buried—fitter far
For our life is one long "Bitter"
At the bar.

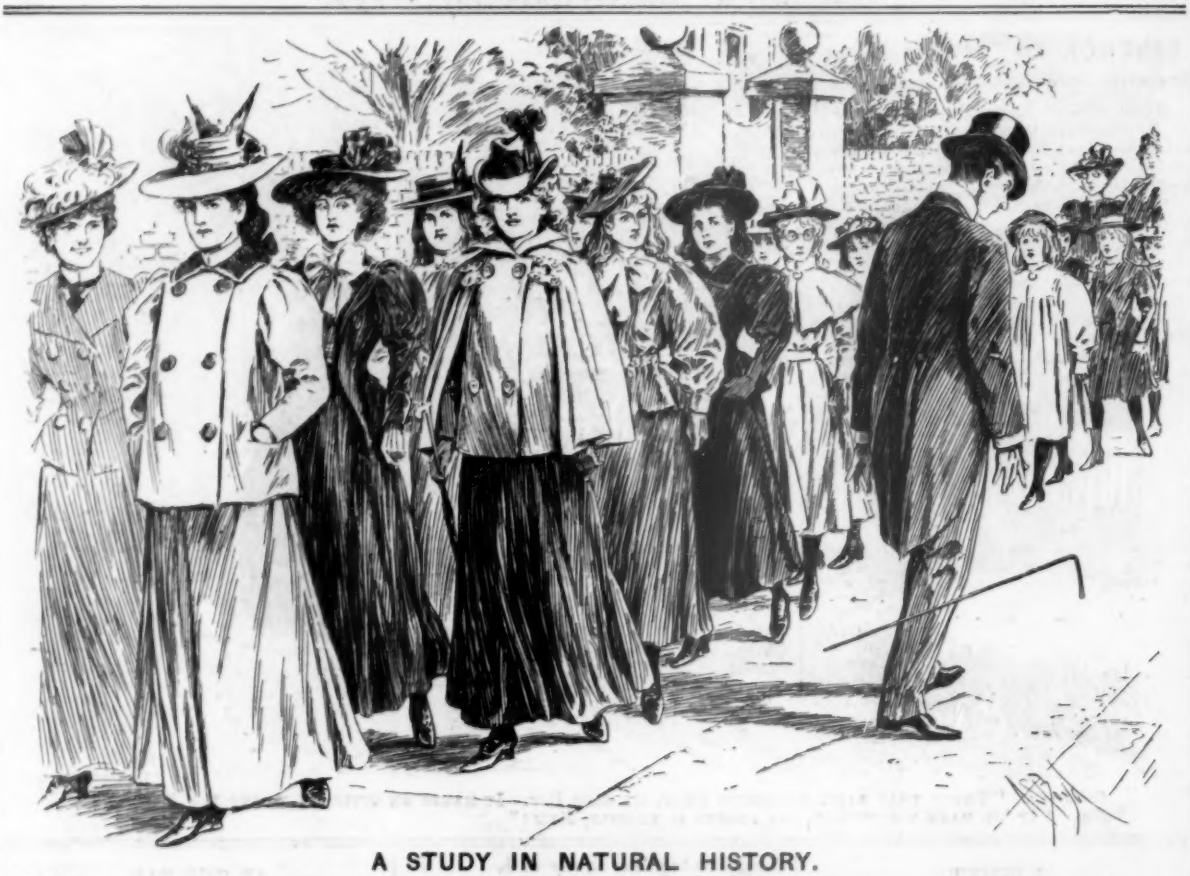
At the School Treat.

Lady Helper (*to Small Boy*). Will you have some more bread-and-butter?

Small Boy. No fear, when there's kike about.

Lady Helper (*trying to be kind*). Cake, certainly! Will you have plum or seed?

Small Boy. Plum, in course. D'ye tike me for a canary?



A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL "CROCODILE." FREQUENTLY MET IN THE SUBURBS. VERY FORMIDABLE IN APPEARANCE, AND STRIKES TERROR TO THE BOLDEST HEART—THAT OF YOUNG LEONIDAS, FOR INSTANCE.

PEPYS.

COMES to me a letter, copy of which did appear, it seemeth, in *Punch* last week. Well pleased to know that my descendant, SAMUEL PEPYS COCKERELL, did row right well for a Plate given by the Ladies. In good sooth, am highly pleased to find the Ladies favour him thus early; which minds me of mine own—— But will defer what I would have said, as my wife, poor wretch, approacheth, and hath small sympathy with what she is pleased to call the foibles of man. I note that, although there be a famous tome entitled, *Letters from*—well, the Shades, yet it is right seldom that a letter is *delivered* here, we not having an Asbestos Postman.

S. P.

To "ONE WHO ROWS."

GOOD-BYE TO THE SEASON!

GOOD-BYE to the Season! Alas that it's over!—
I borrow the sentiment boldly from PRAED—
Alas for the days I've been living in clover,
Alas for the reckoning now to be paid!
I rail at the Fates, at the law, at the weather—
The Sun of the Season has left, going down,
For you moor and mountain, blue heavens and heather,
For me work and worry, the Temple and Town.

Good-bye to the Season!—its dinners and dances,
Its jaunts down to Hurlingham, matches at Lord's,
Good-bye to the Park, and the Play, and the chances
Of infinite pleasure the Season affords.
To-day I am thinking of what must come after,
Half dreaming, half stifled in hot wig and gown—
For you in the Highlands gay friends and light laughter,
For me the Old Bailey and heartache in Town.

Good-bye to the Season!—its follies and crazes,
Its fashions and politics, Music and Art,
Good-bye to the tale of its blame and its praises,
Good-bye to my friends, and good-bye—to my heart!
The days will drag slowly which you'll be away for,
Meanwhile may all happiness each of them crown!
To you Heaven grant all the blessings you pray for,
To me—just our next merry meeting in Town!

BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS FOR BISLEY.

(*A Communication from High Quarters.*)

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—You represent the British nation, and consequently I address you. *Mr. Punch*, Sir, the volunteers are now at Bisley. And in these troublous times, they must learn to do their duty.

Mr. Punch, Sir, what is their duty? I will tell you—to accustom themselves to the privations of a campaign. *Mr. Punch*, Sir, what is the use of good firing if the marksman lives in luxury? *Mr. Punch*, Sir, no good at all. So, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, I would abolish all comfort. Let everybody sleep in the open—no pleasant camp furniture and the rest of it.

Mr. Punch, Sir, I would make the marksmen provide their own commissariat. Stop all food going beyond the lines. Cut off the excellent provisions always supplied by the caterers. Sorry for those gentlemen, but war is war.

Then there is another item. *Mr. Punch*, Sir, there should be night attacks, and if it comes to that, day attacks, too. *Mr. Punch*, Sir, the work down Woking way is not sufficiently realistic. Pot-hunting is all very well in its way, but pot-hunting would have to be discontinued in case of an invasion.

So thus I leave it, but you should see that my suggestions are carried out.

(Signed) MARS, Major.

Military Department, Olympia.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.—"So you are occupewing TOMMY BOWLES's pie," said SARK to Mr. GEDGE, finding him once more ensconced in the coveted corner seat above the Gangway.

Mr. GEDGE bent a searching glance upon him. What might this suspicious commingling of syllables portend? It was only seven o'clock; but some men, especially in the City, dine early. SARK thought he had better explain. An old story; everybody knows it, every one but Mr. GEDGE: the college Don who delights a wide circle of friends by occasionally mixing up his syllables; goes to church a little late; finds a stranger in his pew. "Beg your pardon," he tumultuously says, "but you're occupewing my pie."

Mr. GEDGE doesn't laugh. "I don't like jokes made about a pew," he said. "You'll be speaking lightly of the pulpit next."

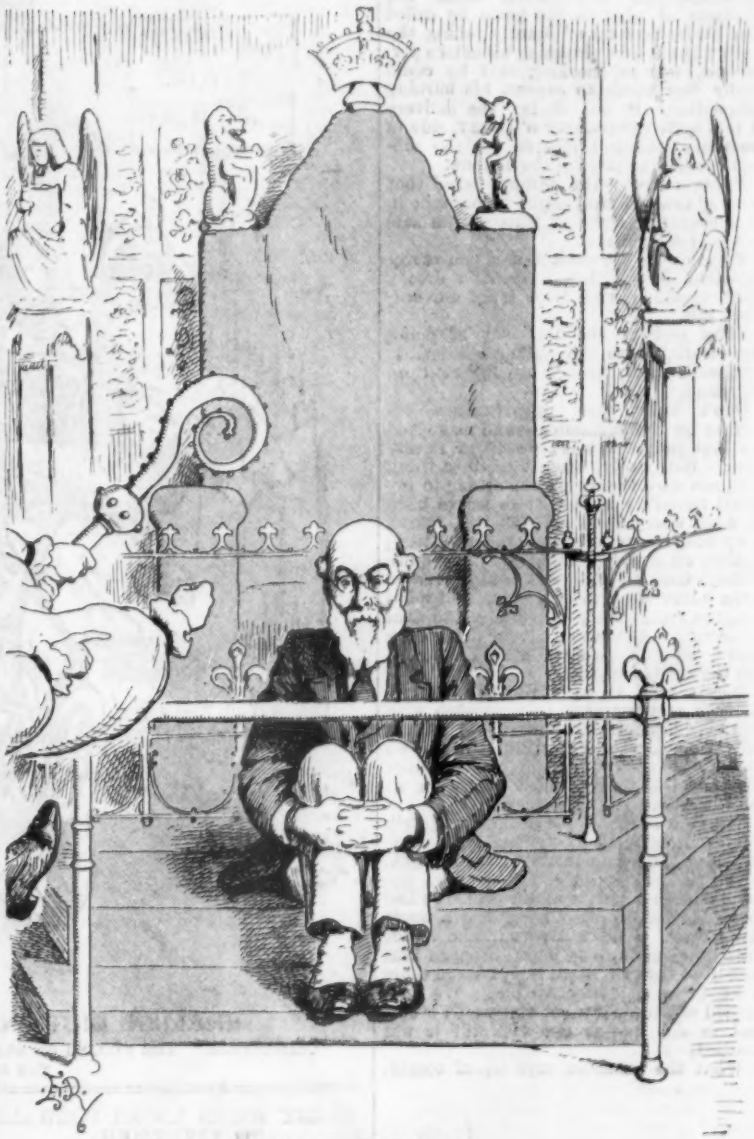
This by the way. Having secured the coign of vantage, whatever we may call it, Mr. GEDGE rises thence and wants to know to which of Her MAJESTY's Ministers seated below him he should address a question about the Lord Chancellor's disposal of his patronage. Which shall it be? Don't all speak at once. They didn't. Only PRINCE ARTHUR, in his most chilling manner, observed, "If questions of this kind are to be asked at all"—that is, if any one is so depraved, so lost to all sense of decency, so sacrilegious (PRINCE ARTHUR didn't say all this, but his look bent upon Mr. GEDGE conveyed every syllable of it)—"they should be asked of me."

Mr. GEDGE began to wish he'd stayed at home; dug his knuckles in his eyes, and whimpered that he *had* asked PRINCE ARTHUR; that PRINCE ARTHUR had told him to ask the Home Secretary; that he had gone to the Home Secretary, who told him to go and call on the Chancellor of the Exchequer; that he (Mr. GEDGE) had explained he would rather not.

PRINCE ARTHUR made no response. House rather disappointed. Would rather like to discover which of Her MAJESTY's Ministers could tell Mr. GEDGE all about the Lord Chancellor's exercise of his patronage.



An Occupewer of other People's Pies!
Mr. Sydney G-dge.



"SANCTUARY!!"
Sir John G-rst in the House of Lords, July 12.

Business done.—Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES's seat en-Gedged.

Tuesday.—"'Thank Heaven for the House of Lords!' is a phrase with which reiteration has made us familiar. For the moment I limit my gratitude to the existence of the rails that mark off the space before the steps of the Throne."

It was JOHN o' GORST who spoke. He was sitting on the steps of the Throne nursing his knees, with one eye warily bent on that muscular Christian the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, both ears open to LONDONDERRY. As soon as House met, the Primate asked COUNTY GUY on what authority, or on what evidence, the Vice-President had stated that religious teaching in Board Schools in large towns is superior to that supplied in Voluntary Schools? COUNTY GUY explained that it was entirely an expression of private opinion. There were two personages, (*a*) the Vice-President of the Council, (*b*) JOHN o' GORST. If the statement alluded to had been made by (*a*) it would have been serious. Being made by (*b*), it was—as *Mr. Toots* said when he sat down on *Miss Florence Dombey's* Sunday bonnet incautiously deposited on a chair—of no consequence.

This brought LONDONDERRY to the front. If there's one thing the noble Marquis can't abear it's lack of party discipline. A Peer, even a Commoner, may, in the privacy of his home, think what he likes about, say, the policy or the leadership of the Premier. To discuss it, much less to

censure it in public, is flat burglary. To LONDONDERRY's well-ordered mind the spectacle of what in his haste he called "an Under-Secretary" bluntly telling the truth without first obtaining his chief's permission, was so shocking that he could hardly find words to express his burning indignation. It was during the delivery of this speech that JOHN O' GORST, safe in sanctuary, thanked Heaven for the railings outside the steps of the Throne.

Business done.—The Bishops asked that JOHN O' GORST's head might be brought in on a charger. Duke of DEVONSHIRE said he would see about it.

Friday.—Five o'clock and a fine morning—that is, for July. Spent a dreary night wrestling with Irish Local Government Bill.

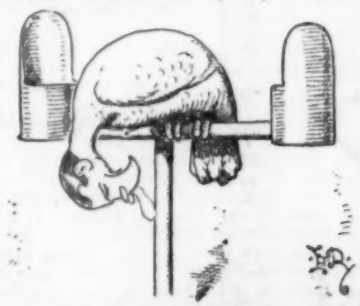
"Not perhaps the best way of doing your work," says the milkman whom I, homeward bent, partly accompanied on his round.

Don't know that opportunities occurring on the milkman's round make him the best judge of what we do in Parliament. But, really, when I come to think of it, not sure there isn't something in my casual friend's remark. Here we've been all week worrying round this Bill, taking it up before four in the afternoon, setting it down on stroke of midnight. Not quite so much time on Wednesday: say, average seven hours close work a day; and mind you, the report stage of a Bill is the final winnowing out. Been at it for days, even weeks, on first reading, second reading, and Committee stages.

Do you mean to say, facing this smiling, childlike morn, trying to keep step with this hard-headed milkman, that if we had only the business of the Bill at heart, we couldn't have comfortably, much more effectively, have concluded our work at the customary midnight hour?

"Instead of which," as the judge acutely remarked, some three or four score of us have been sitting up through a sultry night, trying to keep ourselves awake as we discussed delicate points in the Bill. It had to be finished at this sitting, lest a worse thing befel. PRINCE ARTHUR, who is not nearly so simple as he looks, dropped hint that if we didn't achieve report stage there must be a Saturday sitting. We pretended not to hear; but the words stuck, and so did we—at our task till it was finished.

What the milkman says is, of course,



A Study of Admiral Field's Bow to the Speaker.

not evidence (see *Coke on Littleton*). But as we part and go our several ways, I have an uneasy feeling that there's something in it.

Business done.—Irish Local Government Bill passed Report Stage.



ENGLISH DICTIONARY ILLUSTRATED. I.

"COINCIDENCE." THE FALLING OR MEETING OF TWO OR MORE LINES OR BODIES AT THE SAME POINT.

DARBY JONES LOOKS FORWARD TO LIVERPOOL.

HONOURED SIR,—In this sultry weather I have only time and inclination to send you the following prophecy anent the Liverpool Cup:—

I cannot believe in the *Ass's Head*,
The *Orphan Child* has no hope from me;
The *Scarlet Robe* I'd prefer instead,
To the *Ac* that never can *Meaner* be.
Brave *Knight of the Mac* must run up well,
And *Always Remember's* not one to crack;
But the *Coal Consumed* may a story tell,
When the Ducal *O* You and I should back!

A simple lay. May it produce the Ever Desired Oof-bird's eggs so constantly found in the nest by

Your Dissolving Dependent,
DARBY JONES.

A HIGH CHURCH PARTY.—A steeple-jack.

DIRT-CHEAP.—Street ices.

CAMARA OBSCURA.

MEN marvelled whither he was gone;
Small wonder, for I swear
That all the time the valiant Don
Was neither here nor there.

"Mamalian" Language.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the papers that an "Arabian Baboon," which distinctly ejaculates "mama," has lately arrived at the Zoological Gardens. This fact conclusively proves to me that the word with which children so fondly address their mothers is of Simian origin, and distinctly proves the Darwinian theory. Similarly, I can only imagine that all Guinea Fowl, with their cries of "Come back, come back," must be the direct descendants of primeval race-starters.

Yours obediently,
HARRY HOPKINS.

Mastodon Manor, Chalk Farm.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

ABSINTHE

PERNOD FILS

(The most celebrated Brand. Established in 1805.)

APPETISING, STIMULATING, REFRESHING.

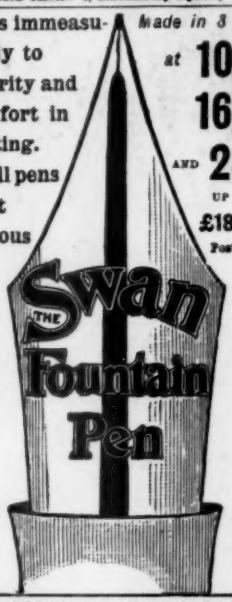
Lemonade with a dash of ABSINTHE PERNOD FILS makes a Delicious Summer Drink.

To be had at all first-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. Sold only in Quart and Pint Bottles, at all Wine Merchants and Grocers in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

Export Agents:—A. SMYTH & CIE., 18, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

London Offices:—5, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at **10/6, 16/6,** AND **25/-** UP TO **£18 18s.** Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

(DEPT. A. 6.)

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

"COOPER" CYCLES.



From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £6. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.

WM. COOPER, 783, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON **DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD**

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

It has long been a matter of surprise, prior to the introduction of "Emperor" Chocolates, that no English firm of standing and repute should have made a serious endeavour to rival the famous French makers in the delicacy and elegance of their confectionery. In "Emperor" Chocolates the delicious dainties of the Parisian *Confiseurs* are not only equalled but excelled. Their rare and exquisite flavour is appreciated by the most refined taste. Only the choicest Cocoas and the most delicate Vanilla are selected for their manufacture, the whole being skilfully blended by highly-trained *Chocolatiers*.

The following varieties are now sold by most of the principal confectioners throughout the kingdom, and to facilitate selection a special sample box containing a representative assortment will be forwarded by the manufacturers, ROWNTREE & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, post free to any address, on receipt of six penny stamps. Kindly mention *Punch* when writing.

Dessert.	Pistachios.
Langues de Chat.	Crême à la Rose.
Chocolate Almonds.	Crême à la Violette
Nougat.	Coffee.
Pistachio Bonbons.	Assorted.

Manufactured by the makers of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa.



COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest and Best Revolver made for Travellers and Cyclists. It supersedes all others. COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS & LIGHTNING RIFLES. Price Lists Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., 38, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

DON'T RUN AWAY

with the idea that Photography must any longer be a difficult, messy pursuit. With the Daylight loading Cartridge System

KODAKS

anyone can learn in a few minutes to take home portraits and excellent pictures of holiday scenes, street views, interiors, flowers, bric-a-brac, &c. by merely learning to point the camera, touch a button, and wind a key.

NO DARK ROOM IS REQUIRED.

The films are inserted in and removed from the Kodak in daylight. No staining of fingers or waste of time. The rolls of exposed film can be posted to any dealer, or to the Company, for developing and printing.

KODAKS from £1 1s. to £5 5s.

Illustrated Price Lists free.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd., 43 Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C. *Retail Branches:* 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115-117 Oxford St.; 171-173 Regent St., W.

There is no Kodak but the EASTMAN KODAK.

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

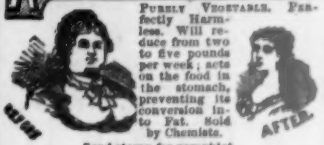
AS SUPPLIED TO THE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



ROPER FRÈRES' *FIRST QUALITY* CHAMPAGNE.

ALLANS ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

ACARIC



No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

SELF-ADJUSTING

Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE ENJOYMENT OF TOBACCO LARGELY DEPENDS UPON THE PIPE USED. THE CELEBRATED BRIAR PIPES BRANDED

B BB

OWN MAKE

ARE RECOGNISED AS THE MOST PERFECT, BOTH AS TO MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP.

'K' BOOTS

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other Foods are rejected, it is invaluable."

BENGER'S

BENGER'S Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "'Benger's Food' has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

FOOD FOR INFANTS

INVALIDS AND THE AGED

THE SCOTTISH NATURAL MINERAL TABLE WATER

ST. RONAN'S



A purely British product—Superior to and Cheaper than any of the Foreign Mineral Waters.

In Splits, Pints, and Quarts.

As supplied to the House of Commons and Leading Clubs. Superior to and Cheaper than any of the Foreign Mineral Waters. In Splits, Pints, and Quarts.

Proprietors:
"ST. RONAN'S WELLS" AND MINERAL WATER CO., LTD.
INNERLEITHEN, SCOTLAND.
London Depot:
66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

COLEMAN'S WINCARNIS

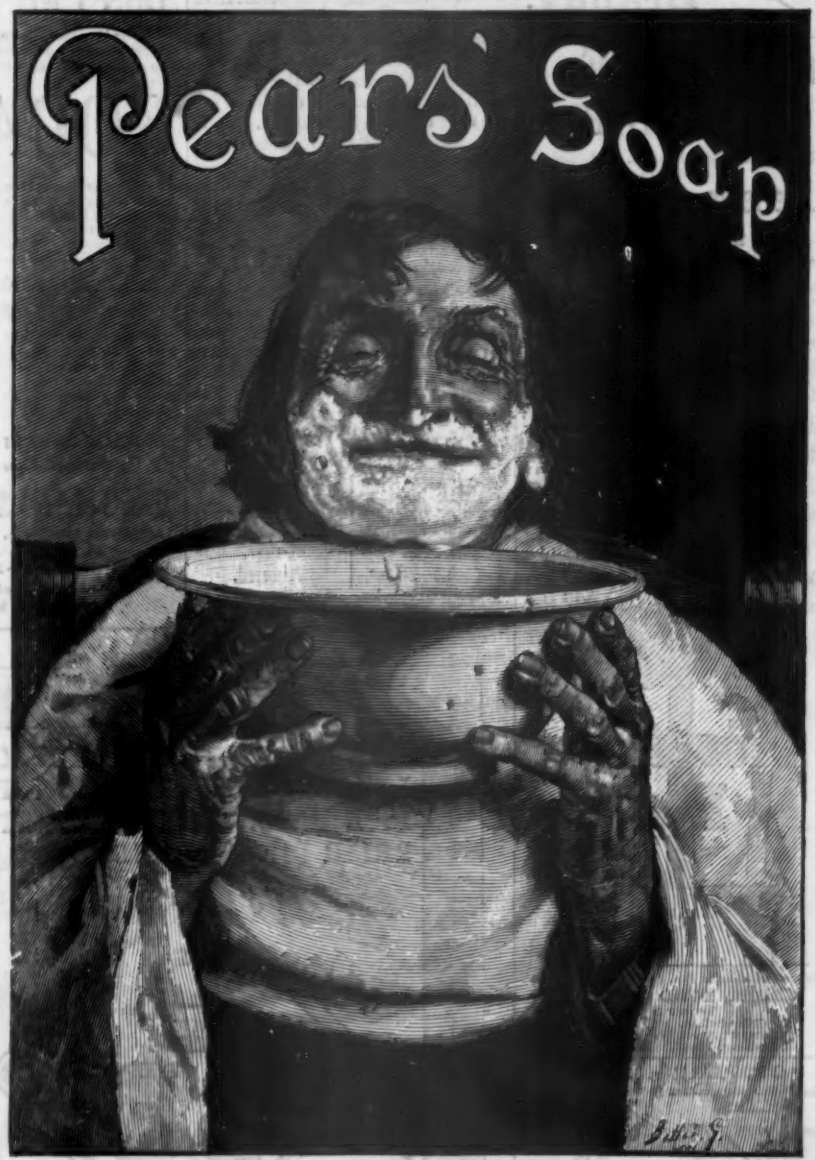
Is a delicious beverage and tonic made from Port Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Extract of Malt.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND

Unsolicited Testimonials have been received from Medical Men. The following Important Testimonial has been received from Dr. FLETCHER.—"Applecross, Rosshire, N.B., July 2nd, 1897. Dear Sirs,—Please forward quarter-of-a-dozen 'Wincarnis' immediately as my patient's supply is about done. I trust there will be no delay, as he takes no other nourishment, and has been sustained and gained strength by 'Wincarnis' for twelve weeks. "Yours faithfully, DUNCAN FLETCHER, L.R.C.P."

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of the above,
COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,
NORWICH and LONDON.
Sold in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. *Sample bottle may be had, free of charge, on receipt of full postal address.*

Pears' Soap



"THE SHAVER'S DELIGHT."
12 Months' Luxury for 12 Pence.
(A shilling Shaving Stick lasts a year.)

FORGING AHEAD!

PATTISONS' WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 23, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

Nº. 2977.
VOLUME
CXV.
JULY 30,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs. Harrows. Cultivators. Haymakers. Horse Rakes. Straw Trussers. Mowers. Hay Presses. Oil Engines. & Light Railways.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

Rowntree's
"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.
It has long been a matter of surprise, prior to the introduction of "Emperor" Chocolates, that no English firm of standing and repute should have made a serious endeavour to rival the famous French makers in the delicacy and elegance of their confectionery. In "Emperor" Chocolates the delicious dainties of the Parisian *Confiseurs* are not only equalled but excelled. Their rare and exquisite flavour is appreciated by the most refined taste. Only the choicest Cocoas and the most delicate Vanilla are selected for their manufacture, the whole being skilfully blended by highly-trained *Chocolatiers*.
The following varieties are now sold by most of the principal confectioners throughout the kingdom, and to facilitate selection a special sample box containing a representative assortment will be forwarded by the manufacturers, ROWNTREE & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, post free to any address, on receipt of six penny stamps. Kindly mention *Punch* when writing.

Dessert.	Pistachios.
Langues de Chat.	Crême à la Rose.
Chocolate Almonds.	Crême à la Violette
Nougat.	Coffee.
Pistachio Bonbons.	Assorted.

Manufactured by the makers of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa.

THE FAMOUS

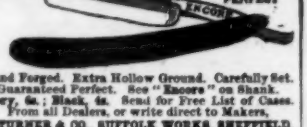
"MAB" RAZOR
The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world*. None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."
PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.
"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

CONSTIPATION
cured. 1/1½ and 4/6. Ladies' and Children's Tasteless Laxative.
CASCARA-HAWLEY
SAVARESSE'S SANDAL 4/6.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH
SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA
FLUID
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."
ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Regd.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."
"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.
ENCORE RAZOR
GUARANTEED PERFECT

Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank.
Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LTD.,
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.
And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

ROSBACH
NATURAL MINERAL WATER
ROSBACH SPRINGS, Ltd., 29, Regent Street, S.W.

TYPHOID FEVER.
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—
"Wherever the
PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER
has been introduced
TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."
Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 205, Victoria Street, S.W.

"COOPER" CYCLES.
From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £8. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.

WM. COOPER, 753, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

ICE
Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the New Rotary Hand Machine,
The Raplin.
Send a post card to the undersigned for List F, No. 56.
PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,
9 Elms Iron Works, LONDON, S.W.
Can be seen in operation at Showrooms, 61 Queen Victoria Street, London.

GOLD & SILVER
Match Boxes
manufactured by
S. Mordan & Co.
The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M. & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark

£10 10s. **CRUISES** on S.Y. "Argonaut," 3,234 tons, 4,000 horse-power, organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE.
NORWEGIAN FJORDS (12 days) August 3rd.
ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES (13 days) Sept. 6.
£16 16s. **CRUISE** (19 days) STOCKHOLM, COPENHAGEN, CHRISTIANIA, &c., August 17th.
£14 14s. **CRUISE** (19 days) CANARY ISLES, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR and LISBON, on the S.Y. "Argonaut," September 22nd.
THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO PALESTINE.—Special Cruise for this occasion to Palestine, Egypt, Athens and Constantinople. 43 days or 25 days for 35 Guineas, leaving October 12th.
Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises
by their
Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,
For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.
For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 20th September, returning 9th November.
String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.
Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue.
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WALSINGHAM HOUSE
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,
PICCADILLY, W.
THE MAGNIFICENT NEW RESTAURANT, with Reception Rooms, Private Dining Room, &c., exquisitely decorated, and perfect in every detail, IS NOW OPENED.
The Table d'Hôte is now open to non-residents.
WALSINGHAM HOUSE occupies the most unique and central position in Fashionable London.
THE RESTAURANT AND PUBLIC ROOMS overlook the celebrated Green Park, Piccadilly, and command a magnificent pastoral view, although in the heart of London.
A CHARMING TERRACE AND GARDEN are also attached to the Hotel.
Each single Room and each Suite of Rooms provided with a luxurious Bath Room.
G. GELARDI, *Manager.*
Telegrams: "SOIGNÉ, LONDON."

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."
Charges Moderate.
Proprietors: THE GORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.) PARQUET FLOORS
From 3*d. per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery." Lancet



TOMMY'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON AS IT WILL BE.

["It has been decreed in several Line battalions that in future no soldier will be allowed to walk arm-in-arm in the street with a female."—*Daily Paper.*]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH, of Bristol, has had a happy thought. More than a dozen years ago, when, as the preface to *The Chamberlain Birthday Book* puts it, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was the rising hope of stern, unbending Radicalism, there was published under authority a volume of his public speeches. It has long been out of print, and, tradition says, the sole copy with which the House of Commons library was endowed has been literally thumbed to pieces by Members in quest of pleasant reminders for "JOE," that he did not always see matters from the point of view of a Cabinet Council where he sits in company with Lord SALISBURY and Lord HALSBURY. *The Chamberlain Birthday Book* supplies the gap in pleasing ingenious fashion. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S pointed utterances on political questions and situations uttered in unregenerate days, are remorselessly collated. Appositeness is given by the signature of the public man closely concerned facing each entry under proper date, after the manner of the ordinary birthday book. For example, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was born on July 8, 1836. His name is duly entered, whilst on the page opposite there appears the following quotation from a speech delivered by him at Bridport on October 1, 1885:—"That I should purchase place and office by the abandonment of the opinions I have expressed, that I should put my principles in my pocket, and that I should consent to an unworthy silence on those matters to which I have professed to attach so great an importance, would be a degradation which no honourable man could regard with complacency or satisfaction." There are plums like this on every page of a little book that will give more than a shilling's-worth of pleasure in family circles.

Oh, what a noble book! *The Encyclopædia of Practical Cookery* (L. UPCOTT GILL), edited by THEODORE FRANCIS GARRETT (bless him!), being "A Complete Dictionary of all Pertaining to the Art of Cookery"—the noble Art, the greatest of all the Arts!—"and Table Service." This is indeed tidings of the greatest comfort and joy, sent down from the GARRETT above to the Kitchen beneath. THEODORE FRANCIS has been assisted in his noble and monumental work by WILLIAM A. RAWSON, Cook and Confectioner, who has helped to dish up many a Lord Mayor's feast—at least, so opines the Baron. This excellent book, this genuine Cook's Guide, containing many a *tour de force*, is in two volumes, each as big as the conventional "Family Bible." The *magnum opus* "teems," if the Baron may be permitted the expression, copyrighted by one of his estimable colleagues, with illustrated information. And, indeed, where, in a civilised state and age, is the use of even the very best cooking, unless you have "plates"? These plates are provided by HAROLD FURNISS ("FURNISS"—name suggesting a combination of kitchen fires and grills), by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK (name recalling HARRISON AINSWORTH'S Historical Romances, illustrated, which told of Gog, Magog, and their Gargantuan feasts), W. MUNN ANDREW (a good MUNN this), and others. Eight *chefs de cuisine* have assisted, aided by two confectioners, in the making of this work, and too many *chefs* have *not* spoilt the book. *Au contraire.* How appetising even to write about such dainty dishes! Let us rejoice and smack our lips! Let us read it day by day, devoting an hour *per diem* to its study, and to the thorough digesting of it. No household *troupe* should be without it. The first word in Vol. I. is "*Abat-faim, French literally for a hunger-reducer,*" and hence it comes to mean the *pièce de résistance*, something at which, and into which, you can "cut and come again." This Cookery Book is an appetiser, and an "*Abat-faim.*" First it makes you yearn without being too hungry, then it teaches you how to satisfy your yearning, yet not to gorge. And the last word is "*Zwei-backen,*" *i.e.*, twice cooked cakes, to be eaten as dry biscuit, just to assist the wine-tasting: and so it ends. The spirit of liberality pervades the compilation, as is evident from the following wise and generous concession—"*Should garlic be objected to, it may be omitted.*" It is impossible summarily to dismiss this work. "This is not my last word on the subject," quoth emphatically,

THE BRANTÔMEAN BARON DE B.-W.

TO BE SUNG AT CONCERT PITCH.—"*The Tar's Farewell.*"



[A Fashion Paper for Gentlemen has made its appearance.]

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE IN FUTURE NUMBERS.

"MR. FITZVERE'S WEDDING."



TRIUMPH OF DE-JENNER-ATION.

[The Bill for the encouragement of Small Pox was passed.]

THE ARMY SURGEON'S VADE MECUM.

Question. On joining the army, had you more than one qualification?

Answer. I had two, my knowledge as a scientist and the ordinary education of an officer. I had to become acquainted with military law, and other learning proper to one assuming command.

Q. On joining the service, how were you treated?

A. Scarcely to my satisfaction, for although I had my military qualification, that *spécialité* was ignored, and I was called surgeon this or surgeon that.

Q. Can you give a reason for this?

A. It was alleged that I was not a combatant officer, and consequently had no right to the privileges of my comrades.

Q. As a matter of fact, did you not perform the duties of a combatant officer?

A. The many Victoria Crosses gained by the Army Medical Department is a sufficient answer.

Q. Were there other officers who belonged to a department as you did?

A. Yes, there were paymasters, and officers undertaking the transport of stores.

Q. And were they called Pay Captains and Transport Majors?

A. No: which made it the harder for Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonels.

Q. But you are talking of the past: how about the present? Has anything been done to improve the status of Army Medical Officers?

A. Yes: the prefix of "Surgeon" has been abolished, so that now a military doctor may pay a visit without the fear of being announced as a Sergeant-Major.

Q. Has this measure given satisfaction?

A. Very great satisfaction, for it has removed a grievance, and paved the road to the best men flocking to the colours.

Q. And what will be the probable result?

A. That the members of the Royal Medical Corps will in future be as conspicuous for their scientific attainments as they have already been for their bravery and devotion to duty.

DARBY JONES LOOKS ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR,—In a single sentence as epigrammatic as any uttered by a British Statesman, let me state that I have been badly treated. Worms that I have nourished have turned and *stung* me. I refer to Count GROGANOFF and Captain KRITERION, of whom—— No matter—I will simmer down, and you shall have details in "my next."

I am angry, very angry, and was so when your friend Sir FRASER PUNNETT, to whom I explained my misfortune in the Crush Room at the Opera, told me to keep "my Hair Male on," and escaped before I could get his address, which you for some subtle reason deny me. I am not only angry, but sad; but nevertheless I must try and find the winner of the Goodwood Stakes.

And now, Sir, for the Cup, the time-honoured Cup, shorn, I fear, of its traditionary glory, but still, *the* Cup.

For the *Second New Port* I sha'n't go
With the *Argentine Brush* in the way;
The *Envoy* may make a fair show,
But the *Gal* won't be there on the day.
Stout *Manor House* ought to run well;
If not one, then he's sure to be three;
But the *Tart Dust* I clearly foretell
And the *Saint* are the heroes for me.

Ah! honoured Sir, we know the Birdless Grove, and the Oofless Bird, the Grub under the Trees, and the Surrendering of Chichester to the Bombardment of "the Boys." They are "all there," as Captain KRITERION remarks. How the Police love these Noble Men of Sport, in common with

Your own Topical Tipster,
DARBY JONES.



Mistress (about to engage a new Housemaid). "HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE?"
Applicant. "OH YES, MUM. I 'VE BEEN IN '*UNDREDS* OF SITIWATIONS!"

A Suggestion.

Is there a Social Club for Photographers only? If not, start one, and let it be called "La Cameraderie."

LORD SALISBURY'S LATEST RARA AVIS.—The Niger signet.

LITTLE MISS LOGIC.

Little Dot (to Eminent Professor of Chemistry). Are you a chemist?

Eminent Professor. Yes, my dear.

L. D. Have you got a shop with lovely large coloured bottles in the window?

E. P. No, my dear; I don't keep a shop.

L. D. Don't you? Then I suppose you don't sell Jones' Jubilee Cough Jujubes?

E. P. No, my dear, I certainly do not.

L. D. (decidedly). I don't think I ought to talk to you any more. You can't be a respectable chemist.

E. P. Why not, my dear?

L. D. 'Cos it says on the box, "Sold by all *respectable* chemists."



"THIS 'ERE CHINA BUSINESS DO LOOK ALL WRONG; BUT DEPEND UPON IT, JARGE, P'R'APS LARD SALISBURY 'AVE GOT SOME HINFORMATION AS WE 'AVEN'T A GOT."

HEMISPHERES I HAVE "EXTENDED" OVER.

(*By a late Cambridge Lecturer "in partibus."*)

II.—THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

(*Continued.*)

POESIOPOLIS is a fencéd watering-place in primeval forest of pine and maple-syrup on borders of first-class lake. For poll-tax of one-quarter dollar *per diem*, municipality lights the sylvan ways with electricity, waters roads, and supplies lectures. No further charge for programme of day, pinned on forest-trees. In this chaste retreat, free from frivolities of other holiday resorts frequented by the "summer girl," may be found physical rest and mental refreshment at above trifling charge. Cheap excursion-trains bring out the teeming population of Cultureville, one drawing-room car being always reserved for members of the Browning Society.

Immediately upon my arrival (after some twenty-four hours on American soil) was assaulted by series of female peace-correspondents all demanding my "picture," together with account of my views on the working of the United States Constitution. Assured them all of my high appreciation of the iced drinks of the country. "And now," said one young Canadian reporteress, whose antipathy to the States I had been cleverly flattering (the alliance not having been yet consummated), "and now, *just tell me something startling!*" Could have told her several very startling things, not all suitable for publication, but confined myself to expression of opinion that this was one of the nicest Hemispheres I had ever come across.

Thermometer standing at some three figures Fahrenheit in shade, was allowed to demonstrate methods of Cambridge University Extension in open-air temple, popularly supposed to resemble Parthenon. This offered lawless opportunities to itinerant Kodak-demons, who did not hesitate to snap me through the temple-columns in midst of rapt oration. Found this very trying to modesty. Lake, however, afforded still more deadly facilities to prurient curiosity. Was in habit of publicly diving from prominence overhanging water. Met a gentleman lately returned from mother-country to whom my figure seemed familiar, though I did not remember to have set eyes on him before. Facts transpired as follows. His vessel, arriving off Sandy Hook, was met by tender bringing out Customs officials and newspapers. First object that rivetted his attention in leading New York journal was picture of athletic figure projected in mid-air over inland sea. Underneath ran terse legend:—"*Professor ——, of Great Britain*" (mentioning my name), "*dives into the lake at Poesiopolis!*" Confess to having felt in some degree shocked at first, but have since understood that this illustration contributed not a little to subsequent friendly relations between the two countries.

Intellectual enlightenment being sole reason for existence of Poesiopolis, which is deserted during close season for culture, no intoxicating drinks were to be purchased within the town-walls, nothing, in fact, besides those apparently innocuous mixtures that eventually disfigure digestive organs beyond all possible recognition. As evil fortune would have it, the environment to a radius of fifteen miles was a "dry" district, conforming to laws of Local Veto. Complained bitterly to friendly native of having to steam such a long distance down lake in search of a workmanlike drink. Thirst generally disappeared before it could be quenched.

"Don't you make any mistake," he said, "about these 'dry' districts. You cross right away to that hotel opposite—matter of mile-and-a-half or two mile—ask for Room 13, and see that you get it."

Rapidly took ship to haven where I would be. Entering hotel I advanced to manager and said, "I want to drink." "Ginger-beer *and* lemonade in Room 13," he replied. A little shaken in my confidence, I proceeded to Room 13, and caught the barman's eye. "Can I get anything intoxicating to drink here?" I asked, plaintively. "Ginger-beer *and* lemonade," he replied. "Then I will trouble you," I said, "for a couple of sherry-cobblers, if you please." Without another word he mixed and served the beverage named.

Have since learned that there are no more contented people in States than inhabitants of "dry" districts. All parties pleased. Teetotalers, because they have passed law against sale of intoxicating liquors; drinkers, because nobody keeps it.

But to pass by easy and natural transition from subject of dry districts to that of my lectures—"The Epic of *Sordello*." Local Secretaries of University Extension Centres in England have often expressed to me their apprehension that mere name of BROWNING would frighten nervous people from attending my courses. Was once tempted to meet difficulty by calling the subject "TENNYSON," and see how long I could lecture on BROWNING before I was found out.

But all rest of BROWNING upside-down is child's play to *Sordello*. Statistics show that not more than one in every three hundred thousand inhabitants of the British Isles have ever even *said* that they had perused it; and of these only 1.85 per cent. could prove that they understood as many as six consecutive lines of the work. Under these circumstances, had felt myself well-advised in giving to my course the title, "On Some *Alleged* Difficulties in BROWNING'S Epic of *Sordello*."

In first two lectures, result of devotion of large part of life-time, I endeavoured to elucidate the vexed and intricate Italian history of period in which hero figured. At end of second lecture, was privately rebuked by lady in audience. "Professor ——," she said, "we wish you would not tell us things we know already. We *wish* you would just get on to the Book. There are lovely things in the Book!" In vain I protested that I had supposed extremely obscure background of poem needed illumination. "Why, no," she said, "you don't teach us anything we didn't know before.



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"'ERE, ARCHER, YER SADDLE'S HON THE WRONG WAY!"
"WELL, AN' 'OWDGER KNOW WHICH WAY I'M GOIN', EH?'

We want you just to get on to the Book. There are lovely things in the Book." Muttering words of astonishment at the standard of culture in the States, I assured her I would get on to the Book without further delay. By my fourth lecture had become absolutely incomprehensible—to my audience, as I imagined; to myself, as I knew. Could not readily believe that any one would be found hardy enough to attend the fifth. Meanwhile, met my critic. "Professor ——," she said, and a fine light of intelligence played in her speaking eyes, "let me thank you for your *de*-licious last lecture!" "I was afraid," I modestly interposed, "that you might have found it a little stiff. You have our word 'stiff'?" I added. "Why, certainly," she said. "We are vurry cultured, *and we have all your best slang. A de*-licious lecture, Sir!"

At close of my course, was recipient of many adulatory expressions, one of which so striking that I bear the marks of it to this day. Should perhaps have mentioned that, if I have a fault, it is an over-sensitive modesty. After final lecture was accosted by young and not unpleasing female. "Professor ——," she said, "I want to shake hands with you." Replied in tones of *ennui* that she was at liberty to do so. "I want to tell you right here," she continued, "that you are my idea of *Daniel* De-*ronda!*" "Why," I said, "I thought he was a prig!" "I guess not," she replied; "I guess *Daniel* De-*ronda* was just fine!"

Had my doubts of young woman's intentions; and left quite early next morning *en route* for Eastern Hemisphere.

LAST OPERATIC NOTES.

ONE of the Last Nights. Sad things, "last nights," and we were in melancholy mood. "Before another week be out, '*Ichabod*' will be written over the doors of the Opera." "Indeed!" said a languid *habitué* of the Opera, to whom this remark was made, suddenly becoming alert on the chance of picking up a trifle in the way of "latest news." "*Ikibod?*" he repeated, evincing considerable curiosity; "is that a new Opera? Are they going to extend the season? Funny name, *Ikibod*. Who's it by?" On so limited an intelligence explanation is thrown away. He was referred to the daily papers. Doubtless ere now he has learnt all that can be known about *Ichabod*.

Thursday.—The house to-night crammed full; new men and old places. Conductor MANCINELLI looks anxiously towards the omnibus, but his fine eye in frenzy rolling is unable to detect the presence of any one occupying the box seat. The accident to H.R.H. is the general topic of conversation, and those among the audience who are informed by some "in the know" that the Prince, in his own room at Marlborough House, is thoroughly enjoying the Opera in an Electrophonic way, are much relieved and greatly delighted. The effect on the singers is apparent. In order to be reproduced Electrophonically, they all sing out, and do their very best. M. RENAUD is every way admirable as *Don Giovanni;* EDOUARD DE RESZKE, something between *Figaro* and *Don Basilio*, "the friend in-knee'd," is at *his* drollest as *Leporello;* M. BONNARD is apparently a sweet-singing *Hamlet*, in a "suit of sables" and hat to match, of most gentlemanly manners; M. GILIBERT, representing in *Masetto* what *Joe the Fat Boy* in *Pickwick* probably looked like on reaching thirty years of age, or thereabouts, is decidedly comic; Madame NORDICA, admirable as *Donna Anna*, with just a *soupçon* of *Lucrezia Borgia* in her grand style; SUZANNE ADAMS singing charmingly and acting skittishly as the undecided *Donna Elvira;* and Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN, a delightfully coquettish *Zerlina*, who already shows sure indications of developing into a *Carmen*, purringly soothes the jealous, flabby Fat Boy *Masetto*. What the Commendatore was like when alive, we are not in a position to say. The poor gentleman was killed before our arrival, and we could not stay to supper merely to meet his Ghostship. *Vive* MOZART! Where's your Warbling WAGNER now?

Monday and Tuesday's opera will be too late for our report, so practically this, to *Mr. Punch's* Operatic Representative, is the last night of a season which may be taken as satisfactory to the Higgins-de-Grey-Faber Syndicate, to Manager MAURICE GRAU, and Mr. NEIL FORSYTH their most civil-service secretary. All singers have done their best during a season not remarkable for brilliancy: Mlle. BAUERMEISTER quite recovered; and should Madame EMMA EAMES deny that she has been all along in excellent voice, why—"she is a Storey."

A ROUND NUMBER.—Zero.



Fair Lady (trying to be deeply interested in the Music). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHO IS SINGING NOW?"
Little Mr. Simpson (hot and exhausted with the crush). "WELL, I DON'T KNOW *EXACTLY*—BUT I *RATHER* THINK IT 'S A *MAN*."
[Doubts whether, to be precise, he should not add, "or Woman," but conversation collapses.

H.R.H.

MR. PUNCH, ever loyal and devoted, takes the earliest opportunity afforded him of expressing his most sincere sympathy with His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES in his present suffering. At the same time *Mr. Punch* wishes to testify to the great satisfaction universally felt at hearing that, as there are no complications, the return of His Royal Highness to the *status quo ante* of health and strength will indeed be a "Royal Progress," acclaimed by the heart and voice not only of all Englishmen, but of every one of every nationality; for the Prince of WALES is a household word all the world over. Tedious as the interval of forced inaction must necessarily be, *Mr. Punch* is assured by the most distinguished of his surgical and medical colleagues that His Royal Highness, on the complete restoration of the fractured knee-cap, will be once again out and about, as strong, hale, and right royally hearty as ever. The painful accident to the knee will be remembered, but, being without any baneful consequences, only as "*knee-plus ultra*." *So mote it be!*

CURIOUS HABIT.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to the remarkable fact in natural history related in the number of *Country Life* for June 25, 1898, which I quote:—

"Among other points it is worth noticing that a Burchell's Zebra, kept in London, which died in the winter, and is now, stuffed, in the Tring Collection, has assumed a rough winter coat."

Surely never was "stuffing" so successful, though perhaps unseasonable! Yours faithfully, A COLLECTRIX.

"AN OBJECTION TO THE POLICY OF "THE OPEN DOOR."—Well, you see, in Summer especially, a chill is so easily caught; and all draughts (especially iced ones) are most dangerous.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

COME, PHYLLIS, for the Season is already on the wane,
And the question of our holiday perplexes once again;
Now every jaded Londoner fresh stores of vigour seeks,
Our problem is how best to pass these few and fleeting weeks.

As one by one each watering-place we call to mind in turn,
As promptly some objection to each one we discern;
Thus Scarborough 's too chilly, and Ilfracombe too hot,
And this too near, and that too dear, that sandy and this not.

The Alps are always overrun and crowded as Cheapside,
And the garlic-reeking South I own I never could abide;
The *Bads*—Aix, Vichy, Taunus, Homburg, Carlsbad, Neuenahr,
Are either vulgar, crowded, dull, expensive, or too far.

Oh, for some new and lone retreat, nor far away nor near,
With lovely sights to charm the eye, soft sounds to soothe the ear;
Where vexed and wearied spirits, such as yours and mine, might rest,
And find in life new purpose, in its joys unwonted zest;

Some Aidenn, some Elysium of rapturous delight,
Where peace should reign unbroken from the dawn to fall of night!
Yet since for the impossible in vain we yearn, 'tis clear,
It will end no doubt, as usual, in "Good old Margate," dear.

SEASONABLE AND MEDICAL QUERY.—At this time of year hay fever seizes on its victims when there is new-mown hay about. For this distressful malady, therefore, would not a far more appropriate name be "*New-mown-ia*"?

SUPPORTERS OF THE UNION.—The ratepayers.



"FLOR DE CUBA!"

(WITH THE BLOOM OFF.)

UNCLE SAM (TO CUBA). "SEE HERE! IF I'D KNOWN WHAT A DURN'D, WORTHLESS, ILL-CONDITIONED SKUNK YOU ARE, I WOULDN'T HA' LIFTED A HAND FOR YOU! BUT—NOW I'M HERE—GUESS I'M GOIN' TO STAY, AND *LICK YOU INTO SHAPE!*"



ENTICING!

Salesman. "YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE COLOURS, SIR; BUT I ASSURE YOU THEY ARE ALL THE MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES. GUARANTEED TO LAST WELL TOO, FOR I WORE ONE MYSELF ALL LAST SEASON!"

THAT BICYCLE LAMP.

THE other Sunday afternoon I rode over on my bicycle to see the ROBINSONS. They live seven miles away. TOMKINS and others were there. People who live in remote country places always seem pleased to see a fellow creature, but ROBINSON and his wife are unusually hospitable and good-natured. After I had had some tea, and thought of leaving, a hobnail was discovered in the tyre of TOMKINS's bicycle. He, being very athletic, was playing croquet, a game which requires vast muscular strength. However, he said that his tyres were something quite new, and that in one minute one man, or even one child, could stick one postage-stamp, or anything of the sort, over that puncture and mend it. So all the rest of us and the butler, principally the butler, who is an expert in bicycles, went at it vigorously, and after we had all worked for nearly an hour the tyre was patched up, and TOMKINS, having finished his game, rode coolly away. I was going to do the same, but ROBINSON wouldn't hear of it—I must stay to dinner. I said I had no lamp for riding home in the dark. He would lend me his. I said I should have to dine in knickerbockers. That didn't matter in the country. So I stayed till 9.30.

The next Sunday I rode over again. I started directly after lunch, lest I should seem to have come to dinner, and I gave the butler that lamp directly I arrived. But it was all no good, for I stayed till 10, and had to borrow it again. "Bring it back to-morrow morning," said ROBINSON, "and help us with our hay-making." Again dined in knickerbockers.

On Monday I resolved to be firm. I would leave by daylight. Rode over early. After some indifferent haymaking and some excellent lunch, I tried to start. No good. ROBINSON carried me off to a neighbour's tennis-party. After we returned from that, he said I must have some dinner. Couldn't ride home all those seven miles starving. Knickerbockers didn't matter. Again dined there and rode home at 10.30.

So I still have ROBINSON's lamp. Now I want to know how I am going to get it back to his house. If I have it taken by anybody else he will think I don't care to come, which would be quite a mistake. Have vowed that I will not dine there again except in proper clothes. If I cross his hospitable threshold, even before breakfast, I shall never get away before bedtime. Can't ride seven miles in evening dress before breakfast even in the country. Besides, whatever clothes I wore, I should never be able to leave by daylight. I should still have his lamp. Can't take a second lamp. Would look like inviting myself to dinner. So would the evening clothes at breakfast. What is to be done?

A CHANCE FOR MYSOGYNISTS.

["REQUIRED, the services of a Literary Person, to assist in the production of a pamphlet dealing with the deceit and artfulness of Woman."
Advertisement in Daily Paper.]

I.

Ye scribes, hurry up for pity!
(I copy a well-known call)
Bring pens that are wicked and witty,
Bring nibs that are dipped in gall!
Here's a gent in the Agony Column—
At least I suppose it's a he—
Stuck in an advertisement solemn,
And sad as an "ad." can be.

II.

It's really too sad to write verse on,
The theme of this poor man's woes;
He is wanting a "lit'rary person"
A terrible truth to expose
In a popular pamphlet, dealing
With feminine artfulness
And deceit—that's why he's appealing
To you and to me through the press.

III.

Does he want a fresh HOMER, I wonder,
A runaway HELEN to slate,
Or make a new JUVENAL thunder
'Gainst hussies too up-to-date?
Since paper and ink were invented,
The scribblers have had their say,
And female caprice long lamented—
'Tis a little late now to inveigh!

IV.

What's wrong with our advertiser,
Has *she*, perhaps, failed to keep tryst?
Has she possibly thought 'twere wiser
With somebody else to be spliced?
She may have gone out for a "beano,"
While *he* has gone out of his mind,
Or it may be a hoax, for all *we* know,
By one who too freely has dined!

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

(*Evidently intended for the W. W. Magazine.*)

DEAR SIR,—When I was at the Bhilberry Hill Station in India, I was aroused one night by a ferocious snorting underneath my bed, which was, as is usual in those parts, covered by mosquito curtains—the mosquitoes being, with the natives, the chief plagues of the district. Trembling with anxiety, not fright, I recognised the sound to proceed from a well-known Man-Eating Tiger, badly wanted by the Shekarries in those parts. At the same time the mosquitoes in swarms continued to buzz rapaciously about my couch. An idea came to me. I softly drew aside the curtains, and giving a low whistle on the right side, stepped out on the left of my mattress. The tiger and the noxious insects apparently entered together into my sleeping-place. Anyway, we found the body of the monarch of the jungle punctured by the blood-suckers in a thousand different spots, and dead as the cold mutton into which he would, but for my presence of mind, have no doubt converted

Your obedient servant, HORACE LAMB.

Burmah Club, W.



[The Bathing Season at Scarborough has commenced.]

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF THE JENKINS FAMILY WHILST DRIVING ON THE SANDS. THE POSTILLION, WHO WAS, UNFORTUNATELY, SOMEWHAT DEAF AND ABSENT-MINDED, HAD, UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY, BEEN IN CHARGE OF A BATHING-MACHINE HORSE!

LEGAL "NOTES."

["There was a distinct connection between law and music. . . . He often regretted that he and his colleagues had not been compelled to pass a musical examination."—*Lord Justice Collins at the Academy of Music Banquet.*]

THE chief topic in the Temple just at present is, of course, the great action *Sharper* v. *Diddleum*, the hearing of which occupied the whole of last week. The concluding speech of the Attorney-General for the Plaintiff was a magnificent effort, and the exquisite flute-solos with which the learned gentleman interspersed his remarks are thought to have contributed greatly to the verdict which he secured for his clients; several of the jury were visibly affected by them, and the learned judge himself seemed to find some difficulty in playing the "Selection from *Il Trovatore*" upon his cornet, with which he prefaced his summing-up.

Some impatience is expressed by the parties interested in that important commercial action *Codlin* v. *Short*, as judgment, which was reserved at the hearing of the case two months ago, has not yet been delivered. But we understand that Sir WILLIAM ORPHEUS is still engaged in setting his lengthy judgment as a recitative, in the Wagnerian style, with full orchestral accompaniment, and that its impressiveness when thus delivered will more than atone for any delay there may have been.

There are various rumours of impending changes upon the judicial bench, and a large number of names are mentioned in connection with possible vacancies. Mr. T. BOWLING, Q.C. (whose recent performance in an Admiralty case of "*A Life on the Ocean Wave*" was such a success), has a voice which eminently qualifies him for a judgeship; and, again, Mr. RATAPLAN'S skill upon the kettle-drums surely marks him out as a future Master of the Rolls. There has been some cavilling at the last appointments, which is only natural when men are chosen whose only merit is a knowledge of law, and who are most inefficient as musicians—a point of infinitely greater importance.

We hear that an unusually large number of men were "ploughed" at the last Inns-of-Court examination, owing to the high standard demanded by the examiners in Harmony and Counterpoint. Some of the Indian students are petitioning the authorities to be allowed to take up the "tom-tom" as their instrument for the "practical music" part of the examination. It is also suggested that a concert might suitably be given in Hall on "call-night" by those who have especial musical talent.

The litigant in person is always troublesome, but one who appeared the other day met with a speedy rebuff. On attempting to strengthen his somewhat faulty arguments by a violin-solo, the learned judge speedily caught him tripping, and, observing that such defective bowing clearly amounted to contempt of Court, committed him to prison for a week.

Some of the Street Cries appreciated by the London County Council.

(*Taken down phonetically by a suffering Worker.*)

"ARSONE! Arsone! Arsone!"
"Mack-erill! Mack-erill!"
"Oolup! Oolup! Oolup!"
"Agarones! Agarones! Agarones!"
"Swee-lander! Swee-lander!"
"Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!"
"Sell chicky sell! Sell chicky sell!"
"O pokee! O pokee! O pokee!"
"Corli—— (*Guttural grumble.*) Corli—— (*Guttural grumble.*)"
"(*Crash*)—gathered stor-berries! (*Crash*)—gathered stor-berries!"
"Eat! Eat! Eat!"
"Imons, three of anny! Three of anny!"
"Nyons! Nyons! Nyons!" and
"Wee'nr! Wee'nr! Wee'nr!"

Mr. Punch does not pretend to interpret these fearsome howls. He only records them as heard, combined with the blare of barrel, piano, and other organs, the lilt of German bands, the shriek of bag-pipes, the shouts of omnibus conductors, the whistles of cabmen, the bell-ringing of bicyclists, the fog-horns of motor-carts, and the general rumble of the streets of what is supposed to be a civilised city.

Sackcloth and Ashes.

American Volunteer (*after vainly trying to arouse half-a-dozen drunken Cuban revolutionists*). And it was for you that I risked my immortal scalp! Give me Injuns, any day.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 18.—It was the Parish Fire Engines Bill that led Dr. TANNER astray. Had sat through sultry night restive but inarticulate. Had listened to debate on suspension of Twelve o'Clock Rule, his volcanic bosom temporarily soothed by spectacle of that great Constitutionalist JEMMY LOWTHER protesting against breach of law by mean device of calling it "suspension of the Rule." Had refrained from taking part in debate on third reading of Irish Local Government Bill, though his lip curled when he beheld Colonel SAUNDERSON and JOHN DILLON falling on each other's neck and weeping tears of joy because it had passed. Had listened with puzzled air whilst Chancellor of the Exchequer explained intricacies of proposed Colonial Loans Fund. Found a little mental and physical refreshment in voting on Universities and College Estates Bill—or was it the College Estates and Universities Bill, or was it Coliversities and Unledge Estates Bill? Not quite certain; fancied, as there was undoubtedly estates in it, it had something to do with Death Duties. However that be, as only a few seemed going into Lobby against third reading, the Doctor joined them.

Then, before you knew where you were, the Statute Law Revision Bill passed through Committee and went bang through third reading. Isle of Man Customs Bill read a second time; Telegraph (Money) Bill passed through Committee and nobody asked for change; Metropolitan Police Courts Bill read a third time. Where would they stop? Be a revolution or at least a Septennate, if we don't look out.

"Parish Fire Engines Bill!" Clerk at Table called out.

SPEAKER left Chair. "Gone to fetch the Fire Engine," said the Doctor to himself. Soothing prospect at midnight, with the thermometer not far off eighty. Hose just sort of thing to freshen you up before going to bed.

Looking round again, the Doctor found House in Committee; Chairman at his post and CALDWELL on his legs. What with disappointment at turn things had taken—no parish fire engine, unless you regard CALDWELL in that light—the Doctor rose and made few remarks. Chairman objected that they were not by any visible means connected with Parish Fire Engines. TANNER would soon put that right. On again for another five minutes.

"Order! Order!" cried Chairman, sternly. "The hon. Member is not speaking to the amendment. I must call upon him to discontinue his speech."

This an attack on freedom of debate that must be resisted. From the Chairman he would appeal to the Chair itself.

"Mr. LOWTHER," he shouted, "I appeal to the Chair."

"Order! Order!" said the Chairman in ominous tones.

A propos of Parish Fire Engines, there here flashed on Dr. TANNER'S mind recollection of famous episode in BURKE'S Parliamentary career. Read in the papers somewhere that Squire EDWARD LAWSON still retains at Hall Barn the dagger he picked up off floor of the House when BURKE flung it down. TANNER hadn't a dagger about his person, not even a lancet, but he had copy of Orders of the Day. So, rising to full height and striding forth, he flung papers on the floor and passed out under the gaping doorway.

Back again after a few minutes. On proposal being made to read a third time the Habitual Inebriates Bill, the Doctor sternly shouted "No." Members made all the more haste to hurry the Bill on to the Statute Book.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Tuesday.—Looking on benevolent features of SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, have often been puzzled at half-felt conviction that he reminds me of something, or somebody. He is the very model of something. Of what? To-night as he went round making gentle enquiries as to when Ministers and ex-Ministers had been vaccinated, and how often, the answer to the question flashed upon me.

He is the *beau ideal* of the family doctor. There is the mellow voice, the insinuating smile, the slight interrogative turn of the head as if he had passed all his life in putting the question, "How do you feel to-day?" Everything combines to form the family doctor.

Disclosure flashed on the mind during debate on Vaccination Bill. The SAGE is proud to represent a constituency that never bared the arm to the operator. Their attitude on the question is altogether negative. Not only will they not be vaccinated; they will not pay the fine for breach of the law. SAGE not a man given to boasting; but he could not restrain ring of triumph in his voice, or flush of pride mounting his brow, when he enlarged on the negativeness of Northampton.

In the course of his remarks, his eye resting on the portly figure of the President



CROMWELL AT THE "BAR."

Shade of Charles the First (on a nocturnal ramble through the Palace of Westminster). "Lord Protect——! Here's that old rascal Noll being tried at Westminster, after all. *Charmingly executed*, too!"

of the Local Government Board, the instincts of the family doctor irresistibly declared themselves.

"I should like to know," he said, dropping his head a little on one side, "when the right hon. gentleman was last vaccinated?"

This a personal question CHAPLIN might have refused to answer; might even have resented. But the spell was wound about him. If the SAGE had added, "Put out your tongue," he would straightway have obeyed. As it was he meekly answered, "Not very long ago."

That wouldn't do. Suddenly dropping his suave manner, Dr. LABBY sternly said, "It is so long ago, that he does not remember. We ought to have him examined."

CHAPLIN furtively looked towards doorway to see if path were clear. Happily for him the Doctor's eye fell upon another patient. "Here is my right hon. friend, the Member for Wolverhampton," he said, bringing HENRY FOWLER to the front, as it were by the ear. "How often has my right hon. friend been vaccinated?"

Again the enquiry might have been evaded. If vaccination at the moment remained compulsory, answer to such enquiry in such circumstances was not. But the ex-Lord of the Indies, in manner meeker even than the President of the Local Government Board, answered, "Four times."

"Very well, then," said the gratified medico; "he need not be vaccinated again."

So pleased was he that he quite forgot CHAPLIN'S shortcoming, and, being on his legs, returned to discussion of the Bill before the House.

Business done.—Report stage of Vaccination Bill. At seven o'clock Minister in Charge swore he would ne'er consent to abandon compulsion; at 10.30 PRINCE ARTHUR consented.

Thursday.—The well-known waiter who, having a rare night's holiday, went out to help a pal to serve a dinner, is, SARK observes, nothing to the leaders of the Bar who have seats in the House of Commons. Been in Court all day, with wig and gown added to amenities of the weather. After many hours' work at high pressure might reasonably be supposed they would gladly go for a stroll or a ride in the Park on their way home to dress for dinner. On the contrary, knowing that Criminal Evidence Bill is to the fore in the Commons, they crowd down to Westminster, throw themselves into the verbal fray with zeal that could not be exceeded if each man's copy of the Orders of the Day were marked 250 guineas, with pleasing prospect of refreshers. Mere laymen meekly stand aside leaving the Court free to the barristers.

Pretty to see how gravely they differ from each other, just as if they were in Court, as if the SPEAKER were "my lud," the twelve Members scattered on benches below gangway the jury. Only difference is that, whereas in Courts of Law a gentleman in wig and gown, not seeing eye to eye with his learned brother, decisively, almost triumphantly, snaps forth the points of dissent, here, when an honourable and learned Member does not agree with his brother man, he is almost melted to tears whilst gently expressing his presumptuous views.

"Sir," said EDWARD CLARKE, looking as if he were going to a funeral, "it is with the greatest regret I sever myself from the Attorney-General on this matter."

The Attorney-General's manly bosom heaved in response a sigh of regret. His head drooped; his eyes half closed; his lower lip quivered; and over his face stole a beatific look of Christian resignation and brotherly forgiveness.

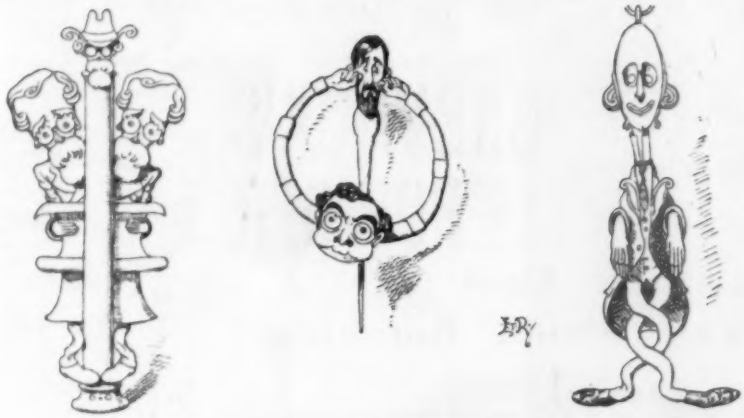
As for BOB REID, who never found it in his heart to differ from any one (except the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD), he compromised the matter by declining to support the amendment, whilst affirming his intention of, in practice, adopting its principle.

I don't know what it was all about; but one looking on and listening felt he was getting a lot of good.

Business done.—Report stage of Criminal Evidence Bill agreed to.

Friday.—Mr. CHARLES WERTHEIMER, having endowed the Royal Academy with the rarest portrait of modern times, has presented the House of Commons with the finest bust of OLIVER CROMWELL ever chiselled. A wonderful face gleams through the cold marble, its searching glance adown the corridor testifying how still NOLL wonders what became of the Bauble when, long ago, it was by his command "taken away."

Business done.—Russia proposing to build six battleships and four cruisers, we resolve to go twelve torpedo-destroyers better. Next move with Russia. Then we again go one (or more) better. And so the merry game goes round.



SOME CELTIC ORNAMENTS.

"He (Mr. Balfour) was disposed to think that the best plan would be to institute a general inquiry into the relations between the British Museum and those of Edinburgh and Dublin, with a view to prevent the removal of characteristic Irish and Scotch curiosities from the country of their origin."



The Doughty Fisherman of Grimsby.

(*Who has gone back to get a fresh Coat of Paint.*)

LORD'S!

THERE'S a glorious sanctum of cricket,
Away in the Wood of St. John;
No spot in creation can lick it
For the game at which GRACE is the "don."
Though Melbourne may claim a "Medina,"
The "Mecca" of cricket must be
In the beautiful classic arena,
The home of the "old" M. C. C.

Home, sweet home of the M. C. C.,
Ever my fancy is turning to thee!
Up with King Willow and down with the dumps,
Hark to the rattle of leather and stumps.
Oh, what a rapturous thrill it affords!
Give yourself up to the magic of "Lord's."

OPERATIC SONG FOR A CRICKETER.—"*Batti, Batti!*"



"Let me give you a lift."

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur.

PHOTOGRAPHY SIMPLIFIED.
A Small Camera and Handsome Pictures.

FOLDING POCKET KODAK

SIZE OF PICTURE, 3¼ × 2¼ INCHES.
Price £2 2s.
For Cyclists, Ladies, and all Holiday Makers
NO DARK ROOM REQUIRED.
LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

Handsome Enlargements can be made from Folding Pocket Kodak Negatives. The pictures taken with this Camera are so sharp and clear that they can be increased to 100 times their original size.

Kodaks to suit all requirements, from £1 1s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co. Ld.
43 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.
Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115-117 Oxford St.; 171-173 Regent St., W.
There is no Kodak but the EASTMAN KODAK.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES.—LANCET
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE.
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY
REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.
Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9 6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

☞ "No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.
Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.



GENTLEMEN'S WIGS.
Perfect Imitations of Nature.
Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Unshrinkable Material. Instructions for self-measurement on application.
CHAS. BOND & SON,
43, NEW BOND STREET, W.
Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Scalpettes.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.
Sea Baths at Home.
Bracing and Refreshing.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.
HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.
Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

ACARIC SOCK SUSPENDER
No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.
In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.
SELF-ADJUSTING
Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BORWICK'S POWDER
The best Baking Powder in the World.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.
The genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES,
Are now obtainable in Packets containing 6 and 12, and in Tins of 24, 50, and 100.
The "MAGNUMS" (large size) are sold in Card Cases containing 8, and in Tins of 16, 50 and 100.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY
TRY THE FAMOUS
UAM-VAR
SCOTCH WHISKY
And you will not be disappointed.
INNES & GRIEVE LTD.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.



Send stamp for pamphlet.
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET
PRICE 2/6.
ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX
PRICE 1/-



POUDRE D'AMOUR
Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.
A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION,
For the Nursery, Roughness of the Skin, After Shaving, &c.
PURE AND HARMLESS.
BLANCHE. NATURELLE. RACHEL. 1s.
OF PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.
Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

Carter's Concentrated Lemon Syrup
Old Refinery Bristol
FROM FIRST CLASS GROCERS

Crosse & Blackwell's PURE MALT VINEGAR

Is sold in imperial pint and quart bottles

BY ALL GROCERS AND STORES.

Vinegar Brewery:—BREWERY ROAD, LONDON, N.

Beware of Imitations.

LEA & PERRINS' The Original & Genuine Worcestershire SAUCE.

OBSERVE THE SIGNATURE ON THE WRAPPER AND LABEL.

RONUK

THE NEW

SANITARY POLISH

For Furniture, Floors, Linoleum, Floorcloth, Boots, Harness, Bicycles, &c.

USE LITTLE AND RUB LIGHTLY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

No. 1.—Household (Universal) "Ronuk" for Linoleum, Furniture, Floors, Bicycles, Leather, &c. No. 2.—For Brown Boots. No. 3.—For Glacé and Patent Leather Boots. Nos. 4 and 5.—BLACK and Brown Waterproof Harness Compositions.

3d., 6d., 1s., and 2s.

In case of difficulty in obtaining RONUK write to

"RONUK," LIMITED,

83, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

When buying ask for a "RONUK" Toy Wagon, gratis.

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD

Cures

All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Bronchitis, Influenza, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases.

100,000 annual cures.

PRICES.—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of ½ lb. at 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 5 lb., 14s.; 12 lb., 32s.; 24 lb., 60s.; or about 2d. per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s. DU BARRY AND CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; 59, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and of all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.

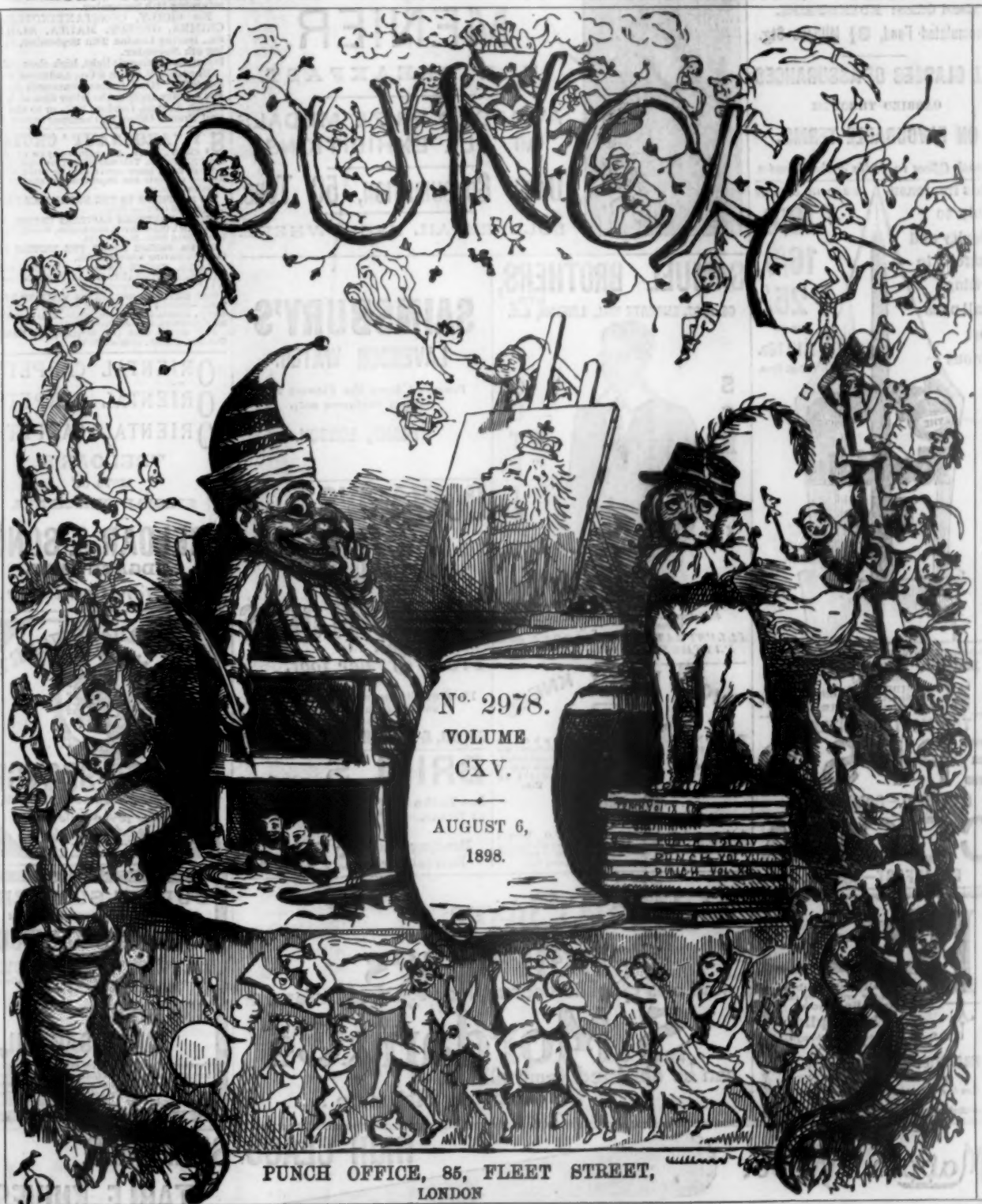
Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, [illegible] and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 30, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



No. 2978.
VOLUME CXV.
AUGUST 6, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

For Cycles DUNLOP TYRES *& Carriages*
First in 1888 . . Foremost ever since.
A HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, "ALL ABOUT DUNLOP TYRES," POST FREE.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., 160 to 166, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

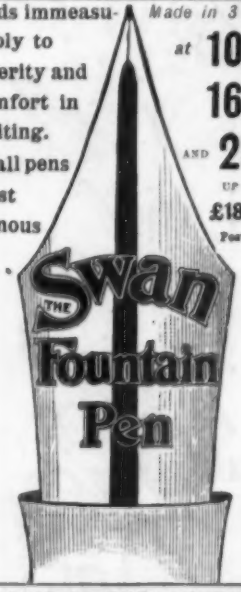
ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

(DEPT. A. S.)

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

ICE

Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the New Rotary Hand Machine,

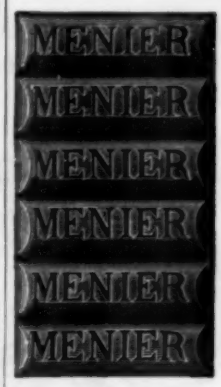
The Raplin.

Send a post card to the undersigned for List F, No. 36.

PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,

9 Elms Iron Works, LONDON, S.W.

Can be seen in operation at Showrooms, 6a Queen Victoria Street, London.



CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS



"Eton."
Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 8 in., 20s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s 3d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 6/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

SAINSBURY'S

LAVENDER WATER.

Prepared from the Flowers and Natural Perfumes only.

STRAND, LONDON.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

BRILL'S

Sea Baths at Home. SEA

Bracing and Refreshing. SALT.

GOLD & SILVER

Pencil cases

with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark

S. Mordan & Co

can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises

by their

Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,

For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.

For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 20th September, returning 8th November.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CRUISES.

£10 10s., £14 14s., &c., organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE. This magnificent cruising steamer, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts and improvements, electric light, excellent cuisine.

£19 19s. CRUISE TO THE NORWEGIAN FJORDS, August 3rd (already full).

£14 14s. NORTHERN CAPITALS CRUISE, Baltic Canal, Kiel, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Wisby, Gothenburg, Christiania, August 17th.

£10 10s. CRUISE ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES (13 days) leaving September 6th.

£16 16s. CRUISE (19 days) CANARY ISLES, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR and LISBON, on the S.Y. "Argonaut," September 22nd.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO PALESTINE.—Special Cruise for this occasion to Palestine, Egypt, Athens and Constantinople. 42 days or 35 days for 35 Guineas, leaving October 12th.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.

TRELOAR'S

LISTS OF

SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.

TRELOAR & SONS,

LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Catalogue.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

Really wholesome Confectionery. Lancet

DURING SUMMER

You should never be without a bottle of

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

Which cools and refreshes the face and hands, removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, and Roughness; heals and cures Irritation, Eruptions. Bottles, 1/3 and 4/6.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

the most effectual preserver and restorer of the hair, and is also sold in a *Golden Colour* for ladies and children with fair or golden hair, as it does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.

Mappin & Webb.

158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. } LONDON.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



"THERE ARE MORE WAYS OF KILLING A DOG THAN HANGING HIM."

DARBY JONES AT COWES.

"WHAT the deuce is he doing in that galley?" will probably be your Gallic inquiry, Honoured Sir, on perceiving that I write this epistle from the Garden Island of England. Tedious explanation would occupy too much of your Space and too much of my Time. Suffice it to say that the Honourable FLIFLATT, of Oxford College, having benefited very Considerably by my Advice and Experience at Goodwood, has very considerately, and I may say generously, invited Captain KRITERION and myself to be his guests on board of the yacht *Sea Nipper*, which he has hired for a fortnight from Lord PERCY KOGNACK, the Marquis of BRANDYWINE'S son, an Aristocrat whose ill-luck at the Ducal Meeting has necessitated a temporary retreat to Boulogne, in lieu of joining the Heir-Apparent and the Rest of the Royal Family on the health-bestowing waves of the Solent. When I add that Lord PERCY not only transferred the yacht and her crew, but also all the Provisions and Wines with which she had been liberally provided on credit, you may readily imagine that we are in Clover, if such an expression be permissible anent the Briny Ocean, instead of in Sea-weed.

I cannot say that I am much taken with Yacht-racing, perhaps because KRITERION had me in a most *Unjustifiable* way on the opening day of the Regatta. A vessel—I don't know her name and don't want to—passed the Winning Post or Winning Boat, or whatever they call it, many lengths ahead of the second. "A fiver," I exclaimed, "on the yacht with the red and white flag!" "Done," cried the Captain. But alas! later on I had to part with Five of the Best to KRITERION, whom I couldn't persuade to take a Bill at Three Months. It seems in this blessed (I use the adjective sarcastically) Boat-racing there is a beastly thing called "Time-Allowance," a sort of Weight-for-Age the other way round that the Judge puts on and takes off by seconds and minutes, with the Agility of a Conjurer. There 's no First Past the Post on the Cowes Course.

However, I managed to recover my lost money with an extra Fiver from FLIFLATT on the next day. He was talking about a little Watering-place on the Hampshire Coast called Lee-on-Solent. Having been studying an Admiralty chart in the morning I immediately offered to bet him ten pounds that Lee was not on the Solent. It is needless to say that he at once accepted the wager, and the stakes were deposited with KRITERION. At least, FLIFLATT handed over a Tenner, and I my word, which was just as good, knowing that I had a Certainty. I then sent for the Map and clearly demonstrated that the Solent does not begin till the Channel is West of Southampton Water. FLIFLATT parted with very bad grace, and retired to his cabin in the sulks. KRITERION, when he had reluctantly paid me, ordered a boat and went ashore, saying he had an important appointment at the London Club. He came back to dinner in High Feather. "That was a good Tip of yours about the Solent," he observed. "I've been backing it all the afternoon." Justly indignant, I claimed Halves, but he merely winked the other eye. Such is Human Ingratitude, the Offspring of Sordid Nature and Congenital Dishonour.

Your obedient, humble servant,
DARBY JONES.

NOISY ANIMALS.

O COCK! that ere the dawn is grey
Shrillest thy clarion loud and clear,
O donkey! whose resounding bray
Tortures mine unoffending ear;
No longer shall ye dare to break
Sweet Morpheus' all too fleeting joys,
For ye are animals that make
A noise.

Yet, coster, courage! Not for thee
These terrors, though thy raucous throat
Shatter my nerves. The L. C. C.
Takes thought for him that wields a vote.
Therefore bawl on! No pains o'ertake
The County Council's favoured boys,
Though they are animals that make
A noise.

WHERE NOT TO GO.

To the foreign hotel where you are expected to take all meals within doors, and are glared at if you patronise an extra mural restaurant.

To the boarding-house "where a liberal table is kept," but which, in spite of its name, "Sea-view," is a mile and a half from the ocean.

To the seaside paradise recommended on account of its air to convalescents recovering from measles, scarlet fever, or hooping-cough.

To the co-operative trip half over Europe with the (estimated) minimum of expense and the (proved) maximum of discomfort.

To the excursion which starts at daybreak, ends at midnight, and exists for the twenty-four hours in an atmosphere of beer, comic songs, and overcrowding.

To the newly discovered jewel of a health resort that some one's doctor has recommended to nobody in particular.

To any place likely to become a nuisance or with anybody who will develope into a bore.

Our Whist Party.

Major MacFlush (at close of rubber, to partner). Didn't ye see me call for trumps?

Partner (a new hand). You may have called, Major, but I never heard you!



"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

North Pole (to South Pole). "Don't you worry yourself, old Man. Why, they haven't found *me* yet!"

[Arrangements are being made for a Southern Polar Expedition.]

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR TRAVELLERS.

(*Compiled for Use in the Domestic Circle.*)

Give briefly the reasons for leaving a comfortable house in London for questionable quarters at the seaside.

Describe the duties that servants owe to themselves, and trace how their inclinations affect your plans for departure.

Give the merits and demerits of any three watering-places in England and France, and explain the words "casino," "rowdy," "bathing mixture," and "tips."

Give a short description of your wife's luggage, chiefly in connection with overweight and other drawbacks to expeditious travelling.

Write out a doctor's bill for October, and trace the items to peregrinations in August and September.

Enumerate the miseries associated with either (1) furnished apartments, or (2) life in a boarding-house.

Explain how it comes—in the opinion of your wife—that being "put up" at a dear hotel is "cheaper in the long run."

Imagine you have spent three months away from your native hearth, and then write an essay on "Home, Sweet Home."

AT THE BAR.

(*Vide "Punch," July 23.*)

Ere the early bird is feeding
On the early worm or ant,
We are drawing up some pleading
For the British litigant;
When you "dowse" your bedroom tapers,
When you yawn at moon and star,
We are reading midnight "papers,"
At the Bar.

Never resting, never sleeping,
Till the night is on the wane,
Ere the rosy dawn is peeping
We are at our briefs again—
Those, I mean, who are not briefless;
Those of us, perhaps, who are
Earn your pity and your grief less
At the Bar.

All the "big" men have no leisure,
All the "little" get few fees;
Yet they 'd change their lots with pleasure
Fortune none of us can please—
Practice much too big or little 's
What makes Life so very far
From affording "beer" (or "skittles")
At the Bar.

THE PROFESSIONAL BRIDESMAID.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I see from the *Newcastle Daily Leader* that expert bridesmaids may now be engaged on hire in the United States, and are understood to be rapidly making a fortune. In fact, one young woman, of remarkable beauty, is said to have appeared in this capacity at over 200 weddings. I have just received, no doubt by mistake, the enclosed circular.

Yours, not taking any, Z. Y. X.

Important Notice! Matrimony for All!

Miss Diana Q. de Bangs, of Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., having an extensive and lucrative connection throughout the States, has elected to open a Business Center in London, Eng., where she is now, located in lofty, spacious and commodious offices on Regent Street at the above address.

Miss Diana Q. de Bangs undertakes, at a Reasonable Fee, to perform, personally or by Deputy, the Duties of Chief Bridesmaid to the English Aristocracy and Gentry.

Sisters wedded simultaneously at a Reduction, or an Easy Quotation given for a Series in the Same Family. Widows sympathetically supported on remarriage.

Miss Diana Q. de Bangs has put through the weddings of many of the New York Four Hundred with Marvelous Success and Promptitude, many of her *clientèle* requiring her Services a third and fourth time since she debuted two years ago.

Miss Diana Q. de Bangs only employs Real Live Travelers, and will interview Clients by appointment on her Roof-Garden. Iced-water and Chewing-gum provided. No cranks admitted. All references must be on a high plane of respectability.

"De Bangs is an elegant blond and weighs 135 pounds. She knows how to hustle, anyway. De Bangs can receive business callers at 7.30 a.m. No dressing-gown methods. No flies on De Bangs. Diana breakfasts overnight."—See *Peoria Chipmunk* and *Spokane Owl*.

Prices away down after Season.

Rehearsals at short notice. Real tear-drops guaranteed at Church. Handkerchiefs extra. Miss Diana expects introduction to Bridegroom and Dudes. Can arrange for Hire of Ornaments, but prefers to retain Souvenirs.

Don't *you* wait. *You* may be the Happy Man or Woman.



Blinks. "The Sun ll be over the Yard-arm in ten minutes. *Then* we 'll have a Drink!" *Jinks.* "I think I 'll have one while I 'm waiting!"



TOO EXACTING.

Parson. "NOW, JOHNSON, I REALLY MUST INSIST YOU PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE CLEANLINESS OF THE PONY AND TRAP."
Man-of-all-work. "WELL, SIR, YOU SEE, WHAT WITH 'ORTICULTER AND THE COW, I 'VE VERY LITTLE TIME FOR 'OSSYCULTER!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A MEETING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other day I had an opportunity of introducing HERR LUDWIG MULLER to M. AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE. I think you may like to have a report of their conversation, which was evidently not private.

Yours faithfully, JOHN ROBINSON.

Auguste. Enchanté! Est-ce que vous parlez français, monsieur?

Ludwig. J'ai un paire mots dans l'école apprené, qui je presque oublié ai. Pouvez-vous allemand?

Aug. Ich habe gelernt der deutsch sehr jung; ich bin desolirt dasz ich ihn habe gegessen—ah non!—vergessen.

Lud. Also speak we English. I can English quite good.

Aug. Very volunteerly, Mister. Me I him have studied to the foundation.

Lud. Are you since long in England, or make you only one pleasurevoyage in order the town London to see?

Aug. Oh! I have acquainted the England since longtime, but in this moment here I am of return of at me.

Lud. Was ist das? In the winter am I in London atcome, and I was in intention the all town to see, but unluckly wise cooled I myself. During six weeks was I in the bed and then goed I to house.

Aug. Vous dites? [*Here there was a pause.*

Lud. Learn you ever the English speech?

Aug. A discourse? Ah no! I write, however, enough easily.

Lud. But I understand not what you writed have.

Aug. It is probable. For to comprehend all the shades of a stranger tongue he must to study longtime. Me I have maked that. You also, dear mister and colleague, you there shall arrive more late.

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Vous dites? [*Here there was a pause.*

Lud. Ach so!

Aug. Parfaitement!

Lud. Dwell you willing in England? Are the Englanders pleasing to you?

Aug. The mans are of brave people, but a little gloomy. It is that which we call the *morgue britannique*—the britannic mortuary. The misses are charming. *Celles qui habitent Londres*, the female ones who inhabit London, are ravishing, but the womans of province are habited as some Ger——, *c'est-à-dire*, as some Hollandesses. *Sont-elles affreuses, les robes!*

Lud. The misses are charming, but a little thin. The dames of the landpeople are charminger. The Londonish maiden sees often too adorned out, quite as one Paris——, *ach nein!* as one Wienerish woman.

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Ah! you demand some "bitter," some English beer. Love you her?

Lud. Ach so! Beer! I love it not, but I drink it very willing. Here drinks man so little thereof.

Aug. So little? The English drink of her enormously, even during the repasts.

Lud. But in the Fatherland drink we beer evenings. What do the Englanders evenings?

Aug. They amuse themselves at the sad English mode. They rest at them, for they love much that which they call the "Home Sweet." They of him have maked even a song, as the "God Save."

Lud. Have they no *Turnverein?*

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Ah! I comprehend. It is a sort of beer. I not acquaint her. As to the English the evening. I have speaked you of the families. The celibataries, who have not of at them, they are members of a circle, where they play a droll of *billard*, and each one drinks a whiskey. *Oh ciel!*

Lud. Yes well. Or one "lemons squashed." *Du lieber Himmel!*

Aug. Even without sugar!

Lud. Ach so, abscheulich!

Aug. Is it that you have seed an English billiard? The English are suchly lovers of the commerce, of the richness, of the

pocket in fine, that they have even some pockets in their billiard. And the English kitchen. What plates!

Lud. The plates? I remember myself not thereof. Naturely are they not beautiful as the German plates, as the Dresdenish plates to the example. But the food! What for one little *mittagessen!*

Aug. But yes. And what enormous *déjeuner!*

Lud. Yes well. And the eveningeating almost too much.

Aug. Perfectly! And the dinner enough often too much little.

Lud. Schrecklich!

Aug. I acquaint not that plate there. He of them has who are detestable. *Affreux!*

Lud. I have thereof never eated. Eat you willing *compot?*

Aug. Une compote? But yes, of time in time.

Lud. In Germany eat man it two times daily, and here never. Man see only mealfoods, as in Wien, that call here "puddings."

Aug. Ah! yes, the "plompouding."

Lud. That have I never seed.

Aug. Nor me not more. And however it is one of the principal English plates, as the *rosbif* and the *palal.*

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. C'est ça. The bitter *palal.* You have eated some English omelettes?

Lud. Ach nein! And you?

Aug. Never of the life! I of them have seed. My faith, it was enough! And the vegetables at the water! The boiled cabbage! The little peas at the English! *Sapristi!*

Lud. Was ist das?

Aug. Vous dites? [*Here there was a pause.*

Lud. Now must I forthgo. Also recommend I me. It rejoice me very you to meet. Good day. To again to see. "So long," as say the Englanders.

Aug. Enchanted, dear Mister. To the pleasure of you to see again. To soon. Ta, ta!

OUR BOOKING-OFEICE.

In Zack, Australia seems to have found her Bret Harte. *Life is Life*, which gives its name to the notable series of stories just issued from the House of Blackwood is, in its camp-life scenes, closely akin to Bret Harte's earlier work. It throbs with vigorous life, and has many intimate touches of local colour. But my Baronite infinitely prefers the much briefer story of Australia, "The Failure of Flipperty." Zack's personal acquaintance is not confined to Australasia. He knows Germany, Italy, his heart, untravelled, fondly turning to Devonshire which, my Baronite suspects, was his early home. For boldness and originality of conception, for vivid presentation of character, through all an undercurrent of the laugh that is not far removed from a cry, nothing to beat this book has lately appeared. These qualities find their fullest development in the story of "The Red Haired Man's Dream."

"Q" has planted himself in a fresh corner, where, my Baronite hopes, he will soon be picking up gold and silver. He has founded, and edits, *The Cornish Magazine*, a sixpenny monthly that will gratify a public beginning to be tired of the fripperies, freaks, and monstrosities just now popular with other sixpenny magazines. As the title indicates, Mr. Quiller Couch's new venture is designed specially for Cornishmen. But his net, deftly made and widely flung, will catch other fish than pilchards. The first Number is admirably done, "Q" contributing a weird story which boldly brings the Wandering Jew on the Cornish coast in quite novel circumstances.

In order to thoroughly enjoy Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins' *Rupert of Hentzau* (Arrowsmith), it is advisable to go in for a few days' swashbucklerish sort of training, and to imagine yourself living among daringly reckless cavaliers of the doublet, trunks, and high-boots style, wearing some sort of Austrian uniform, and moving in old foreign towns badly lighted and badly policed, yet with all the advantages to hand of modern telegraphs and railways. I do not remember the telephone being employed in this romance, but then neither his hero nor heroine had any particular occasion for it. Also, while reading Mr. Anthony Hope's stirring romance, you should ever and anon half draw your sword and send it back with a clang into its scabbard, taking care at intervals between the chapters to look to your revolvers and carefully to examine such small side arms as you may have about you. Thus equipped, accompany *Fritz von Tarlenheim* and old *Sapt* in all their adventures undertaken for the sake of their friend *Rudolf Rassendyll*, and in defence of the honour of his friend's true ladye-love *Queen Flavia*, wife of the King whose health "had been shattered by the horror and rigours of his imprisonment in the Castle of Zenda," as was told in the previous romance, of which this is the continuation and the finish. But is it by any means the finish? True, *Rassendyll* is dead, and so are all the most important enemies whose knowledge of the secret might be used for harm. But Mr. Anthony Hope *has left one old woman alive, the mischievous Mother Holp*, who, if she only becomes a tool in unscrupulous hands, is capable of doing a lot of mischief. The Baron, in the interests of the Kingdom of Ruritania and the House of Elphberg, will keep an eye on *Mother Holp* and that very uncertain and impressionable young nobleman, the *Count of Rischenheim*. "It may be," quoth Anthony Hope, letting a saving clause into his penultimate page, "that some day the whole story shall be told, and men shall judge of it for themselves." Aha! then good Anthony hath still a king up his sleeve. *Nous verrons*, as they say in Ruritania. A more stirring romance, with interest admirably sustained from the very first page to the last, than *Rupert of Hentzau*, it would be difficult to name. It is so artistically contrived a sequel as to have special interest for those who delighted in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, though, at the same time, it is so perfect a story in itself, that the enjoyment of this work is not made to depend on any knowledge of the former novel. "That we shall hear more of Ruritanian affairs is still with us A Hope," quoth the well satisfied

Baron de B.-W.

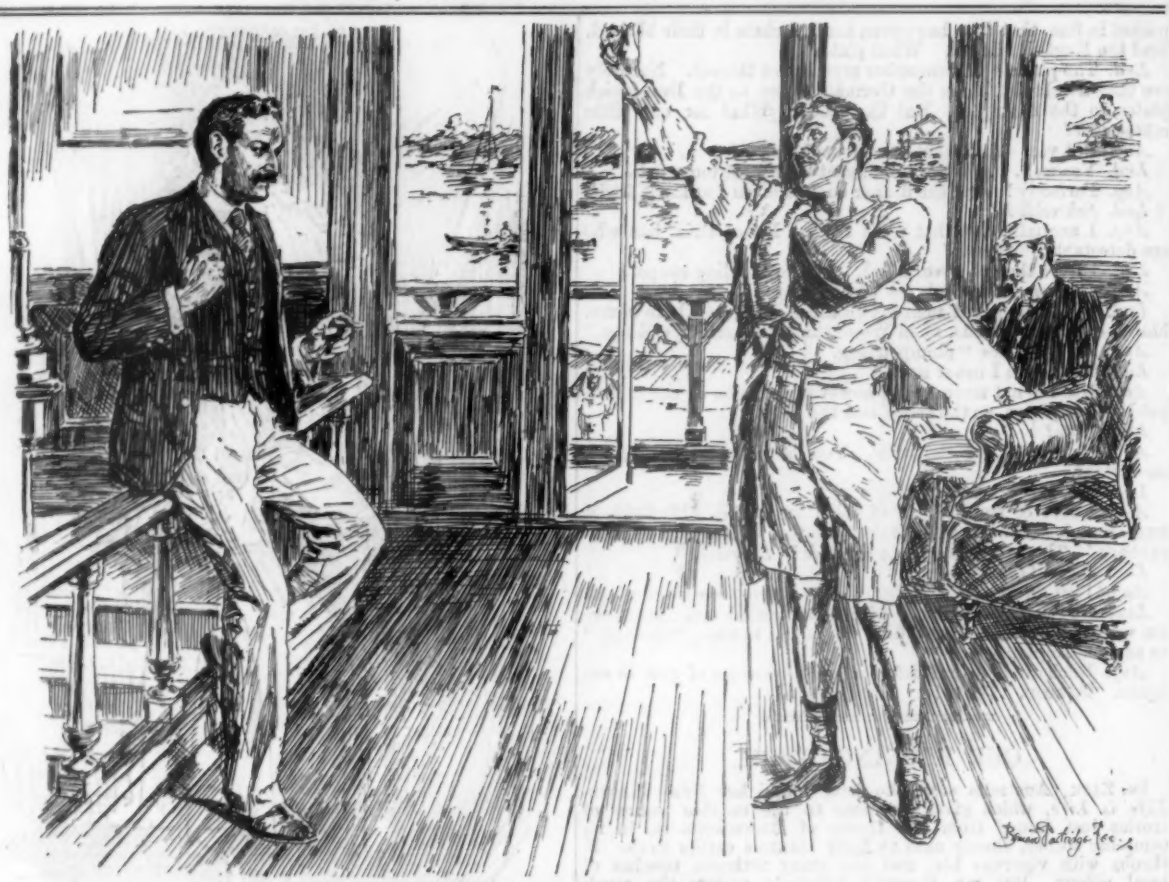


OUR CHILDREN. No. 2.

Fair Division of Labour.

Remember, it 's your turn to Wash, and mine to say Prayers to-night, Dorothy."

A Child's Idea of Seaside Happiness.—Ocean *cum dig.*



OUR YOUNG BARBARIANS.

Oarsman. "I 'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, OLD MAN; AS SOON AS I GO OUT OF TRAINING, I 'M GOING TO HAVE THE FINEST DINNER I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE. I 'LL HAVE TURTLE SOUP, OYSTERS——"

Coach. "*OYSTERS!* MY DEAR CHAP, YOU CAN'T EAT OYSTERS IN AUGUST!"

Oarsman. "OH, CAN'T I, THOUGH! O-R-G-U-S-T, AUGUST. THAT 'S ALL RIGHT!"

LYMPH-ON-THE-CONSCIENCE;

Being a Variation of Water-on-the-Brain.

You ask me how it is that I
  Am hardly ever found agreeing
With simple views that satisfy
  An ordinary human being?
Sir, I have principles at stake;
I do it all "for CONSCIENCE' sake."

When great reforms are in the air
  That touch the health of half a nation,
I and my trusty gang are there
  Primed with a deadly emendation;
And into really useful laws
We shove a little CONSCIENCE clause.

Of all the days of all the year,
  Those are the merriest and maddest
When Members lean a stricken ear
  To list the fulminating faddist;
(Such is the rather vulgar name
For men of conscientious aim).

And when in tones polite but firm
  We execute a fluty chorus,
Mighty majorities will squirm
  And lick the very dust before us;
It 's CONSCIENCE!—that is why they crawl;
It makes such cowards of them all!

Take Vaccination—one could weep
  Hot briny tears of pure revulsion
To think that men should want to keep
  The country healthy by compulsion!
O England! peopled by the free,
Where is your boasted Liberty?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
  So lost to reason and morality,
Who would not freely give his head
  Rather than check our high mortality?
I'd die—or live; in either case
A smile upon my pitted face!

Small-pox! Our fathers braved the thing;
  True courage they were never lax in;
They scorned the lancet's pointed sting,
  They mocked the enervating vaccine!
Against all else the righteous kicks
Except his private CONSCIENCE' pricks!

I grant they flourished in an age
  Ere JENNER spoke in this connection;
Before that overrated sage
  Devised his loathly lymph-injection;
Yet, had they lived to see his day,
Would they have yielded? No, not they!

And, Heaven be praised, a precious few
  Still hear their CONSCIENCE when it wheezes,
The smallish voice that bids them do
  Their little best to spread diseases;
In fact we mean to have our claws
In *all* the sanitary laws.

We look to see, by steady work,
  A state of filth in every gutter;
To get the germs of death to lurk
  In milk and even bread-and-butter;
And drains, like vaccination, shall
In time be purely optional.

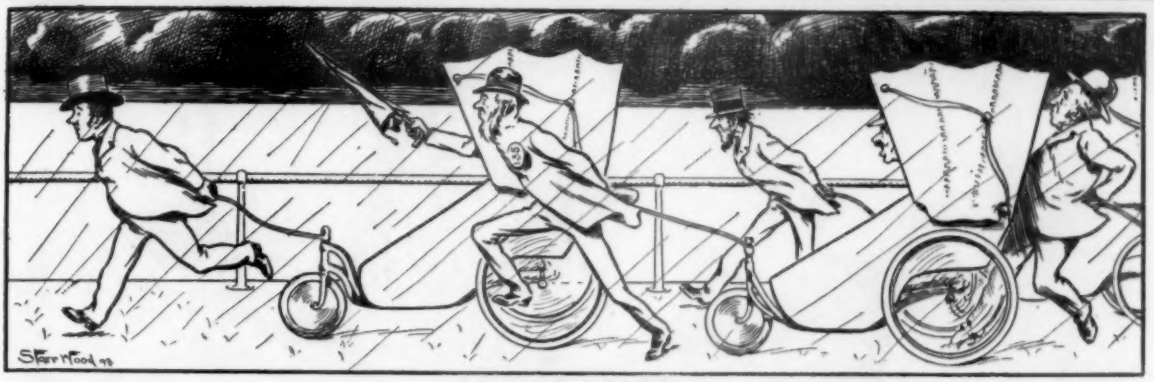
"Live and let live!"—so ran the cry
  In days when people knew no better;
This we propose to rectify
  Both in the spirit and the letter;
Observe our motto—newest make—
"*Die and let die!*—for CONSCIENCE' sake."

NOTE AND CORRECTION.—In our last week's issue, some of *Mr. Punch's* numbers contained a line under "Cartoon Junior" alluding to the Anti-Vaccination Bill as having "passed," while in other numbers it was in the same place mentioned as "awaiting third reading in the Commons." The event will prove whether the vaticination on anti-vaccination was right or not. But, of course, "awaiting third reading" is the right wording, the other being "matter in the wrong place," arrived there by a "concatenation accordingly," the details of which it is altogether unnecessary to explain.



DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Dame Europa (*coldly*). "TO WHOM DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS INTRUSION?"
Uncle S. "MA'AM—MY NAME IS UNCLE SAM!"
Dame Europa. "ANY RELATION OF THE LATE COLONEL MONROE?"



SEASIDE SPORTS.

A SUGGESTION FOR A WET DAY. BATH-CHAIR RACE ALONG THE DESERTED PARADE. THE LAST PAST THE POST PAYS FOR ALL CHAIRS.

AT THE PALACE.

MR. CHARLES MORTON may shake hands with himself as heartily as all his friends will shake hands with him, when congratulating him on the success of his present capital entertainment at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, a Music Hall indeed, which, by the aid of Mr. ALFRED PLUMPTON and his well-selected orchestra, becomes now and again, in the course of the evening's show, a genuine hall of music, and the result to the proprietors will be a haul of profits.

Mr. AMANN, "the facial artist and impersonator," is admirable in his line, rapidly making himself up and changing himself, in sight of the audience, into all sorts of distinguished personages, and, in spite of the *dictum* of BURNS that "Amann's Amann for a' that," this artist in clothes and colour completely destroys his own identity. Do not be alarmed when a handsome Sarah Siddons-like lady, of a commanding presence, walks on to the stage attired in deepest black (evening dress), and in tones as deep as the colour of her costume, begins to sing. No! it is not "*Hamlet's* aunt," it is JULIE MACKEY, "Comédienne," if you please, and in a few seconds the laughter of the surprised audience tells you the "Comédienne" has made a hit.



"Oi 've 'arf a moind to show 'em up, or reyther take 'em down. Oi 'ardly knows which way 'ud be the best."

The BAGGESENS are exhaustingly funny. Their action is illustrated by more "plates" than there are in a quarter's collection of a pictorial paper. Crockery is cheap where the BAGGESENS come from, and how the male BAGGESEN gets himself hopelessly mixed up with an adhesive fly-paper is a thing to see and a joy to remember.

Then the unrivalled ALBERT CHEVALIER, a thorough artist *au bout des ongles*. His old peasant singing, "*'E can't take a Roise out of Oi*," is admirable; his expression, his laugh, the action of his hands, every movement is a study from life reproduced without any caricature whatever. Of course, his Coster is inimitable as ever; but his curate is conventional, and is the only figure which his admirers would like him to omit from the list. His rendering of "*My Old Dutch*" compels a house, crowded from back seat of gallery to front row of stalls, to sympathetic silence, and not a few will experience the "hysterica passio" against which so many struggle by forced blowing of noses. Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER is better than ever.

Then comes "The American Biograph." Wonderful!! But, my eyes! my head!! and the whizzling and whirling and twittering of nerves, and blinkings and winkings that it causes in not a few among the spectators, who could be content with half the show, or even a third of it. It is a night-mare! There 's a rattling, and a shattering, and there are sparks, and there are showers of quivering snow-flakes always falling, and amidst these appear children fighting in bed, a house on fire, with inmates saved by arrival of fire engines, which, at some interval, are followed by warships pitching about at sea, sailors running up riggings and disappearing into space, trains at full speed coming directly at you, and never getting there, but jumping out of the picture into outer darkness where the audience is, and then, the train having vanished, all the country round takes it into its head to follow as hard as ever it can, rocks, mountains, trees, towns, gateways, castles, rivers, landscapes, bridges, platforms, telegraph-poles, all whirling and squirling and racing against one another, as if to see which will get to the audience first, and then, suddenly .... all disappear into space!! Phew! We breathe again!! But, O heads! O brandies and sodas! O Whiskies and waters! Restoratives, quick! It is wonderful, most wonderful! Nay, we had almost said, with the learned Dr. JOHNSON, that we wished "it were impossible." But to wish this is to put the clock back, and the show is over in excellent time to allow of supper and refreshment where you will. Still, just a third of the American Biograph, as invented by HERMAN CASLER, would suffice for *this* particular deponent, and for not a few others. Anyway, the Palace thoroughly deserves its present most evident popularity.

By Our Bankruptcy Court Minstrel.

REVELATIONS startling! false or true,
They 've raised a regular Hooleybaloo!



SHAKSPEARE ON SALVATION ARMY RECEIVING GENERAL BOOTH.

"Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know."

This, though it reads like a quotation as to "General Bombastes" ("Bombastes Furioso"), is from "Troilus and Cressida," Act IV., Sc. 5.



Hostess. "What would you like to eat, Effie?" *Effie.* "Cake."
Mother (reprovingly). "Effie! Effie! What is the word you've forgotten? Pl——" *Effie.* "Pl—um!"

THE CELL.

(A Fragment.)

* * * * *

The key grated in the lock, the warder's footsteps died down the corridor, and the wretched girl sank lonely and exhausted on the floor of her cell. She was slight; she was beautiful. In her face there was nothing to suggest the criminal; so young, so fair, what crime had she committed?

For awhile she lay moaning. Suddenly she started up with a cry of horror. Was it conscience? Had the enormity of her offence been brought home to her? She caught her hand to her head and felt for the hat-pin. What! had it come to this? Oh! wise searcher that had removed temptation! She sought her scissors. What! would she open a vein? This chance, too, the searcher had foreseen, and the scissors were gone. Matches? But the searcher knows that criminals may set fire to themselves and the police-station too. Even her garters had been removed; have not desperate women hanged themselves ere now?

"Alas!" she cried, realising her helplessness and bursting into tears, "baffled on all sides, there is no escape for me—none. What have I done? Why am I shut in a police cell? Why am I searched and thrust into the dock? Ah me!" she moaned, "it is because I have sinned! I have broken the laws of my country, or rather, the by-laws of Kingston, a very different thing! I have cycled through the parish at eight miles an hour!"

* * * * *

TO PRIZEFIGHTERS AND OTHERS.—Wanted, Muscular Christians to act as Sidesmen; used to *mêlées* and capable of using their fists. Liberal terms. Free Doctor. Pension in case of permanent injury.—Apply, stating qualifications, to High Church Clerical Agency, Kensiton, W.



SHAKSPEARE JAPANNED.

Several of Shakspeare's Plays have recently been translated into Japanese.

MINOR POETS.

["Joaquin Miller, the poet, is amongst those who have returned from Klondyke with wealth."—*Globe.*]

When, like a spectral shadow weird,
The down upon my lip appeared,
And I, aspiring to a beard,
With art would seek to grow it,
Then, high as lark above the corn,
Was I upon ambition borne,
And treated with a splendid scorn
The title "Minor Poet."

What noble tragedies I penned!
What epics none could comprehend,
So Browningesque that every friend
Indignantly cried "Stow it!"
Then was I all for greatness! See,
Another Milton I would be,
A Shakspeare, Dante—not for me
The title "Minor Poet."

But, as my down to stubble turned,
And all my greatness nothing earned,
Ambition in me lower burned,
Till now—who will may know it—
I find cash sweet, and for its sake
Some small concession I would make,
And even, could I get it, take
The title "Miner Poet."

WANTED, a few Pew-openers. Applicants must be strong and athletic, and ready, if necessary, to assist in chucking out. Must be used to wounds and battlefields. Preference given to Hospital Nurses.—Apply—[*see "To Prizefighters," above*].

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 25.—Sark often says there has been an archdeacon, almost a dean, thrown away in the Member for East Marylebone. Put Boulnois in a surplice, set him up on high in a pulpit, and if he only glances round on the congregation it will be as good as the average sermon. Certainly there ever rests on Boulnois' countenance a smiling air of peace and plenty soothing to the troubled breast.

To-day its habitual calm broken by an anguished look. Is in charge of what is known as the Marylebone Churches Bill. Quite a mediæval flavour about its story. Early in century the good Duke of Portland, who owned much land in Marylebone, bethought him how he might improve its value. Occurred to him it would invest district with air of respectability, and ultimately raise the rents, if he sprinkled a few churches about the property. But churches cost money, and with prophetic forecast of death duties to be brought in ninety years later by a ruthless Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke felt impulse to economy. Then flashed upon him memory of the contemporary magnate and public benefactor,

> Mr. Brown, who of his great bounty
> Built this bridge at expense of the county.

The Duke would build the churches at the expense of the parish, and then magnanimously, regardless of expense, present them to the parishioners. Moreover, he got Acts of Parliament passed whereby the parishioners were for ever engaged to support the churches. Then the good Duke, feeling he had not lived in vain, folded his hands across his breast, and was gathered to his fathers.



Behind the Arras!

Lord H-gh C-c-l is discovered and drawn into the light of day!



Two Old Parliamentary Dogs.

Toby, M.P. (*to "Billy," the Speaker's Bull-dog*). "Needn't look so down in the mouth, old man! We shall soon get away now!

"Mon Billy doux! O mon très cher Billee!
I'm off!—No moor! My bark is on the sea."

This is John Brunner's historical narrative. Must be taken with grain of salt necessary in tasting dishes about Dukes prepared by Radical cooks. However it be, Marylebone parishioners, in spite of abolition of Church Rates, are to this day compelled to pay rates in respect of parish churches. Bill introduced to commute the tax by payment of lump sum. Dead set made at it from Radical camp. Paper bristling with amendments. To-day notice appears of two Instructions to Committee. When about to be called on, discovery made that Committee have finished their work, reporting Bill without amendment.

"A thoroughly disreputable trick," said Lloyd George, translating without circumlocution from the Welsh.

It was here that Boulnois displayed the shocked look that varied his ordinary serenity. "I am surprised," he said, "at the language of the hon. Member."

It was indeed shocking. Boulnois comforted with knowledge that he had carried through the little affair about the churches.

Business done.—London University Bill read a third time and passed.

Tuesday.—Never saw Prince Arthur so suddenly, utterly, depressed. At question time quite brisk; more than usually successful in saying as little as possible with appearance of taking anxious inquirer into fullest confidence. Not been the same man since Mullingar loomed on the stage.

Patrick O'Brien, having put on a new necktie, a clean shirt-front, and a kummerbund, dragged in Mullingar. It appears that the Mullingar Board of Guardians, regarding a speech delivered by Hayden, M.P., on the Irish Local Government Bill as "anti-clerical," have, in accordance with irresistible rules of logic, resolved to withhold insertion of their advertisements in Mr. Hayden's newspaper.

"This," says Patrick O'Brien, momentarily rousing himself from the mincing air and manner superinduced by his fashionable apparel, "is the worst case of attempting to intimidate a Member of this House I ever heard of."

Prince Arthur admitted that it was indeed blood-curdling. But what would you? What could be expected of Mullingar? Leave the Guardians wrapped about in the obscurity of the contempt that every right-minded man must feel for them. In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof, Remorse, naked-handed, will stalk through the alleys of Mullingar, and smite the white soul of each shuddering Guardian of the Poor.

Thus Prince Arthur (or something like this), anxious, above all things, to get on with business. Redmond *aîné* not to be put off with fine words which butter no Guardians. Hayden one of his small but select party. Useful thing to let Ireland see it is not to be touched with impunity. So insisted upon having his pound of flesh cut out of the miscreant Mullingars.

House had uneasy consciousness that it never touches question of privilege without making itself ridiculous. If it passed resolution declaring conduct of Mullingar Guardians breach of privilege, other steps must follow. "Surely," said Prince Arthur, in anguished tone, "you don't want to have the Mullingar Board of Guardians brought to the Bar of the House?" "Pass the resolution, and we'll see what follows," said Redmond *aîné*. Whereupon the Lord of Legions, with miserable knowledge of the risk he ran, of the absurd quandary he was preparing for the House, humbly, unaccountably, consented.

"Why did I do it?" snapped Prince Arthur, turning almost angrily upon me, one of his oldest friends;

> "It is the very error of the moon,
> She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
> And makes men mad."



He. "REALLY, I ENJOYED MY WALTZES WITH YOU AWFULLY. I FELT THAT, WITH YOU FOR A PARTNER, I COULD WALTZ TO—ER—TO—ER—CELESTIAL REGIONS!"
She. "AH!—YOU SHOULD SEE ME 'REVERSE'!"

Business done.—The House of Commons solemnly denounces the Mullingar Board of Guardians as guilty of Breach of Privilege.

Thursday.—House talking for two hours with rising passion about some one's iniquity in connection with Provisional Order Bill. As far as I can make out the matter, Bill as it passed earlier stages approved a particular site for a Board School called "plan 10." When Bill came up for report stage it was found that plan 10 had disappeared; gone in the night; swallowed up by an earthquake.

Yes, but Radical Members want to know Who made the earthquake? Suspicion first fell upon JOHN O' GORST. Then Röntgen rays turned on Chairman of Ways and Means. Traces clearly visible of a hand, recognised as his, in act of striking out the clause. That seemed conclusive. But ROBSON, Q.C., trained in criminal cases, perceived, and pointed out to startled House, shadowy figure of *another hand directing Chairman's.* Whose was that?

As ROBSON, Q.C., fulminated this inquiry, his eye, accidentally as it seemed, fell upon HUGH CECIL, seated in sacerdotal attitude below gangway opposite. A moment's pained pause. Then Lord HUGH lifted his tall form, and like a CECIL—told the truth. He had had no direct communication with Chairman of Ways and Means, but had certainly "conversed" in ordinary way with Vice-President of Council, and—and—well, plan 10 had disappeared from the Bill, and there would be one School Board school the less in London.

Upon that fact Lord HUGH openly gloated. Members opposite squirmed, but they liked the young lord's frankness and his courage. At same time, when fresh Provisional Orders affecting school sites are about, an eye will be kept on HUGH CECIL.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR hears with sigh of relief that Mullingar has magnanimously resolved not to take advantage of the blunder into which he was on Tuesday entrapped.

Friday.—How fleeting are the pleasures of life! How short its satisfactions! Here's the Mullingar business, after all, not finally laid. P. O'BRIEN informed shuddering House that there is reason to suspect the Board of Guardians' retreat was merely strategic. Going to wait till Parliament prorogued; then, with no fear of privilege penalties before them, they will withhold their advertisement from HAYDEN, M.P.'s newspaper.

House hopes no one clad in human form could be so iniquitous; but PATRICK is positive. "If they do," he said, even he shrinking from more directly specifying the crime, "I'll bring every one of them here next Session, and the person who inspired them to action."

The prospect of P. O'B. dragging in the Mullingar Guardians by his kummerbund, laying them out one by one at Bar of the House, and then going in search of "the person who inspired them to action," steeped the House in gloom.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR wishes there weren't no such place as Mullingar.

CRUSTACEANA.—Lobsters are always appreciated at regattas on the Thames, but not crabs.

A COWES WEEK EXPERIENCE.

Monday.—Dear old BLUEWATER—what a good fellow he is!—asks me to join his yacht, the *Sudden Jerk*, for Cowes week. Never been yachting before.

Tuesday.—Arrive Ryde Pier, correctly (I hope) "got up"; blue serge, large brass anchor buttons, and peaked cap. Fancy BLUEWATER rather surprised to see how *au fait* I am at nautical dress. "Ah! my dear fellow, delighted to see you. Come along, the gig is lying alongside the steps. One of the hands" (why "hands"?) "shall look to your traps." We scramble into gig and are rowed out to 50-ton yawl. Climb up side. BLUEWATER says, "Come below. Take care—two steps down, then turn round and—— Oh! by Jove! what a crack you've caught your head. Never mind, old boy, you'll soon get accustomed to it." Devoutly hope I shall *not* get accustomed to knocking my head. Arrive at foot of "companion" (why "companion"?) stairs. BLUEWATER pulls aside curtains and says, "*There* you are!" Reply, "Oh! yes, there I am. Er—is—do you lie on the shelf—oh! berth, is it?—beg pardon—or underneath it?" He explains. "You'll find it very jolly, you know; you can lie in your bunk, and look right up the companion to the sky above." "Oh! awfully jolly," I say. We repair on deck. Get under weigh to run down to Cowes. Dear old BLUEWATER very active. Pulls at ropes and things, shouting "leggoyour-spinach-and-broom,"* and other unintelligible war-cries. Stagger across deck. Breeze very fresh. "Lee oh!" shouts BLUEWATER; "mind the broom!"—or it might have been boom—and next moment, am knocked flat on my back by enormous pole.

Arrive Cowes. Crowd of yachts. Drop anchor for night. Go below, damp face in tiny iron basin; yacht lurches and rolls all the water out over new white shoes. Enter saloon, tripping over some one's kit-bag at the door. Try to save myself by clutching at swing-table, which upsets and empties soup tureen all over my trousers. Retire, change, return. Host and I sit down and proceed to chase fried soles backwards and forwards across treacherous swing-table. "*Now*, my dear fellow, isn't this jolly? Isn't this worth all your club dinners?" Reply "Oh, yes," enthusiastically. Privately, should prefer club in London. Weather gets worse. Try to smoke. Don't seem to care for smoking, somehow. Feel depressed, and ask dear old BLUEWATER to describe a sailor's grave. Tries to cheer me up by saying, "Don't waste the precious moments, my friend, on such sad subjects. You are not born to fill a seaman's grave. There's a class of man not born to be drowned, you know." Then he laughs heartily. Try to smile; fail. Pitching and rocking motion increases. Retire early and lie down on shelf. Fall off twice. Manage to reach perch again. Weather gets worse. Shall never sleep with noise of trampling on deck and waves washing yacht's sides. Shall never—— Sudden misgiving. *Am* I going to be——? Oh! no, must be passing dizziness. It cannot possibly be. . . . . IT IS!!!

Am rowed ashore, bag and baggage, next morning. Dear old BLUEWATER tries to keep me from going, and says, "What, after all, *is* sea-sickness?" Dear old BLUEWATER must be an ass. Confound old BLUEWATER!

* Qy. spinnaker boom.—ED.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



ROPER FRÈRES'

FIRST QUALITY

CHAMPAGNE.

A KODAK AT A GUINEA

To take large photographs.

No. 2

FALCON

Mastered in a few minutes. No Dark Room needed for changing Films.

KODAK

Takes a roll of Film for 12 exposures. Size of picture 3½ × 3½ inches.

Full Particulars Post Free.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.

Head Office:
43, Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches: 60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
1,1-173, Regent Street, W.

EXTRA SPECIAL — ELEVEN YEARS OLD

CARLTON WHISKEY

25/- PER GALLON — 50/- PER DOZEN

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous HIGHLAND SMALL STILLS. Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICHD. MATTHEWS & CO.,
24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the COLONIES.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.

Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.
Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170, 1179, 291, 303, 431, 659, 1000.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: **INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.**



WOMEN AND WOMEN ONLY are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily. To cleanse, purify, and beautify the skin, to allay itching and irritation, and to prevent chafings, excoriations, and ulcerative weaknesses, nothing so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed when necessary by gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), greatest of emollients and skin cures.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.
"All About the Skin," post free.

ECZEMA Worst of skin diseases speedily cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

English Manufacture.

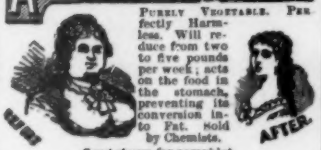


Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 11s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET
"Shaver's Kit and Outfit." *Post Free.*
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.



Send stamp for pamphlet.
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES

3D

Per Box of 10.

A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.

MANUFACTURED FROM

PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

HOWARD BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.



COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest and Best Revolver made for Travellers and Cyclists. It supersedes all others. COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS & LIGHTNING RIFLES. Price Lists Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., 26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the **PASTEUR** (Chamberland) **FILTER** has been introduced TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

ACARIC SOCK SUSPENDER

No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

SELF-ADJUSTING

Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Goddard's Plate Powder

NON MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON **DR RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD**

'K' BOOTS

Beware of Imitations.

LEA & PERRINS'
The Original & Genuine Worcestershire
SAUCE.

OBSERVE THE SIGNATURE ON THE WRAPPER AND LABEL.

DU BARRY'S
REVALENTA FOOD
Cures

All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Bronchitis, Influenza, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases.
100,000 annual cures.

PRICES.—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of ½ lb. at 2*s.*; 1 lb., 3*s.* 6*d.*; 2 lb., 6*s.*; 5 lb., 14*s.*; 12 lb., 32*s.*; 24 lb., 60*s.*; or about 2*d.* per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also
DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb., 3*s.* 6*d.*; 2 lb., 6*s.* DU BARRY AND CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; 59, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and of all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.

Crosse & Blackwell's
PURE
MALT VINEGAR

Is sold in imperial pint and quart bottles

BY ALL GROCERS AND STORES.

Vinegar Brewery:—BREWERY ROAD, LONDON, N.

MARTELL'S
OBTAINABLE AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS IF ASKED FOR.

THREE STAR

—BLUE AND SILVER LABEL—
THE ONLY GENUINE.
BRANDY.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 6, 1898.

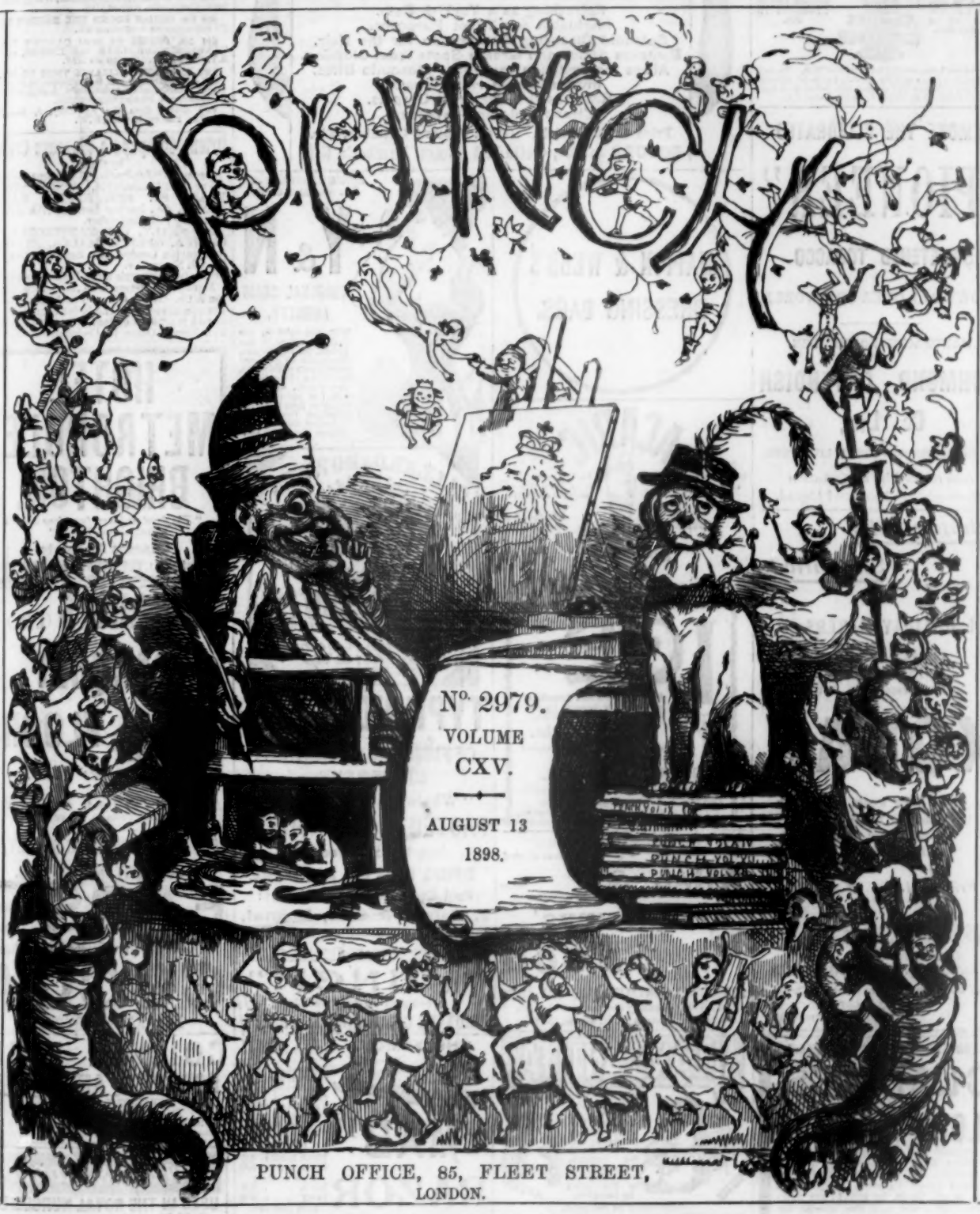
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS AND SKETCHES FROM "PUNCH."

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

A HISTORY. ILLUSTRATED FROM "PUNCH." The special and cheap edition now being issued will contain, when completed, nearly 500 Cartoons and Sketches from "PUNCH." Nos. 1 and 2 now ready, price 1s. each. ["PUNCH" OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



N°. 2979.
VOLUME
CXV.

AUGUST 13
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

Ask for
WHISKY and
"SCHWEPPE."

SCHWEPPES

Ask for
BRANDY and
"SCHWEPPE."

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 3/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH

Co. LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

Photography . .

. . Simplified.

ALL HOLIDAY MAKERS

Can now take good photographs of Street-scenes, Landscapes, &c., with a

KODAK

No Dark Room needed for changing Films.
Kodaks for the Hand, Pocket, or Cycle.

Prices £1. 1s. to £5. 5s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,

Head Office—
43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches—60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
DRESSING BAGS.

ACARIC

No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

SELF-ADJUSTING



Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ICE

Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the New Rotary Hand Machine,

The Raplin.

Send a post card to the undersigned for List F, No. 36.

PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,
9 Elms Iron Works. LONDON. S.W.
Can be seen in operation at Showrooms, 61 Queen Victoria Street, London.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.
Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

ALLAN'S ANTI FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO. 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N

DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery."—*Lancet*

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

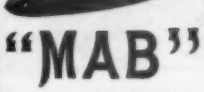
West-End Show Rooms: 208, Victoria Street, S.W.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

THE FAMOUS



"MAB" RAZOR

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6

PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CRUISES,

organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE.

This magnificent cruising steamer, tonnage 3,354, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts and improvements, electric light, excellent cuisine.

£14 14s. NORTHERN CAPITALS CRUISE, Baltic Canal, Kiel, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Wisby, Gothenburg, Christiania, August 17th.

£10 10s. CRUISE ROUND THE BRITISH ISLES (13 days) leaving September 6th.

£14 14s. CRUISE (19 days) CANARY ISLES, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR and LISBON, on the S.Y. "Argonaut," September 22nd.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO PALESTINE.—Special Cruise for this occasion to Palestine, Egypt, Athens and Constantinople. 43 days or 33 days for 35 Guineas, leaving October 12th.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises

by their

Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,

For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.

For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 20th September, returning 8th November.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

GOLDEN HAIR

ROBARE'S AUREOLINE.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Sold by Perfumers and Chemists.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, and all principal Patent Medicine Warehouses, London.

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

Self-Digesting.

Sold Everywhere.

In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."



Nurse. "TOMMY, THERE'S SOME JAM ON YOUR CHEEK."
Tommy (with interest). "THERE ISN'T ANY WORTH EATING, IS THERE?"

DARBY JONES ON LAND AND SEA RACING.

HONOURED SIR,—During my sojourn on the Sea, my thoughts have nevertheless turned with the Persistency of a Lover to the Main Attraction of *Terra Firma*. Need I say that I refer to the Sport of Emperors, Kings, Grand Dukes, Noblemen, and the Baser Herd? This Yacht-racing business seems to me a Poor Thing compared with the Diversion of the Turf. From the point of view of an Owner, I consider that the Marine Competitions are ridiculous; from that of the General Public, valueless. Let me illustrate my meaning. A Sportsman such as the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. HARRY MCCALMONT, or Mr. GUBBINS, invests a pile of Spondulicks in buying or breeding and training a Colt of Merit. This animal he enters for all the most Valuable Contests possible. If the Quadruped be of First-rate Quality, he not only recoups his Proprietor for his outlay, but also places many Thousands of Pounds to his credit at his Bankers in *Stakes alone*. I make no reference to profits to be made from the Wagering Ring. Even a Duke does not object to his Fiscal Account being enlarged, and Millionaires rejoice to be able to alleviate the necessities of their Poorer Brethren with their gains. After his Turf Career is over, the Horse is still remunerative, either as the Progenitor of other Highflyers in Great Britain, or as a Costly Article eagerly sought after by Foreign Governments or American Klondikers. The First-class Racehorse, then, has done more than paid for his Education and Grub. He has been an Investment of considerably more value than one in the Three per Cents. Moreover, he has been "a Boon and a Blessing" to those who have followed his Career, and have not hesitated to stake Coin of the Realm on his chances of Victory.

Let me now turn to the Waves. A Rich Gentleman, partial to Canvas Struggles on the Briny, causes a Yacht to be built, with which he proposes to sweep the Seaboard of its prizes. I am given to understand that, apart from the A or No. 1 Expenditure concomitant with the Construction and Equipment of the Bark, he must spend Ten or Twelve Thousand Golden Shekels per annum in keeping the vessel going. And what does he win with his Argosy, should she turn out to be an ocean *La Flèche?* Perhaps a few hundreds of pounds, which are handed over to the Greedy Mariners who navigate the Yacht, and a collection of Silver Pots not to be estimated by any Honourable Pawnbroker at one-fourth the value of the Gold Cup at Ascot. As to Bets, they are NIL, except when an inexperienced Sprat like myself is swallowed by a voracious Shark, such as Captain KRITERION. Pshaw! And of what use is the most famous of these Cutters, Yawls and Schooners after, say, a couple of years, when craft of newer design have clipped her wings? "Firewood" appears to be the only sane answer. Far be it from me to depreciate Yachting as a Pastime like Coaching, Cricket, Football, Quoits, or Shove-halfpenny, but as a Racing Medium—no, Sir, 'tisn't good enough for

Your Devoted Dry-bob,
DARBY JONES.

HISTORICAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Answers by Master Bob returning for Holidays.)

Question. Who was JULIUS CÆSAR? Give some account of his invasion of Britain.

Answer. There was no such person as JULIUS CÆSAR; and even if he had existed, there would have been no such place as Britain in his time.

Q. Give a short account of the establishment of the Saxons in England.

A. Know nothing about the facts, but fancy they came from Germany.

Q. Who was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

A. Why, the Conquering WILLIAM.

Q. Why was WILLIAM THE SECOND called RUFUS?

A. Because it was a deuced good name for him, and no one could think of any other.

Q. Why was RICHARD THE FIRST called CŒUR DE LION?

A. Because it was rather the thing to talk French in those days.

Q. Give a short account of the signing of Magna Charta.

A. It was done with a pen and ink.

Q. What were the Wars of the Roses?

A. Probably the first attempt at a "battle of flowers."

Q. What do you know about HENRY THE EIGHTH?

A. That there were seven other Henries in front of him, and he had a history.

Q. Who were the STUARTS and what did they do?

A. Most respectable Johnnies. A lot of things.

Q. What gracious remark did CHARLES THE SECOND make on his death-bed, and what occasioned it?

A. "What rot!" And probably he said it because some idiot had bothered him as some other idiot wants to bother me. But he won't! Good-bye.

Had Him There.

Would-be Wag (to Stern Gambler). Now, you're always playing at something. What do you suggest as a good fireside game—"Cricket on the hearth"?

Stern Gambler (promptly). No, Sir; "poker."



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Promoter. "Um! They cost a Lot, but I suppose they're worth it."

"Kind hearts are less than coronets and simple faith in Norman blood."—(*Lady Clara Vere de Vere adapted to the occasion.*)

HOUSE VERSUS GROUSE.

THE House is a blank desolation—
  Well, this is the moment for me
To startle the slumbering nation,
  And let my constituents see
That while others, intent on mere pleasure,
  Are tramping the heather for grouse,
I, faithfully watching each measure,
  Still stick to my post in the House.

Yet, London is horribly stuffy,
  And Members who chance to be there
Are all far too hot and too huffy
  To relish my eloquence rare.
What's China, or what's Vaccination?—
  Sometimes when addressing the House,
I think there is worse recreation
  Than tramping the heather for grouse.

O Duty! O Vaulting Ambition!
  How I tremble and crimson and blench
When I dream of a splendid position
  On the front ministerial bench.
Yes, office!—Stop!—Hills! Heather blow
  ing,
  The moor where the hawk strikes the
  mouse—
But a title?—Yes, dash it! I'm going—
  No, I won't—yes, I will—to the——?

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(*Strayed from a Ladies' Journal.*)

FLOSSIE.—Yes, the tour you sketch sounds delightful, including as it does Paris, Brussels, most of Switzerland, and the Italian lakes. But I'm not sure whether you will be able to accomplish this, as you propose, at a cost of £3 17*s.* 6*d.* Your scheme of labelling yourself and travelling by goods train is original, but perhaps not quite feasible. Why not try Southend for this year?

PHILANTHROPIST writes to recommend Sandiford as a delightful holiday resort. The climate is delightful, the scenery lovely, and the accommodation at the "Black Swan" absolutely unrivalled. My readers may place implicit trust in this recommendation, since "Philanthropist" is himself, I understand, the proprietor of the "Black Swan."

RECLUSE.—Yes, I quite understand your wants—some place out of the beat of the ordinary run of tourists, and where you won't be pestered by excursionists. Unfortunately, the only means of finding such a spot nowadays would be to join the next Polar expedition.



SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR AUGUST 12.

"Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor!"
Titus Andronicus, Act II., Sc. 3.



Mick ("*Boots*" *at the Ballyragg Hotel, knocking at Visitor's door at Four* A.M.). "FWHAT TOIME WUD YE WISH TO BE CALLED THIS MORRNUN', SORR?"

THE SCHOOLGIRL ABROAD.

[Mrs. CREIGHTON, addressing the girls of Kensington High School, said the study of botany would help them to enjoy the beauties of nature.]

DEAR girl, who profit as you ought
When scientifically taught
  By able teachers,
When on your holidays you go,
Nature to your trained eyes will show
  Undreamt-of features.

While on some bank of moss or fern
Your sisters idle glances turn,
  Then idly press on,
That self-same spot, by you if seen,
Yields to your observation keen
  An object-lesson.

You give no vulgar admiration
To wallflower, lily or carnation
  That decks the border;
Each flower you skilfully dissect
To wrest its secrets, and detect
  Its class and order.

Beside the river bank (poor boy!)
Your brother, with a puerile joy
  That never varies,
A primrose plucks—a flower to him—
To you, dear child, it is a *primula vulgaris*.

So not an incident or sight
Shall meet your gaze from morn to night,
  But dexterous turning
Therefrom occasions will procure
Of showing off to others your
  Superior learning.



ILL-OMENED.

Mr. Grouse (who is being chaffed by his cousin, Mr. Partridge, at the outskirts of the moor). "OH, YES, IT 'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO SIT SMIRKING THERE; BUT, I CAN TELL YOU, IT 'S DOOCED UNPLEASANT FOR OUR BRANCH O' THE FAMILY, *THE TWELFTH FALLING ON A FRIDAY!*"

Bismarck.

BORN, 1815. DIED, JULY 30, 1898.

PRINCE of the iron heart and iron hand!
Lo, Death, thy single victor in the fight,
Urges against thee now thine own demand,
The claim that Might is Right.

Yielding, thou hast the best of all awards,
Peace from the strife in which thy prime was spent,
Purer than any purchased by the sword's
Bloody arbitrament.

And there thy Kaiser haply thou shalt see,
Dear object of thy high Imperial schemes,
And dearer by the change that banished thee
To memory's lonely dreams.

With him in Europe's history enrolled,
Thy work, the Empire, shall forget thee not,
When those that scorned thy service, being old,
Themselves are clean forgot!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE has been recently brought out by Messrs. GEORGE BELL AND SONS, a most dainty pocket edition, in "one small volume and no more," of HANS HOLBEIN'S celebrated *Dance of Death*. With what grim, satirical touch would not HOLBEIN have added an anti-vaccination cut to his series! The introductory note by AUSTIN DOBSON gives additional interest to this *livrette de luxe*.

Excellently got-up, and clearly printed is the very handy series of "The Temple Dramatists," brought out by J. M. DENT & Co. The latest addition to this issue is *Edward the Third*, a play to which it is impossible to doubt that SHAKSPEARE was a contributor. Mr. G. C. MOORE SMITH, the present editor, is of this opinion, though against him are ranged some of the most learned Shakspearian critics. Act II., Scene 1, is worthy of SHAKSPEARE. The idea of a lover employing a poet to make love for him to his inamorata, is the chief motive of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A coincidence. *King Edward* is the lover, and *Lodowick* is the poet.

K. E. Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, *Lodowick?*
Lod. Ready, my liege.

"Then," says *King Edward* to him, "drop into poetry" (this phrase does not occur in the play), whereupon *Lodowick* inquires:—

"To whom, my lord, shall I direct my style?"

Whereupon *King Edward* tells him to address his poetic effusion to the Countess of SALISBURY; but as it eventuates that *Edward the Third* is a better hand at "lyrics" than the professional gentleman whose services he has engaged, the King, after severely criticising the efforts of the hired poet, cries,

"Love cannot sound well but in love's tongues;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write."

Just as *Lady Macbeth* impetuously exclaims "Give *me* the dagger!" We trust there are many more as interesting volumes as this latest production from "The Temple Dramatists."

Something gorgeous in the way of journalism *de luxe* is the English edition of *La Mode Artistique*, entitled, *The Powder Puff*. Queens, Royal Highnesses, Princesses, and Duchesses patronise it, so it requires no "puff" from the Baron, to whom, as a compliment to the Baroness, the number for July has been forwarded. Oh, the wonderful women with the fanciful figures and waspish waists! And the bathing ladies! Why not dress the entire ballet of *baigneuses* in *Les Huguenots* after the fashion shown at page five? Then there 's a scene in the *salle à manger* of that hotel in Paris, into which, on account of its ominous name, not even the most unprincipled debtor would dare to venture, *viz.*, the Hôtel "*Ritz*." The coloured fashion-plates are charming, especially the *toilette de campagne créée pour Madame de P——* (is it La Princesse de Petits-Pois?), in which the wearer must feel herself so free and easy, that were she to change her present attitude the effect might be fatal. On second thoughts, this work shall not reach the Baroness's eyes, otherwise there might be a financial crisis in the City. "The *Powder Puff, chez moi*, must be discreetly bestowed, as powder puffs generally are," quoth the judicious BARON DE B.-W.



EARLY MORNING MARKETING.

Sarah Jane. "I DO BELIEVE, MUM, AS WE 'RE THE ONLY LIDIES IN THE PLICE!"



BISMA

JULY 30,



SMARCK.

JULY 30, 1898.



WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

THE BIGGLESBY FAMILY FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO HAVE THEIR USUAL HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE THIS YEAR, BUT WITH THE AID OF A FEW CARTLOADS OF SAND, AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION, THEY MAKE THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES IN THEIR BACK GARDEN.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

I.

THERE was a Time—inadequately sung—
When this extremely hoary World was young;
When none had learned, to any marked extent,
How sweet the uses of Advertisement,
Which, like the ugly toad, as someone said,
Still wears a useful jewel in his head.
Blest Age! ere Modesty was yet a jade,
When even Authors loved the lowly shade;
And sooner would have sunk inside the tomb
Than urge the loud preliminary boom!
No writer cared to sketch himself from life,
Or tell the World how much he loved his wife;
No interviewer claimed the current prices
For painting chaste suburban Paradises,—
The lady-novelist among her flowers,
The playwright plotting in his rural bowers.
Waiving alike their private woes or whims,
They sat apart composing local hymns;
And called themselves, in fine contempt for fame,
By HOMER'S (or another person's) name.
No publishers would wax exceeding stout,
Because there were no publishers about;
And consequently nobody decreed
What sort of stuff was proper stuff to read.
No enterprising literary sweaters
Assumed the thoughtful air of Men of Letters,
Or posed as patrons of the gentle Arts
Because they sold a tale in monthly parts.
No rising genius would hang his wall
With ancestors that never lived at all;
Or deem his *penetralia* incomplete
Without a parent made in Wardour Street.
No snob would tell his neighbour Who was Who,
Because the other party always knew;
And people seldom spoke of blood and birth,
When all were relatives of Mother Earth.
No Baronet was seen to draw his sword
Upon the offspring of a legal Lord;
Or went for bogus Barts. with naked fist,
Seeing that titles did not then exist.
In brief, the Earth was full of fair content
Before the d——l devised Advertisement!
But of the subsequent decline to speak
Will take us more than one ensuing week.
For 'tis, indeed, a very wide, wide World
At which our homely paper-dart is hurled,
Embracing many an intermarried tribe—
The pushing faddist and the puffing scribe,
The leading histrion, the lobby-hack,
The lying sportsman and the social quack,
The climbing orator, the *nouveau riche*,
Le Monde—as we may say—*où l'on s'affiche.*

"Sortes Virgilianæ."

EVIDENTLY, says Our Own Schoolboy, the poet was prophetically alluding to vaccination when he wrote,

"Arma virumque cano!"

which, regardless of gender, Our Advanced Scholar thus translates, "I sing of arms and *virus*."

CAGED BIRDS.

["Do not separate the couples. Give them time to make up their differences, and they will soon settle down."—*Advice on Canary Breeding.*]

BIRDS in their cages disagree,
And much resemble you and me,
Birds in their cages mope and mew,
Reminding me, my dear, of you.

Birds in their cages pluck out plumes,
First one, and then the other, fumes,
Birds in their cages fret and fuss,
In fact, they quite resemble us.

Birds in their cages take delight,
Like common married folk, to fight,
Birds in their cages, slang to speak,
Come for decisions to the "beak."

Birds in their cages will at last,
Like us, forget about the past,
Birds in their cages find it best
To live in peace and mind their nest.

ANOTHER "W. G."—The Great GUNN of Notts. WILLIAM GUNN has been playing for eighteen years in first-class matches. This GUNN ought to be loaded—with honours, before he goes off.

Up and Down.

WELLDON of Harrow resides on a hill,
And till he 's a Bishop he 'll live there still.
But when he 's a Bishop, as Bishop he 'll be,
He 'll come down the hill and he 'll go to the See.



"I SAY, BILL, WOT 'S A PRODIGAL?"
"WHY, A PRODIGAL 'S A SORT O' COVE AS KEEPS ON COMING BACK!"

THE NEW B.A.

THE *Medical Press and Circular* considers that hair-cutting and shaving operations should be conducted scientifically by a barber with "a smattering of anatomy and physiology," and some idea of "manipulating the microscope." A Tonsorial Tripos, to confer the degree of "B.A.," or "Barber of Arts," may be expected at Cambridge for the benefit of distinguished foreign artists. The following is the preliminary paper, communicated, under cover, to *Mr. Punch*:—

1. Draw a diagram of the facial tracts, indicating where you usually find the carotid artery and the jugular vein.

2. Show how to probe for the hyoid bone, where the subject has a double chin. Is this operation in all cases really necessary? Give instances where it may be obviated.

3. Point out the advantages of a knowledge of physiology in cranial manipulation; *e.g.*, demonstrate the quickest way (a) to drown, (b) to freeze, a patient while he is being shampooed.

4. What physiognomical peculiarities indicate that a client (i) has cut lectures that morning; (ii) lives over a boot-shop in Green Street; (iii) has fifteen photographs of Miss —— —— (the reigning 'Varsity actress) on his mantelshelf?

5. What is the exact phrenological meaning of the phrase "to make a bump"?

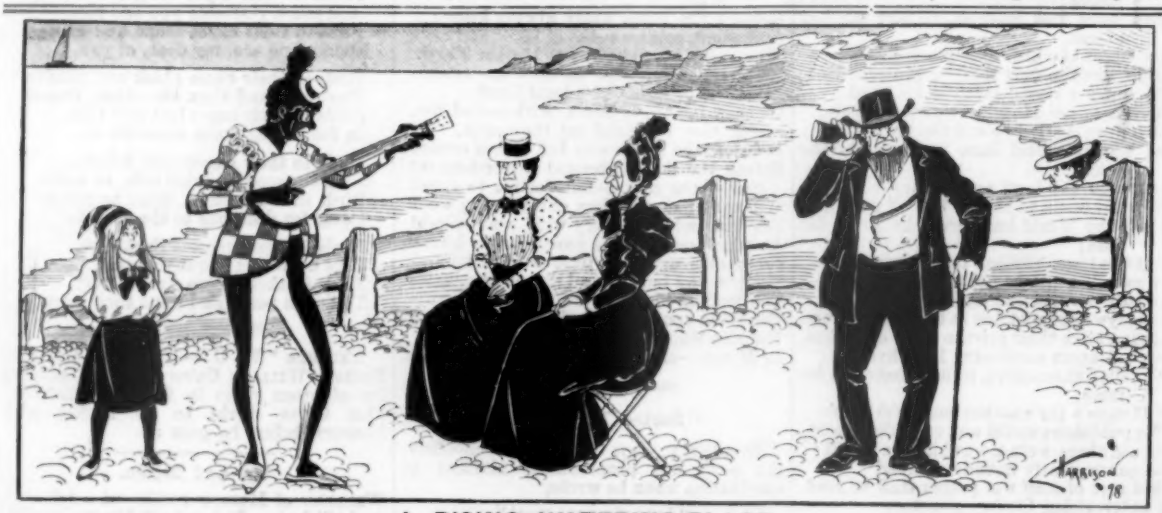
6. Why is it necessary to use a short-focus object-glass and high-power lens in treating the upper lip of a freshman?

7. How would you manipulate the English language, so as to impart freshness to the statements (i) that a customer's hair is getting thin; (ii) that you have exactly the needful corrective.

8. Give an ocular and oral demonstration on a bald old gentleman's head of your general knowledge of civil engineering, spherical trigonometry, hydraulics, landscape-gardening, phlebotomy and tommy-rotomy.

FABULA NARRATUR DE TEA.—When it was publicly announced that Sir THOMAS LIPTON was building a yacht in order to compete for the America Cup, there was a rush to *Mr. Punch's* office to suggest something about "hoping there would be no slip 'twixt Cup and Lip-ton." It has been done before, and will probably be perpetrated again. But *à propos* of Sir THOMAS, would it not be best for him (and for those writing about him), invariably to sign himself, not "Sir THOMAS," but "Sir '*T.*' LIPTON"?

IT SOUNDS LIKE IT.—Is "General WHEELER," of whom we have recently heard so much, a distinguished bicyclist?



A RISING WATERING-PLACE.

STON E-BEACH-ON-SEA. THE SEASON MAY NOW BE SAID TO BE IN FULL SWING. THIS MORNING A SINGLE-HANDED NEGRO ENTERTAINER GAVE HIS PERFORMANCE ON THE SANDS TO QUITE FIVE PEOPLE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 1.—Something truly pathetic about look and bearing of Mr. Caldwell. Prorogation cannot now be long postponed. If on this day fortnight James were, by force of habit, to take a penny 'bus as far as it would carry him from Holland Road in the direction of Westminster Bridge, intent on holding forth to a witched audience on the subject of the financial relations of England and Scotland, upon fixity of tenure, upon the superannuation of elementary school teachers regarded from the point of view of the Scottish law, he would find the door of the House shut in his face.

Close and heavy upon him looms the enforced silence of the Recess. For six long lean months he must needs shut up—at least, as far as public record goes. Remembers the old proverb about making hay whilst the sun shines. Will make speeches whilst the Speaker is in the Chair, and eke whilst an entirely unsympathetic Chairman of Ways and Means sits at the table.

Had a rare slice of good luck on Saturday. Prince Arthur, having spent a cheerful five hours in the Vaccination Hospital, proposed to run School Teachers' Superannuation Bill through second reading. Here was chance an eagle eye trained among the fastnesses of Milton on Campsie swiftly descried. Such is the bloodless character of rules governing debate in House of Commons that a man is positively permitted to make only one speech at the second reading stage of a Bill! It may be as long as he likes, and Mr. Caldwell, once on his legs, usually likes. But opportunity is strictly defined. When proposal to read a Bill a second time has been made, a Member may move the adjournment of the debate, talking at length thereupon without imperilling his privilege of later delivering another prodigious speech on the main question. So on Saturday, when artless Prince Arthur put forward second reading of Superannuation Bill, expressing hope that it might be disposed of in a brief space of time, James—our James, Scotland's James—rising like a lark, carolled over the head of the wretched House for full twenty minutes, concluding by moving adjournment of debate.

Hapless ministers, feeling impossibility of keeping House sitting further through Saturday half-holiday, perforce consented. To-day Bill comes up again for second reading. James also up again in his long frock coat, his face fringed with weak wan whiskers that have a curiously bored look, a dumb but eloquent appeal to passers-by to bring along a razor and deliver them.

As Sark acutely says, "We can, and indeed do, flee from the premises when we see James rise. His whiskers must, perforce, remain and suffer."

Business done.—Merrily clearing off arrears.

Tuesday.—"What I like about Yerburgh," says Sark, "is his pluck in blurting out to the face of ministers what other of their supporters murmur behind their backs. In club or smoking-room, on Terrace or in the lobby, wherever two or three ministerialists are gathered together, you are sure to hear them speaking disrespectfully of the Foreign Minister, just as if he were the equator. When it comes to debate in the House, they sit silent. If any one ventures to put question to test of vote, they meekly obey gesture of Whips; not only go into the lobby as directed, but give the Whips silver cigar-boxes and gold match-boxes for sending them there."

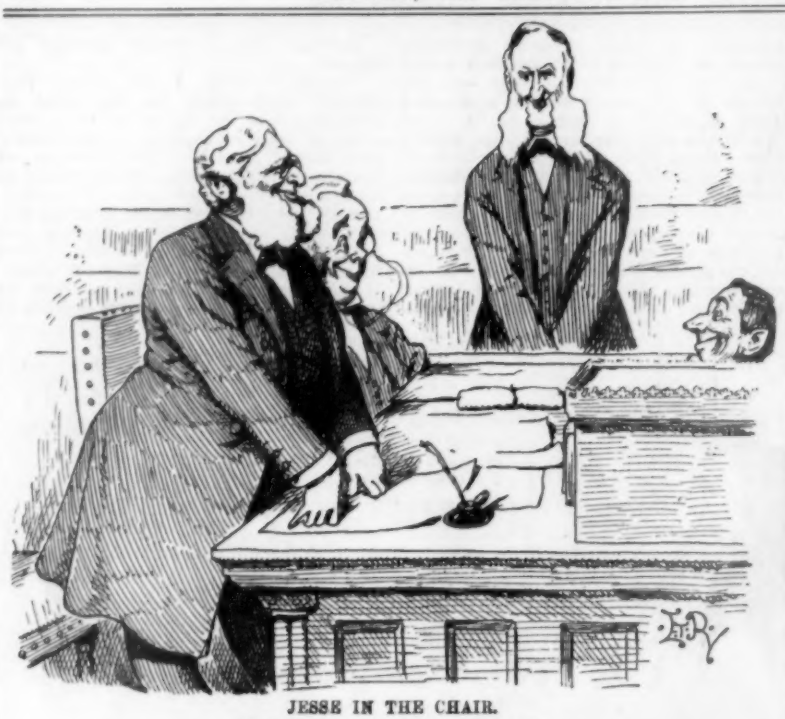
I don't know nearly as much about these (or any other) things as Sark does. Suppose if it came to anything like critical division, Yerburgh would go the whole match-box—that is, he would vote with his party even if he thought his esteemed Leaders were in the wrong. However that be, he to-night stood up boldly to his pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench.

One of the veterans amongst them, George Curzon to wit, was shocked, even deeply pained. What he can't a-bear is the idea of a young Member, well groomed, respectably connected, Major of the second volunteer battalion Cheshire Regiment, one who has enjoyed the advantage of serving as private secretary to Akers-



SURELY A MISNOMER.

"*Mr. Y-rb rgh.* "Well, whatever George Curzon may say, I 'll be hanged if I call *that* an 'Open Door.'"



JESSE IN THE CHAIR.

Mr. C-ldw-ll. "Mr. Lowther, Sir——!"

DOUGLAS, but who has never travelled in Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, Siam, Hindo-China, Corea, not to mention the Pamirs, presuming to discuss questions of foreign policy. Worst of it was, YERBURGH showed he had thoroughly studied his subject, was able to express his views cogently, and stood up effectively to PRINCE ARTHUR, JOKIM, and GEORGE CURZON, when in turn they interrupted him. A most promising speech, delivered under exceptionally embarrassing circumstances with regard to hour of night and jaded condition of House.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote reported.

Thursday.—"Thank Heaven for the House of Lords!" said HARRY CHAPLIN, mopping his massive but heated brow as, just now, he strode forth from the gilded chamber. Truly a great triumph for President of Local Government Board. For weeks been fighting the Anti-Vaccinists at Ephesus—represented at Westminster by the Grand Committee room. Brought in his Bill; triumphantly carried second reading; at later stage clause introduced whereby a man having conscientious scruples might, undeterred by penal consequences, prepare the way for spread of small pox. Electoral exigencies compelled Government surrender. The conscience, or small pox, clause included in Bill and sent on to the Lords. Ministerial majority in that House, regardless of the Whips, scored out the clause.

SARK says it was STANLEY OF ALDERLEY did it. Impossible for the strongest prejudice, the most loyal deference to party ties, to withstand his keen argument, his subtle irony, his flashing eloquence.

I suppose that's so; but I confess I didn't hear a word of the speech. When AILESBURY had finished coughing out his observations, I saw a peer advance to table on Opposition side. There followed an interval of something like ten minutes, during which noble lords sat in attitude of polite attention. Meanwhile the peer stood at the table, turning his head occasionally from side to side, now and then thumping the table, as if he had suddenly remembered something. Accompanying the pantomime was faint rumbling sound, as if some one was imprisoned in the cellar, and was wanting to know when they would let him out for refreshments. At the end of ten minutes the peer gave the table a conclusive thump and sat down.

I thought he had at last remembered the something he had been groping after. But SARK says it was STANLEY OF ALDERLEY either supporting or opposing the amendment, he didn't know which. However it be, the small pox clause was struck out and CHAPLIN revenged.

Business done.—Government defeated in Lords on Vaccination Bill by 40 votes against 38.

Friday.—FLETCHER MOULTON back again, *viâ* Launceston. In erudition, in scholarship, in intellectual force, the House, without taking thought, has added a cubit to its stature. Members all "unionist" in the hope that the brilliant undergraduate, who in his year cleared Cambridge of prizes, and has since captured a foremost position at the Bar, has come to stay.

Business done.—Resolve by 129 against 34 to disagree with Lords' Amendments to Vaccination Bill.

At Canterbury—A Fact.

First Stranger (*reading bill*). And who are "The Old Stagers"?

Well-informed Visitor. A lot of worn-out cricketers who've had to take to play-acting for a livelihood.

VICTORY (?)

["The time has now arrived when it is imperative for the L. L. P. to fight to win, and not to lose. . . . Mr. QUELCH scored 270 votes at Reading."—*Daily Paper.*]

"No longer shall the I. L. P.
Provoke your scorn or pity;
No longer shall the party be
A butt for Pressmen witty;
Another epoch 's ushered in;
From this day forward we begin
A new *régime*—we fight to win!"
Declared the bold Committee.

We heard, and trembling like a flock
Of sheep, some danger dreading,
We wondered for what hidden rock
The country might be heading;
But, blest relief! we breathed anew,
Vanished our fears of revolution when we learnt how Mr. Q.
Had "fought to win" at Reading.

HANDLING A SPADE IN THE "QUARTERLY."—In the *Quarterly* for July, a reviewer, writing on "The Mycenæan Age," "The Greek Epic," and other works of light and leading literature, gives his principal attention to "The Spade in Prehistoric Greece." The interest of the reader is naturally aroused to know whether these *Antiquissimi Græci* did "call a spade a spade," or whether they possessed any dexterous receipt for getting themselves out of the difficulty. The learned writer having found "reasonable links," will no doubt in some future number, while reserving his spade for a trump card, improve the occasion offered by "reasonable links" to discuss Antediluvian Golf. Then as a *sequitur*, Classical Cricket and Phœnician Football.

A CURE FOR THE SCORCHER.

[According to the *Medical Press*, a new disease has been discovered by a French physician, and named by him, "locomotor hysteria." The principal symptom of this malady is an uncontrollable desire to travel rapidly over the ground.]

DEAL gently, Man in Blue,
Inflict no needless torture
With bâton or lassoo
Upon the giddy scorcher!

Spare him the prison cell,
The handcuffs and the skilly,
If, minus brake and bell,
He coasts down gradients hilly.

Spare him, I pray, the Law's
Stipendiary terrors,
When once you 've learnt the cause
Of headlong 'ARRY's errors.

Hysteria, of the sort
Called "locomotor" tersely,
Has seized the wheelman's sport
Pervasively, perversely.

Insidious, uncontrolled,
The malady has tricked him—
'Tis useless then to scold
A neuropathic victim!

THE GUINNESS DIVIDEND.—Nineteen per cent.! Bravo! Stout and substantial! Noble is this distribution of Guinness! They give away the pounds and let the shillings take care of themselves.

QUERY.—Instead of an Anti-Vaccination Policy, why doesn't the Government adopt an Anti-Vacillation Policy?

'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'

—LORD LYTTON.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'



SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'

—BISHOP HALL.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by NATURAL MEANS.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours truly—VERITAS."

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

The Secret of Success—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS

SMALL 0X &c

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH

INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP

MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES

LANCET

IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

MACGREGOR'S

FAMOUS

WHISKY.

'The Spirit of the Age.'



PALATABLE.

PURE.

PERFECT.

Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.

Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.

Net Cash Carriage Paid.

MACGREGOR & TURNER,

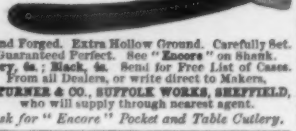
(ESTABLISHED 1859.)

25 & 26, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

EXCORE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,

T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.

Ask for "Excore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS

of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.



Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.

W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

Instant relief for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair, in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humour cures.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

"How to Cure Itching Skin Diseases," post free.

RED ROUGH HANDS Softened & Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

BRILL'S

Sea Baths at Home. **SEA**

Bracing and Refreshing. **SALT.**

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 32, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

IF YOU APPRECIATE

QUALITY

TRY THE FAMOUS

UAM-VAR

SCOTCH WHISKY

And you will not be disappointed.

INNES & CRIEVE LTD.,

EDINBURGH & LONDON.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ZERINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ZERINE is invaluable.

ROSBACH

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

ROSBACH SPRINGS, Ltd., 19, Regent Street, S.W.



After Golf, or any other outdoor exercise, PEARS' SOAP will remove sunburn, and produce a bright, clear complexion.

Established over 100 years—20 International awards.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street in the Precinct of Whitefriars in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride City o London.—Saturday, August 13, 1898.

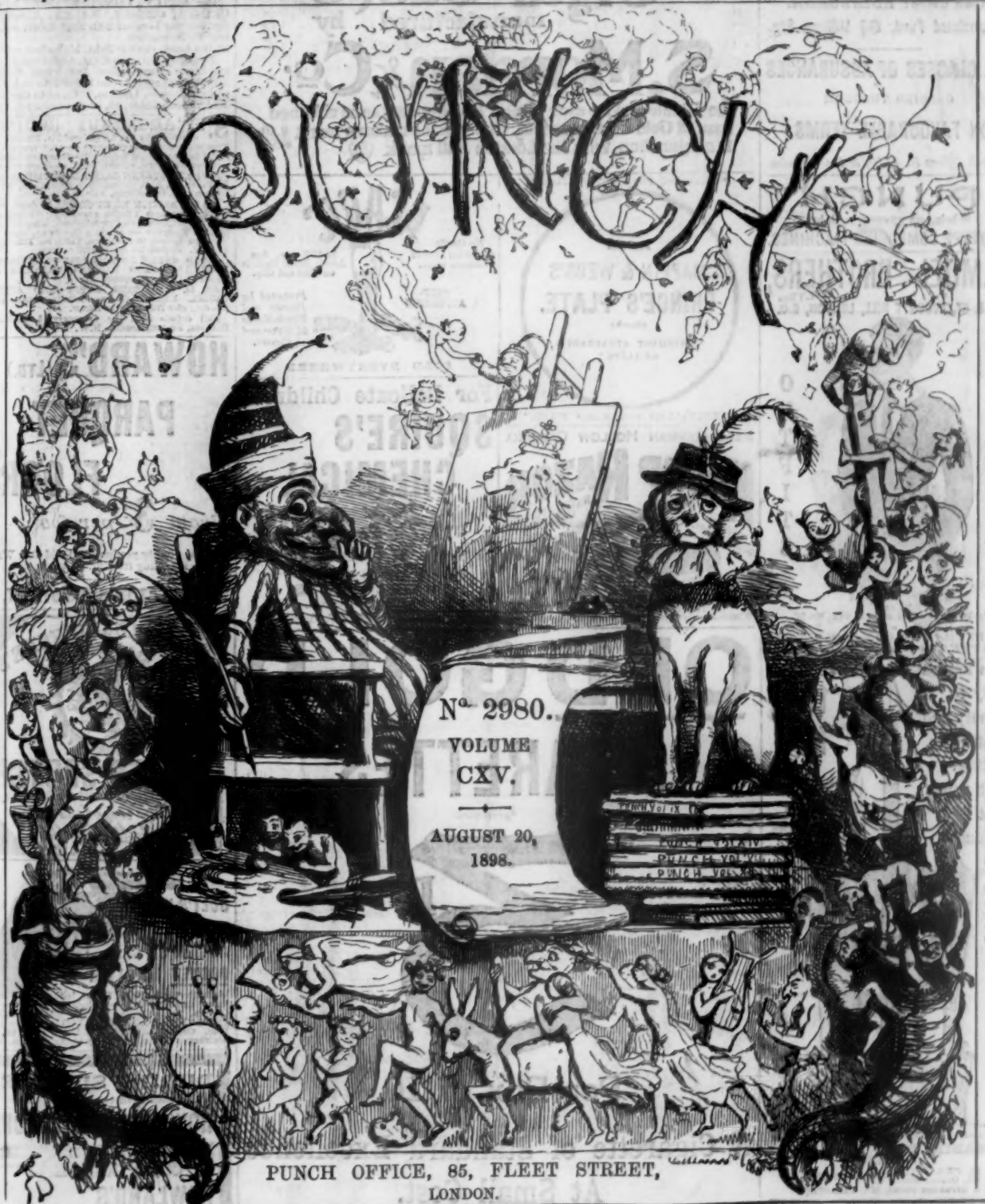
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS AND SKETCHES FROM "PUNCH."

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

A HISTORY. ILLUSTRATED FROM "PUNCH." The special and cheap edition now being issued will contain, when completed, nearly 500 Cartoons and Sketches from "PUNCH." Nos. 1 and 2 now ready, price 1s. each. ["PUNCH" OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

No. 2980.
VOLUME CXV.
AUGUST 20, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

85 & 87, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS

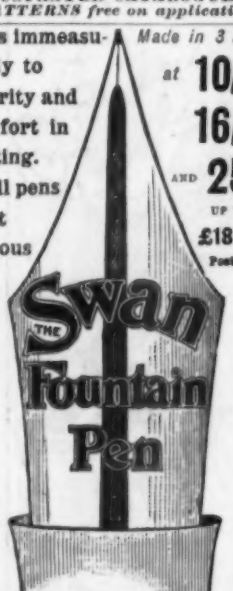


"Eton."

Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 8 in., 20s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s. 3d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6 AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

(Dept. A. 8.)

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
208, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

GOLD & SILVER

Cigar Cases

manufactured by

S. Mordan & Co.

The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M. & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

PRINCE'S PLATE.

(Regd.)

"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

English Manufacture.



WARRANTED PERFECT

Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 21s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

"Shaver's Kit and Outfit." Post Free.

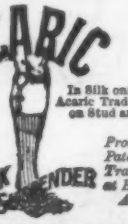
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

ACARIC

No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

SELF-ADJUSTING



SOCK SUSPENDER

Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists,

413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES

3D

Per Box of 10.

A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.

MANUFACTURED FROM

PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises by their Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register,

For COPENHAGEN, WISBY, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, BALTIC CANAL, &c., leaving London 17th August, returning 14th September.

For SICILY, CONSTANTINOPLE, the CRIMEA, GREECE, MALTA, ALGIERS, &c., leaving London 20th September, returning 8th November.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CRUISES, organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,354, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts and improvements, electric light, excellent cuisine.

£14 14s. NORTHERN CAPITALS CRUISE (19 days), Baltic Canal, Kiel, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Wisby, Gothenburg, Christiania, August 17th.

£10 10s. BRITISH ISLES CRUISE (13 days), Newcastle, Tilbury (for London passengers), Portsmouth, Plymouth, Queenstown for Killarney, Kingstown for Dublin, Portrush for Giant's Causeway, along the Western Islands to Aberdeen, Leith for Edinburgh, Tilbury. September 6th to 18th or 20th.

£14 14s. CRUISE (19 days) LISBON, MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, TANGIER and GIBRALTAR. September 22nd.

£26 5s. PALESTINE, EGYPT AND ATHENS CRUISE. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3d. *per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

Really wholesome Confectionery. Lancet



COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest and Best Revolver made for Travellers and Cyclists. It supersedes all others. COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS & LIGHTNING RIFLES. Price Lists Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., 26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

DURING SUMMER

You should never be without a bottle of

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

Which cools and refreshes the face and hands, removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, and Roughness; heals and cures Irritation, Eruptions. Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

the most effectual preserver and restorer of the hair, and is also sold in a *Golden Colour* for ladies and children with fair or golden hair, as it does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.



Mabel. "I THINK IT 'S CRUEL TO SHOOT BIRDS, RONALD."
Ronald. "THEN WHY DO YOU WEAR THE WINGS OF ONE IN YOUR HAT?"

DARBY JONES ON A LAMENTED DEATH AND TURF NOMENCLATURE.

HONOURED SIR,—Ever since escaping from the Hon. FLIFLATT, Captain KRITERION & Co. at Southampton under the plea (like officers during the Crimean war) of "urgent family affairs," I have rejoiced at my return to *Terra Firma*. I can surmise, Sir, that you will enquire "who was responsible for the hire of the Yacht?" I resent the probably enquiry, and indignantly, though ungrammatically, reply, "Not me"—distinctly Not Me. I took a train as quickly as I could to Kempton Park *viâ* Clapham Junction, and immediately returned with the joy of an Urchin released from his Seminary to Holiday Pleasure. Perish the Sea and all its Attributes. Give me the Land.

But Kempton Park was far from cheerful. You need not enquire why now. Mr. S. H. HYDE, the honoured and loved Secretary and Manager, passed away during the battling of the meeting of which he was both Creator and Director. His death caused a Thrill throughout the Gathering as powerful as was the beat of his Noble, Honest Heart. Mr. HYDE, Sir, was not only a Great but a Good Man. He had the Welfare of the Turf in view, even to his own (apparent) Detriment. He surmounted obstacles more difficult to negotiate than those which he used in the Winter Season at Kempton. He made the Park what it is, the best race-ground in the world, and he was in the execution of his duty Fearless to do Right so that others should do no Wrong. My Miserable Muse is willing but unable to do justice to his memory, but a Bard, who shall be nameless, sends me the following lines:—

"Brave, honest soul! we ne'er again
Shall m-et beneath the Kempton trees;
Together hear the glad refrain
Of thousands whom you sought to please!
But this at least we surely know,
A favourite you were to "claim"
Not in a "selling" race. Your name
Could not conceal the debt we owe
To Him who never had a foe!"

To sum up, Mr. HYDE found Kempton a wilderness, and left it an oasis in the desert.

It is time, Honoured Sir, that the Working Members of the Jockey Club should turn their Attention, when not occupied with the leasing of Desirable Lands roundabout Newmarket, to the Naming of the Flyers of the Turf. The British Public is a singularly Forbearing Animal, not altogether dissimilar from the Patient Animal known as the Jerusalem Pony. But the B. P. likes to know its Methods of Progression. It strikes me, in the first place, that it reflects no credit on the ingenuity of an Owner of Racehorses to keep running a colt or a filly with no more *Definite Appellation* than that of *Oliver Twist* when he was admitted to the workhouse. To read that the Geranium Colt or the Gardenia Filly has run some contest at Lewes or Paisley is very misleading, when these same Quadrupeds figure later on as *Polyanthus* and *Stephanotis*. The *Racing Calendar* is not largely bought by the B. P., and HER MAJESTY'S permission is not needed for change of name. I am sorry to say that there are those who work this lax state of affairs to their own Profit. Equally pernicious is the system permitted of adding Roman Numbers to quadrupeds sharing the same name. I have read in the *Almanach de Gotha*, which I have perused (with the aid of a Dictionary, English-French), that there is a distinguished Teutonic Personage known as Prince HENRY THE SIXTY-SEVENTH of Reuss, a Territory subject to the will of the Father of the Fatherland. Far be it from me to decry the custom of this Ancient Principality, but in common with many other Frequenters of the Flat, I do demur to the Practice of the Princes of Reuss (a territory considerably less than that devoted to the Turf of Great Britain) being applied to Equine Candidates for Honours in our own Country. We are already in the Second Generation, *Bridegroom II.*, *St. Cloud II.* &c.; but where are we going to stop? We may come to *Bridegroom XXIV.*, and *St. Cloud XXXV.* I know, Honoured Sir, that there are Classic Scholars (such as yourself) who earn handsome incomes by standing Godfathers to this Colt or that Filly, and therefore the more do I contend that the Jockey Club should ordain—

1. That all horses must run under a given name.

2. That all owners should be forbidden to append numerals to such names.

This suggestion is not so controversial as the Conscience Clause of the Vaccination (Heaven help the Nation—never mind the Vaccine) Government Dilly-dally Bill, but it is COMMON SENSE.

With such sentiments, I remain,
Your Never-forgotten Pensioner,
DARBY JONES.

THE JADED JESTER IN AUGUST.

I COULD jest
With the best,
Or a jape
Put in shape;
And once on a time,
You 'll allow,
Could fashion a rhyme—
But not now.

Blank my mind
Is, I find,
On my lips
No more quips;
'Tis awfully hot,
You 'll admit,
I really cannot
Work a bit.

A BERLIN.—Although Berlin is "on the Spree," its cheerfulness is considerably discounted by "the Oder" in its vicinity.



"OUR MR. BERESFORD"

Commercial Travelling in China.

["Lord CHARLES BERESFORD has assented to the request of the Chairman of the Associated Chambers of Commerce to go to China, in order to find out what are the prospects for the employment of British capital in that country. The Lords of the Admiralty have assented to the project."—*Daily Paper.*]

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Carmina, non leges!"—*Horace.*

Naval Songs.—The importance of good naval songs cannot be over-emphasised. Unfortunately, none are published which are *up-to-date*. The beautiful imagery of the older songs of the Dibdin type is no longer adequate in these days of ironclads and torpedoes. It is evident that the time-honoured expression, "shiver my timbers," must give way to "ram my protective plating," and so on, all along the line. There may be a loss from a sentimental point of view. Dibdin's "*Sweet Little Cherub*" would probably turn out something like this:

"There's a quick-firing gun that is perched up aloft
To look after the foes of poor Jack!"

It doesn't look exactly right.

Jack's Love.

I love a gal, I do.
'Cos why? Her name is Nancy!
I swear as I'll be true,
She says it's only fancy.
I says to her, "My dear,
Avast there, you're a beauty!
You've got no call to fear,
To love you is my duty.

"From out your conning-tower
Your search-lights gleam so brightly,
My heart they overpower,
They haunt me day-and-nightly.
Though I should steel my breast
With six-inch "Harveyed" armour,
'Twould never stand the test
Of your attack, my charmer!

"Just look me in the heye,
I ain't a dashed torpedo—
Now stow it, don't you cry,
There ain't a bit of need, oh!
My heart with love is hot
As any "Belleville" biler;
What makes you think it's not?
Cheer up, my pretty smiler!

"It rakes me fore and aft
To see you sad unduly,
Give up your little craft,
And join in with yours truly.
'Twin-screws,' we'll surely plough
Through life's rough sea together,
I'll run with you, I vow,
Come fine or stormy weather.

"If war should call for Jack,
You really must not worrit,
I'll face the foe's attack
From barbette, top or turret.
By thoughts of Nancy led,
No matter what befalls me,
I'll go 'full steam ahead'
Wherever duty calls me."

"SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS."

(*A Page from a Holiday-Maker's Diary.*)

Monday.—Delighted with all I see. Capital band plays all the best music. Bathing admirable; just what I like. Drives most interesting; all sorts of historical spots worth visiting. Splendid library; make up for my neglect in not reading everything before. And such a good hotel! Cook evidently *cordon bleu*. Satisfied with everything.

Tuesday.—Certainly pleasant. But I do wish that band would move on. It might visit adjacent watering-place—and stay there—with advantage. Still, leaving out the band, a very decent spot indeed. Not so very much to complain of.

Wednesday.—Think I was right to come. Find, however, that the bathing might be better. Machines of the old-fashioned sort and the water of third-rate attractiveness. Besides, remember that my doctor told me I was not to take a bath except with the chill off. Can't get chill off the ocean. Still, leaving out the band—which *will* play on—and the bathing, a fairly good resting-place. Not very much to complain of.

Thursday.—Tol lol! However, I can't stand the drives. Never came across such ramshackle flies in my life. And places of historical interest, indeed! Who cares a hang to see the alleged resting-place of Charles the First after his flight from Oxford. Great rot! Still, omitting drives, and the band—worse than ever!—and bathing, occasionally amusing. Not much to complain of.

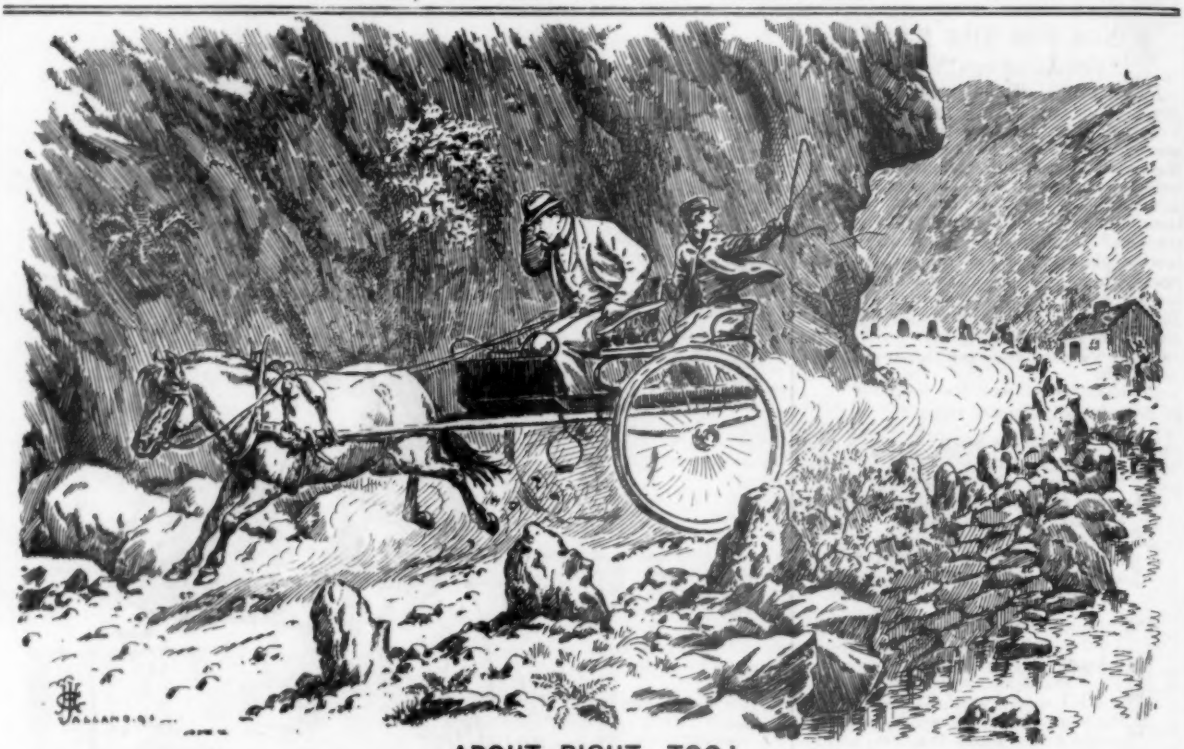
Friday.—Still here! But, good gracious! fancy counting upon the library as an attraction! Of all the out-of-date, unsaleable rubbish! Not a novel worth reading, and the rest impossible. Confess disappointment. Still, with the books left out, and the band—curse it!—banished, and the bathing and driving omitted, might possibly rub on. Not altogether dissatisfied.

Saturday.—Thank goodness, on the move. Could stand it no longer. Such a hotel! Row with everybody. Tough steak the last straw. So am off. Good-bye to the wretched resting-place, the beastly band—my worst imprecations upon it!—the health-destroying bathing, the revolting promenades, the rotten library. Farewell, a long farewell to them all. Satisfied with nothing!



She. "How is that Brother of yours doing?"
He. "Oh, splendidly! He's just borrowed Ten Pounds from me."

The New Governor-General of India.—A "Nat" annoying to the Russian Bear.



ABOUT RIGHT, TOO!

'Arry (on Tour in Norway). "SO THIS IS RIDING IN A STOLKJERRE, IS IT? WELL, I CALLS IT RIDING IN A JOLT-YER AND FRIGHTEN-YER!"

(?) FROM "FAR CATHAY."

AT vast expense, we commissioned a (more or less) trusted correspondent to send us a brief account of some junk racing, which, he informed us, was quite the rage amongst the Chinese "*Jeunesse Dorée.*"* It runs thus:—

On my arrival in this far-off land, I met, by chance, a neglected native poet, UN-SUNG, who, together with a companion of his, accompanied me to the scene of the great aquatic contest, which is here known as the festival of Kowe-Sweek-Yot-ting. UN-SUNG kindly furnished me with the names of the competing junks and their owners, which I append:—

Junk.	*Owner.*
1. *Ayl-Sah*	SUN-OF-JIM.
2. *Sen-Tah*	AYE-BU-SING.
3. *Bo-Nah*	DU-KEE-AR-ROO-SEE.
4. *Eyes-old-ah* . . .	DON-ALD-SUN.

In gratitude for this, I invited UN-SUNG and his friend to moisten their celestial lips with some wiskisodah (native drink). Both he and his companion, TAY-KA-LONG-WUN, readily accepted, and we adjourned to a small refreshment house ("*Pub-lik*"), and there sipped this not ungrateful fluid. Under its influence, UN-SUNG lifted up his voice, and drawing a roll of closely-written manuscript, about four feet long, from his sleeve, proceeded to read me much of his life's work—more of his life's work, in fact, than I had any use for, at that moment. I told him I would call in and take the rest when I had a month hanging heavy on my hands. Then we went out and watched the noble junks hoist their great white sails aloft, and prepare for the start.

When all was at length in readiness, the Mandarin presiding over the Festival, and who was addressed as *Kom-ah-dor*, fired a signal gun (the recoil from which knocked him flat on his back, and sent his peacock's feather flying), and the competitors were despatched on their journey, or, in the quaint language of the people, were "*Un-dah-wai.*" The junk belonging to SUN-OF-JIM led, AYE-BU-SING's boat coming next. Great excitement prevailed along the shore where I stood, and order had to be preserved by the "*Bob-bais,*" or native police. The junks were soon temporarily lost to sight, and then, whilst black-faced troubadours twanged on stringed instruments, and sang their native love songs, most of the people opened baskets and partook of the mid-day repast ("Lun-Chon"), this being washed down by copious draughts of *Ay-yah-lah-see*, *Klee-Ko*, *Mo-Ay*, and other delectable drinks.

So cosmopolitan have I become from much travel, that, instead of wrapping myself up in my insular pride and prejudice, I determined to share their frugal repast, and to make myself one of them, so, selecting what looked like the party of a high-class Mandarin, I nodded genially to him, and taking from his hand the bottle from which he was helping himself to *Mo-Ay*, poured out a tumblerful and was raising it to drink his health, when, to my intense astonishment, it was dashed from my hands, and, almost at the same time, I seemed to be sitting on his foot for a brief moment, and then lying on my face with my nose buried in the crust of the puppy-dog pie. For an instant, I could hardly grasp the fact that I had been insulted ("*Kik-Tout*" in the vernacular). Not content with this, the Mandarin, who, I have since heard, belongs to the most exalted Order of the Royal "Yots-Kwod-Ron," commanded a *Bob-bai* to "*Yank-y-mout!*" and I was ignominiously conducted through the crowd by my collar. I explained to the almond-eyed follower of CONFUCIUS that if he would release me, I would bestow upon him a certain reward. I also informed him that I was a lone, unprotected male, far from home and friends and things, and whether it was my tale of woe or the tael of silver which I gave him, I cannot say, but the fact remains that he let me go.

Having got rid of TAY-KIM-UP, I returned, but avoided catching the eye—or foot—of the Mandarin who had treated me so inhospitably. The junk of AYE-BU-SING ultimately gained a victory over that belonging to DU-KEE, DON-ALD-SUN being third with *Eyes-old-ah*. Am just off to Pekin. CHIN CHIN.

* Our Special's letter has every appearance of having been written some time ago, and therefore the writer *may* have been to China. But—it did not come by post, having been left mysteriously at our office by a lad who said there was no answer.—ED.

"ANOTHER serious charge against ESTERHAZY."—So said the papers last week. His prospects are becoming Ester-hazier-and-hazier.

OSTEND.

When my friend Vanderblank invited me to visit him in Ostend, he advised me to bring a bicycle. There are but few dangerous hills within five hundred miles of the town, and bicycle riding is, in consequence, safe and luxurious.

Arrive at Victoria with my bicycle, three bags, a bowler hat, and the usual bundle of coats and sticks. Find there a vast number of persons all similarly equipped, many having also boxes. Platform blocked with bicycles, bags, boxes, bundles and bowlers; carriages filled with them; racks overflowing. However, arrangements admirable, and there is even room somewhere for a number of trippers, with the minimum of luggage, who are going to spend a week in Lucerne for half-a-crown, or thereabouts. At Dover the waves are dashing over the pier.

Descend to the steamer's saloon, adorned with the efforts of Belgian art, and obtain a sandwich. As a work of art it is rather unsatisfactory. A sandwich provided by the Belgian Government, or by any civilized government, ought to be good. At least, it ought to be large, since the Belgians are always hungry, and cheap, since they are practical and frugal. But it is none of these. It is the worst sandwich that I have ever tasted or seen; it is the most expensive that I have ever heard of. It is a thick lump of old cab-horse, partially cooked, between two slices of detestable bread; it is not more than three inches square, and it costs sixpence.

Resolve to eat no more till I reach the villa of the hospitable Vanderblanks. Am hopefully hungry by the time we are in sight of Ostend. Am fairly famished when at last I grasp the friendly hand of Vanderblank on the quay. Expect that in a few minutes I shall be eating a "fivocklock" at his house. But no! The Belgian Government does not let me off so easily. It has done its best to make me uncomfortable with its sandwich, and now it has got hold of my bicycle. After about half an hour my bags have passed the Custom House, and Vanderblank is sitting with them outside in a *fiacre*, and then the fun begins.

In a very small space, choked up with bicycles, a crowd of angry and impatient English travellers and Belgian officials are pushing here and there. The English are too agitated to speak much French, the Belgians speak no English, and all the time they are asking each other unintelligible questions. In the midst of the crowd stands a stolid Fleming writing incessantly in an enormous book. To each one of us, after long waiting, he delivers an immense document, compared to which the last will and testament of a millionaire would be a mere trifle. It is the *Acquit de Transit* of the *Administration des Contributions Directes* for the *marchandises ci-après désignées, marquées et numérotées ainsi qu'il suit, savoir: Une bicyclette.* There is any amount of it, every word being given in French and in Flemish. There is also a receipt for the *Droits de douane*, a comparatively tiny document, though it is about as long as the lease of an English house. Meanwhile the train for Brussels has started, and the travellers who have missed it are furious. But the stolid Fleming continues placidly, until at last I pay my thirty francs, receive my documents, get them signed and countersigned, have my bicycle *plombée*, and rush out to the unfortunate Vanderblank, who is abusing the institutions of his native land with admirable impartiality. As for me, by this time I am simply starving.

So no more at present from the Rover, who is roving this time at a very little distance from London. Robinson the Rover.

THE TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE.

(*Fragment from an Educational Romance picked up on the Thames Embankment.*)

The Visitor asked the Contractor how much it would cost to erect the building.

"About £2,000, Sir," was the reply.

"Then, if I say £5,000, I shall be safe?"

"Safe—quite safe."

"And now, what will chairs cost?"

"Well, Sir, chairs are rather outside my line, but five shillings apiece should secure a serviceable article."

"Then if I say thirty shillings each, I shall again be on the right side?"

"Indeed, you will, Sir," returned the Contractor, earnestly. "You will leave an ample margin."

"And about copy-books? What should they cost?"

"About a shilling a dozen, I should think. But, again——"

"Then a shilling each would do very well?" interrupted the Visitor. "A shilling each would not be too low an estimate?"

"On the contrary, ample, ample. But——"



LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

"D'year as 'ow old Bob Osborne 'ave give up Shrimpin' an took ter Winklin'?" "Well, I 'm blest!"

"Then there are the salaries of the teachers. What do you think they ought to be paid?"

"Again, Sir, I am afraid you are going beyond my knowledge. But, as a personal matter, I may say that a niece of mine would be delighted to earn eighty pounds a year."

"Then eight hundred should be liberal? We might put down the salaries at eight hundred."

"My dear Sir," protested the Contractor, "I really know nothing about these matters. But the building, shall I take that affair in hand?"

"No," said the Visitor, "why should you?"

"Why, did you not come here to order it?"

"Certainly not. I came here in the service of the public."

The Contractor was perplexed. What did his Visitor mean? Who could he be?

"No," returned the would-be servant of the public. "I am not mad, though the acts of my colleagues savour of insanity. I am asking all these questions and making all these estimates because I am in training for the Finance Committee of the School Board for London."

JEAMES JUNIOR ON HIS LEGS.

Sir,—I ear has it ave been said by some Honble gent in Parlymint as "thirty-three per cent. of calves were affected by tuberculosis." I copy the egstrack as printid in the *Times* newspaper. Xcuse me sir but the ellegant shape of all the calves of the purfessional gentlemen as are hornyments to sassiety is not doo to hanythink unealthy, like "tuberculosis," tho it may be aggeriwated by overstuffin (with paddin, not over-feedin) wich is the contrairy of hartistick.

Yours,
Bilgravyer. Jeames Junior.

P.S.—Ave just seen a contrarydikshun wich says as "dairy cows and cattle" were meant not "calves." But no matter. My statement is not efected.



THE DRAWBACKS OF TOURING IN FRANCE.

Jones (coasting down the hill at twenty miles an hour). "MERCIFUL HEAVENS! I WONDER WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR 'GOOD OLD FELLOW!'"

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

II.—THE MANX METHOD.

If one may credit what the bards record,
That Virtue's self was once her sole reward,
Then, to the thoughtful student of to-day,
It seems that some of us have gone astray.
And when we try to probe the crucial spot,
To touch the germ of this lamented "rot,"
We find the doctors, our supposed superiors,
Have quite forgot to dose their own interiors;
That those who teach in novel, play and poem
The paths of Virtue, so that fools may know 'em,
And therefore might, a little less than others,
Set bad ensamples to their simpler brothers,
Themselves purvey the Truth, the written sign,
For all the lucre they can lift *per* line.
Time was, before the art became a trade,
When authorship was rather lightly paid;
When just a paltry fiver was the price
Of MILTON'S little thing on Paradise;
But, though I think that inwardly he swore
Because he failed to make a trifle more,
He would not ask aloud for further oof,
But, rich in Virtue's rubies, smiled aloof,
Deeming their value, nett, to be enormous,
Compared with baser gems from Ind or Ormus.
Nor did the best of writers then suspect
That they were Heaven's peculiar own elect,
Or wear the swollen head and pompous airs
Of persons who conduct the World's affairs.
Take SHAKSPEARE, now—the well-known man who wrote
A deal of poetry that people quote—
Having revealed some promise in his plays,
How did he spend his later manhood's days?
Did he appear on platforms in a wreath
With rows of paid reporters underneath?
Did he inflame the interviewer's heart
With lectures on Elizabethan art?
Or issue public bulletins upon
The operations he had undergone?
Did he engage his critics in a feud?
Or sit for several portraits? No; *he brewed!*
Brewed, too, for just the joy of making beer,
And not in order to become a Peer;
Brewed pecks of malt in that domestic haven
From which he took the title, Swan of Avon;
Although to him it never once occurred
That he resembled that engaging bird.
He wore his wisdom lightly as the air,
nd wondered how it happened to be there;
Did not so much as mention in his will
One solitary product of his quill;
And left posterity to lie awake on
The question whether SHAKSPEARE wasn't BACON!
Next, please,—to illustrate the modern plan,
Observe the representative of Man!
(That is, the island, not the human race,
The Author's view not counting in the case)
Fair lies his home on yonder castled hill,
The tout's resort, the puffer's Rosherville,
For truly he must travel far to seek
A place to spend a more suggestive week.
There by the Master's side his hours are spent
Imbibing candid tips on self-content;
Of which he ultimately gets the gist
Type-written by the Master's actual fist;
Together with an incidental hint
That things like this look better still in print.
But when the compromising truth is out,
How all the blessed booming came about,
The Author asks: "Am I a Cainine dog,
That I should urge my own revolving log?"
Alleges that he never, *never* thought
His confidence was being sold and bought;
If hospitality is thus betrayed,
The race is growing sadly retrograde!
And while a pretty interchange of blows
Peppers the Master's eyes and minion's nose,
And each apparently is taking pains
To drag the other's honour through the drains,
You find—so cleverly the thing is done—
The Master's Works a-selling by the ton!
This for the type of those that hawk their stuff
By process of the self-conducted puff,
Loud as the pillule-sign whose rude insistence
Shatters the nerves at almost any distance.

Scarcely Correct.

Lord Greenpark (*to* Mr. DE LA BOURSE, *who has asked him to lunch at the City Athenæum Club*). Are there any lady members?

Mr. De la B. Good Heavens, no! The aprons belong only to the Parent Institution in Pall Mall. (*After a slight pause.*) But the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street is, of course, an honorary member.

In the Smoke-room.

First Non-City Man. What does "Bank Rate unchanged" mean?

Second Ditto. Don't know exactly; but if the money goes out of the Bank as fast as it does out of *my* bank, the sooner there 's a stop the better, otherwise there 'll be no change at all soon.

[*Sighs, and calls for something iced.*

TINTERN ABBEY TO BE SOLD.—Its name will be justified, as the owner will turn over tin by the sale.



THE NEW STAR OF INDIA.

Right Hon. A. Balfour. "OFF TO CALCUTTA! THEN, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. HOPE YOU WON'T FIND IT TOO HOT!"

Right Hon. G. Curzon. "WELL! AT TIMES WE'VE KNOWN IT TO BE FAIRLY SULTRY HERE. EH?"



Scene—*Village Agricultural Show. Ponies in the Ring.*

Voice from the Crowd (to Groom on high-stepper). "Let his head go a bit, ma lad! Let his head go down! Can't yer see he's a tryin' to scrat (scratch) it!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

When the story of Nansen's journey, *Farthest North*, was first published, it was, necessarily, issued at a price prohibitive save to "them as is rich and rides in chaises." Now, thanks to the business enterprise of Messrs. George Newnes, we can all buy the book and read "like blazes." It is out, at moderate price, in two handsome volumes, with all the original illustrations, including a splendid map of the arctic circle. It is too late in the day to say anything of the profound interest of this wondrous tale. But my Baronite, turning over the familiar pages presented in nice new dress, is again struck by the rare literary faculty possessed and modestly displayed by Nansen. Anybody could go and not find the North Pole. It isn't given to every one, especially a foreigner, to produce a masterpiece of writing in the English tongue. The Dedication to his wife is a pearl of a sentence, exquisite in its tenderness. Twelve words long, yet telling a life's story: "To her who christened the ship and had the courage to wait."

The fourth volume of Thackeray's works (Smith, Elder) includes the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*, the *Fitz Boodle Papers*, and others less well known to the average reader. It brings Mrs. Ritchie's recollections, being the story of her father's life, down to 1839-44. At this time the Thackerays were living at 13, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, the head of the household hard at work winning bread. Thackeray, in addition to writing for *Punch*, *Bentley*, *Fraser*, and other periodicals, contributed to the columns of the *Times*, and the *Morning Chronicle*. His chief work of the period was *Barry Lyndon*, of which he seems to have got tired much sooner than does my Baronite. In his diary, written at Malta, on his famous journey from Cornhill to Cairo, there are pathetic entries testifying to weariness of the work. In a footnote to her charming chapter of biography, Mrs. Ritchie tells a lovely story about an unnamed Lord Mayor. Dining at the Mansion House one night, Thackeray observed his Lordship nodding to him in friendliest fashion. "I know you," said his genial Lordship, "Horace Twiss." The author of the *Life of Lord Eldon* was at the time well known in the London world, and a personal friend of Thackeray's. But Thackeray protested he was not Horace Twiss. The Lord Mayor was not to be contradicted in the Mansion House. It finally came out that he mistook Thackeray for Dickens, whose *Oliver Twist* was then the talk of the town. By further mixing up the name of Horace Twiss with that of Dickens's hero, the Lord Mayorial mind, in waggish mood meet for a Mansion House dinner, showed Thackeray how clearly he recognised him.

The Baron de B.-W.

A NOTE ON THE "LONG."

To the Editor of "Punch."

Sir,—As the representative of the legal profession, I beg to address you on a popular fallacy. About this time of the year, when the Courts are up and the members of the four Inns are supposed to be on the wing, the public insist that practice at the Bar is not only pleasant and lucrative, but full of leisure. The fact that the wig-case contains its wig during two or three months out of the twelve is produced as evidence that counsel learned in the law, to put it colloquially, have an easy time of it.

Pray let me disabuse the public mind of so false an impression. Let me take my own case. I can solemnly declare (and my declaration will be supported by my admirable and excellent clerk, Portington) that I have every bit as much work to do during the Long Vacation as at any other period of the forensic year. Yours faithfully, (Signed) A. Briefless, Junior.

Pump-Handle Court, August 13, 1898.

We have already had a short spell of summer. Odd that it should come directly after the visit to England of Winter (Sir James) from Newfoundland.

"The Rights of Civil Servants."—Tips. The more civil the servants the bigger the tip.



HER "FIRST."

Miss Nimrod. "OH, DEAR! HE'S POINTING! WHICH END DO I SHOOT AT?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Miner searching for Love, is disappointed with his "claim" in Lunar regions.

I KNOW that first I saw your face
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
Dimpled with light of lofty grace,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
You beamed upon me from on high,
And made long and love and sigh,
And though so far you drew me nigh,
Up to the Mountains of the Moon!

You were so strong and I so weak,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
A flitting fay from peak to peak,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
Your glances made me brave and bold,
I felt like paladin of old,
Although the glaciers were so cold,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!

The Gold of Love was what I sought
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
The gold wherewith mankind is bought,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
I thought I'd found the precious ore,
To garner, cherish and adore
For ever and for evermore,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!

But though your heart I may beseech
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
I never may that gold mine reach,
Up in the Mountains of the Moon!
Smile on! To you I'm henceforth blind!
Some lesser light may be more kind,
On Earth a Klondike yet I'll find,
Far from the Mountains of the Moon!

ALL FOR HIT.

(*A Romance of Lord's, the Oval, and elsewhere.*)

"I TELL you I cannot accept the brief," replied the young barrister, in answer to the solicitations of the leading solicitor.

"But, my dear Sir, it will lead to fame and fortune."

"That may be," replied the young man, suppressing a sigh; "but I must do my duty."

The solicitor retired regretfully, and his place was taken by a celebrated publisher.

"You must stay on and finish that work, for that will double the balance at your bankers."

"No," returned the young man, "it is impossible; I have something more important to claim my attention."

And the publisher, crestfallen and sorrowful, retired.

"Accept this appointment and become a millionaire," urged a prince of finance, who had succeeded to the others. "All you have to do is to attend from Monday to Friday from 10 to 4, leaving on Saturday a couple of hours earlier."

Again the young man answered in the negative. He would not accept enormous wealth, he would not secure worldwide fame.

"No," said he to his friends, in explanation. "You see, I have been chosen for my county eleven, and playing in my county eleven's matches must be my first, my only consideration."

And his friends, being fond of cricket and wanting to see a good score, cordially agreed with him.

THE REASON WHY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have heard many theories suggested for the adoption of the celebrated Conscience Clause by our Vacillation Government. But I think that I am alone in having discovered the true reason. It is simply because our Lords and Masters are aware that the surplus and unproductive population needs thinning. We have no great war in immediate view, Russian arrogance in China notwithstanding. So the Conscience Clause affords a ready means of exterminating the untaxed classes. It is a great scheme, having only one drawback, viz., that while the dregs of humanity may sink to the bottom, the scum of the movement may seriously affect the top of Society. We only need Free Trade in poisons to make our future system perfect. Yours obediently,

BOANERGES BROWN.

Pitt House, Chatham.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, August 8.—Regarding prospect from strictly business view, if we must have ministerial crises, much better they should take place in the Lords than in the Commons. If it were the custom for Lords to issue trade circular, they would be justified in having the permanent "N.B.—Ministerial Crises conducted with punctuality and despatch."

When House met to-night, strongest Ministry of modern times was in tight place. The small pox clause, which Prince Arthur, in deference to electoral exigencies, had grafted on Vaccination Bill, was, in spite of entreaty from the Markiss, thrown out by majority of 2. The Commons reinstated it. Now Bill come back to Lords; next and final stroke of the game with them. Would they insist on elimination of clause, or would they surrender?

In analogous circumstances the Commons would have been thronged; seething with excitement. The Lords turned up just a hundred strong. Some acceleration of conversation, some flitting to and fro between ministerial bench and the railed enclosure of Throne, within which stood Prince Arthur and other colleagues from the Commons. Nothing that would have suggested to uninformed looker-on that a principal measure of the Session was in dire peril. Peer after peer rose from centre of ministerial camp and preached revolt. The raucous Rookwood, the gloomy Galway, the delapidated De la Zouche, the fevered Feversham, angry Aldenham, pertinacious Portsmouth, and grim Glenesk from the frozen North—each followed the other, shaking pennon and clashing mailed hands in despite of their Lord the Markiss.

"The Thanes fly from me," the Markiss murmured, looking round to see if anybody else wanted to say anything.

Nobody rising, least of all in support of the clause, up gat the Premier, and fronting fickle Fortune as if the jade still smiled upon him, delivered a perfect speech, just twelve minutes long, that seemed to leave nothing unsaid. Whole business, including division, over in an hour. Plenty of time for noble lords to take a turn in the Park before dressing for dinner. In the Commons, we should have made at least a long night of the job, and not altered its conclusion by a single vote.

Business done.—Lords, constrained by contumelious Commons. By 55 votes against 45 undo what on Thursday they the Markiss, eat the leek proffered by the accomplished by 40 votes against 38. Vaccination Bill, transformed in its progress through Commons, now safe.

Tuesday.—Rumour current to-night that India is about to add to her boundless treasure possession of our George Curzon. He is, *on dit*, (*who's On?*) to go out as Viceroy in succession to Lord Elgin. A glittering prize for a still young man. If proffered there will probably be, even in this wicked world, no voice raised in disparagement. Through a critical and, to begin with, not particularly friendly assembly, George Curzon has won his way by sheer capacity and pluck to a ministerial position circumstances combined to make one of exceptional delicacy and difficulty. These very conditions that would have overcome a weaker man have completed his success, and paved the pathway of promotion.

Long ago, when the House used more or less indulgently to smile at his oratorical efforts made below the gangway, it was foretold on this page that George Curzon would "go far." I confess at the time of making that entry I did not think it would be all the way to Calcutta, to share the Viceregal Throne with a gracious lady, a Pearl of the West worthy of rare setting in the storied East.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Wednesday.—Prince Arthur, dropping remark casually in course of speech on affairs in Far East, confirms report that George Curzon is to be the new Viceroy of India. Yesterday he was with us for the last time, we listening to his answers all unknowing that he was making his last appearance as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It is a way great statesmen have of withdrawing from the Parliamentary scene. So Dizzy went; so Gladstone walked forth, making no sign of farewell.

On all sides regret at the severance. India's gain our loss. P. and O. Sutherland has a charming idea of paying a compliment to the new Viceroy. In the mighty P. and O. fleet is a steamer called the *Kaiser-i-Hind*, which, being translated, means Empress of India. The Chairman



"IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST," &c.

Now, if either of *these* gentlemen (Cap'en T-mmy B-wl-s, Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n, and Mr. B-rtl-y) succeeded Mr. C-rz-n, with a very little trouble on their part the change (pictorially) could really be made scarcely perceptible!

proposes to re-christen the ship, calling her the *Curzon-i-Hind*.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—BASHMEAD ARTLETT, Knight, beholds his opportunity, and, as they say in France, will seize it by the hair. GEORGE CURZON'S promotion makes vacancy at Foreign Office. Who so well able to fill the post as Sir BASHMEAD? Confidant of the SULTAN, mentor of the King of GREECE, custodian of the interests of the British Empire, protector of Swaziland, flatterer of Duchesses, descendant of men who went out in the *Mayflower* and came back in a Cunarder—who so competent to assist the MARKISS in making graceful concessions from the Foreign Office? Loaded with honours by foreign states, entertained to tea by the SULTAN (with a band playing in the back garden), hailed "SILOMO" by grateful but only partially clothed Africans, why should he lack honour at home?

He might look higher than an Under-Secretaryship. But it will serve to begin with, being, as we see, the open door to Viceroyalties. It is a happy chance for the Premier and the country that finds him disengaged at this particular juncture. Others may go off making holiday. BASHMEAD ARTLETT, Knight, will stay at home and await the inevitable summons.

Business done.— Appropriation Bill through Committee.

Friday.—Parliament prorogued.



Off for the Holidays!

HANDBOOK FOR THE MILITIA.

Question. You are out for your training about this time?

Answer. Taking "this time" to mean from late April to early September—yes.

Q. And during the remainder of the year you do nothing?

A. Besides wearing my uniform at a levee or fancy ball, practically nothing.

Q. Then you cannot consider yourself particularly useful from a military point of view?

A. On the contrary, I am of a diametrically opposite opinion.

Q. But surely this is not on all fours with common sense?

A. I am not so certain of that, when you take into consideration that a militiaman, in one of his days of training, gets over as much ground as that traversed by a regular in a week.



First Customer. "WAITER, A FRIED SOLE."
Second Customer. "BRING ME A FRIED SOLE, TOO, WAITER—AND MIND IT IS FRESH."
Waiter. "TWO FRIED SOLES—ONE FRESH!"

Q. How many days a year do you have?

A. Twenty-seven, with deductions.

Q. What are the deductions?

A. The time occupied by getting into uniform and out of it, plus wet days and the hours given over to musketry instruction.

Q. Why do you add the latter to your list of *dies non*?

A. Because, during the hurry-scurry of a militia training, instruction about the rifle and how to use it is valueless.

Q. If you are stationed at Aldershot or some other military camp of instruction, do you get as much benefit as when at your own headquarters?

A. It is the general opinion that home training is to be preferred. A battalion should learn how to march in quick time before being instructed in the double.

Q. From this, I take it you think company and squad drill is more useful to a number of raw recruits or rusty veterans than brigade movements?

A. Yes; although this may not be the opinion of some C. O.'s having a greater admiration for tinsel than gold.

Q. From a pecuniary point of view, is service in the militia advantageous?

A. Certainly not, as it is impossible, on the pay and allowances, to make both ends meet.

Q. Then what is the advantage of belonging to the Old Constitutional Force?

A. It is comforting to the conscience to know one is doing one's duty.

Q. But does not rank in the militia give you precedence?

A. Which, according to some people, is used only by fools or snobs.

Q. Then why serve?

A. Because England expects every man to do his duty; and after all, there is something in being a captain of militia.

A SILENT COURTSHIP.

WHEN first they met, 'twas in the Park,
He gazed, and offered no remark,
But slightly bowed his silver head,
While she looked down and blushed rose red—
Love in their eyes, but naught was said.

But now the joy-bells hail the bride,
The wedding-knot is safely tied;
With rugs and wraps around the twain,
They take their places in the train,
This Parasol and Silver Cane.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

ABSINTHE

PERNOD FILS

(The most celebrated Brand. Established in 1805.)

APPETISING, STIMULATING, REFRESHING.

Lemonade with a dash of ABSINTHE PERNOD FILS makes a Delicious Summer Drink.

To be had at all first-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. Sold only in Quart and Pint Bottles, at all Wine Merchants and Grocers in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

Export Agents:—A. SMYTH & CIE., 12, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

London Offices:—3, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.



ROPER FRÈRES'

FIRST QUALITY

CHAMPAGNE.

SKEEVIT



A pleasantly perfumed preparation which absolutely prevents the bites of Mosquitos Harvest Insects, Ticks, and other venomous pests. It also cures prickly heat.

In glass bottles suitable for pocket, at 1/- and in 2 oz. stoppered bott es at 2/- and 5 oz. 4/6.

Of all Chemists & Stores or post free from H. C. STEPHENS, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. *(Manufacturers of Stephens' Inks.)*

'K' BOOTS

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: **INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 35, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.**

For TOWN and COUNTRY Cycling.

DUNLOP TYRES

LIGHT enough to suit the most fastidious park rider. **Quality guaranteed.** STRONG enough to bear the heaviest weight over the roughest roads of the

"All About Dunlop Tyres," an illustrated booklet, sent gratis and post free. [Universe.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,

160—166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates excel the finest French makes.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS



of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.

Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.

W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

B BB

OWN MAKE

THE MOST PERFECT BRIAR PIPES PRODUCED ARE THOSE BEARING THE ABOVE BRAND.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

HOWARD

BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

ALLANS ANTI FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.



Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 8, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

BRILL'S

Sea Baths at Home. **SEA**

Bracing and Refreshing. **SALT.**

ICE

Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the New Rotary Hand Machine,

The Raplin.

Send a post card to the undersigned for List F, No. 36.

PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,

9 Elms Iron Works, LONDON, S.W.

Can be seen in operation at Showrooms, 64 Queen Victoria Street, London.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON

DR. RIDGE'S

PATENT COOKED FOOD

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

FOOD FOR INFANTS

BENGER'S

BENGER'S Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "'Benger's Food' has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

INVALIDS AND THE AGED

THE SCOTTISH NATURAL MINERAL TABLE WATER

ST. RONAN'S

A purely British product—Superior to and Cheaper than any of the Foreign Mineral Waters.

In Splits, Pints, and Quarts.



As supplied to the House of Commons and Leading Clubs. Superior to and Cheaper than any of the Foreign Mineral Waters. In Splits, Pints, and Quarts.

Proprietors:
"ST. RONAN'S WELLS" AND MINERAL WATER CO., LTD.
Innerleithen, Scotland.
London Depot:
66, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

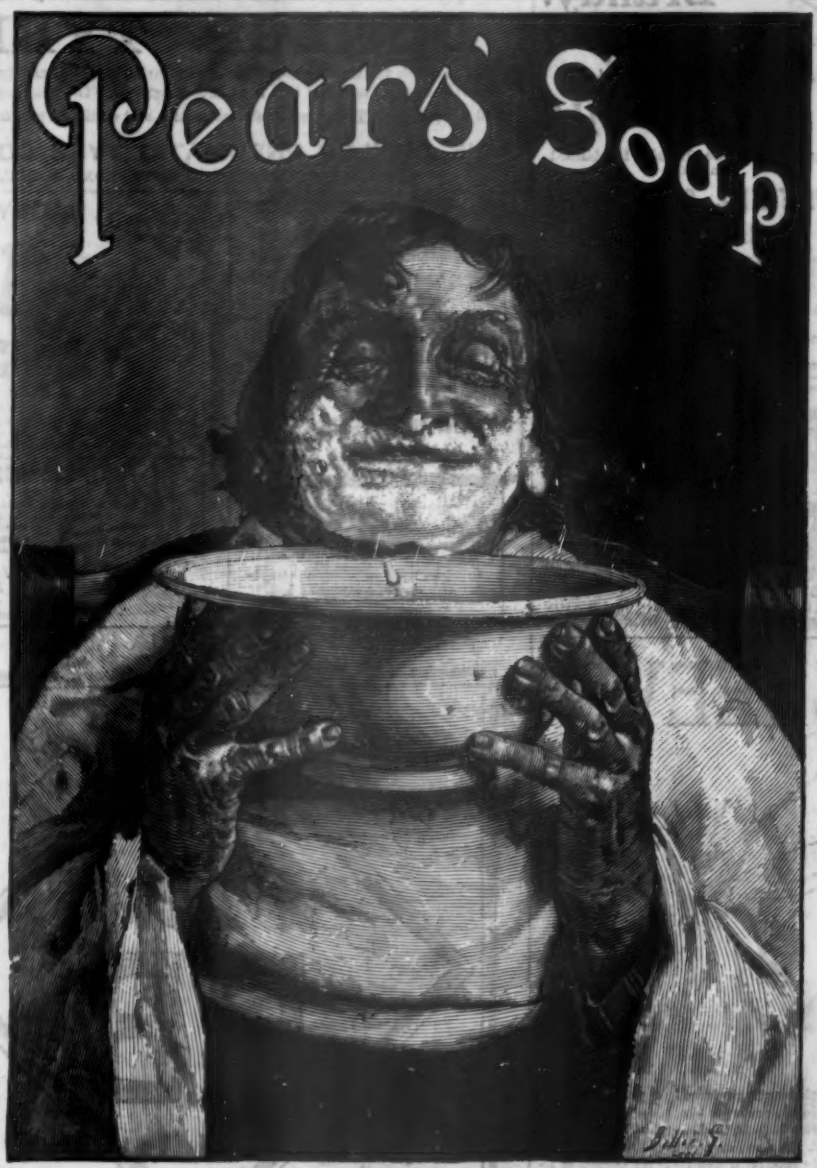
Enjoyed by Young and Old.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless variety of delightful, dainty dishes.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!

Pears' Soap



"THE SHAVER'S DELIGHT."
12 Months' Luxury for 12 Pence.
(A shilling Shaving Stick lasts a year.)

FORGING AHEAD!

PATTISONS' WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 20, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE
GORDON HOTELS
ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



N° 2981.
VOLUME
CXV.

AUGUST 27,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

250 GOLD MEDALS, &c.
FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA
"The richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

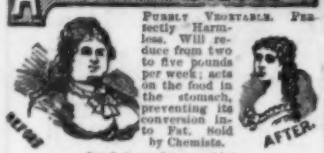
ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.

Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET PRICE 2/6.



ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX PRICE 1/-

SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery."
Lancet

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

ENCORE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank. Ivory, 3s.; Black, 2s. Send for Free List of Cases from all Dealers, or write direct to Makers.

T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.

Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.



Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY'S SKIN

Nothing so pure, so sweet, so wholesome, for preserving, purifying and beautifying baby's skin, scalp, and hair, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by occasional anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.

TRELOAR'S

LISTS OF

SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.

TRELOAR & SONS,

LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Catalogue.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

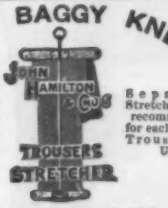
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 205, Victoria Street, S.W.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES

The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.



Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (In Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.

Sea Baths at Home.

Bracing and Refreshing.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CRUISES,

organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts and improvements, electric light, excellent cuisine.

£10 10s. BRITISH ISLES CRUISE (13 days), Newcastle, Tilbury (for London passengers), Portsmouth, Plymouth, Queenstown for Killarney, Kingstown for Dublin, Portrush for Giant's Causeway, along the Western Islands to Aberdeen, Leith for Edinburgh, Tilbury. September 6th to 15th or 20th.

£14 14s. CRUISE (19 days) LISBON, MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, TANGIER and GIBRALTAR. September 22nd.

£26 5s. PALESTINE, EGYPT AND ATHENS CRUISE. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

Full details from the Secretary, 6, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise

by their

Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register, to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20th September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUM (for Tiflis), PIRÆUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 7th Nov., and London 8th Nov.

Passengers leaving London on 29th Sept. and travelling overland can overtake the steamer at Villefranche.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d.* *per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

ICE

Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the New Rotary Hand Machine,

The Raplin.

Send a post card to the undersigned for List F. No. 36.

PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,
9 Elms Iron Works. LONDON. S.W.

Can be seen in operation at Showrooms, 61 Queen Victoria Street, London.

DURING SUMMER

You should never be without a bottle of

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR,

Which cools and refreshes the face and hands, removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, and Roughness; heals and cures Irritation, Eruptions. Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

the most effectual preserver and restorer of the hair, and is also sold in a *Golden Colour* for ladies and children with fair or golden hair, as it does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.

Mappin & Webb,

158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. } LONDON.

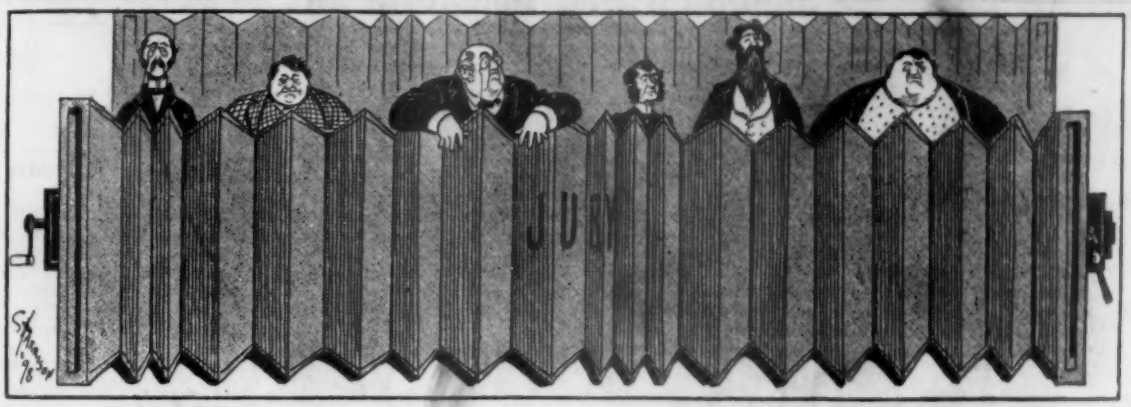
(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



["Jurymen are crowded into a box so limited in space that they are hardly able to cross their legs."—*Globe.*]

WHY NOT HAVE AN EXPANDING JURY BOX ON THE CONCERTINA PRINCIPLE, AS ABOVE? TAKE ANY SIZE JURYMAN. SUGGESTION GRATIS

DARBY JONES ON TURF RUFFIANISM AND THE EBOR HANDICAP.

HONOURED SIR,—Ever since Horse-Racing was established in this country, and that is going back several centuries, the Princely Pastime has attracted not only the Favour of the Great and Good, but also the Attention of those Unprincipled Ruffians who stick at No Crime, if so be that they can see their way to Trowsering more or less Filthy Lucre. The *Daily Telegraph*, after issuing considerably over Fifteen Thousand Numbers of its smart and news-giving sheets, has suddenly tumbled to the fact that Roughs exist upon the Turf. It required no CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY, or NANSEN, to discover this,—but all honour to the *D. T.* for being bold enough to show that a very Old Sore is nevertheless in want of some Healing Treatment, and that without delay. But the various Amateur Doctors, who propose drastic measures in the Largest Circulation for curing the Evil and cite Vivid Examples of the growth of the Pestilence, appear to forget that the Remedy really rests with the Racegoers themselves. Take, for instance, Goodwood, the most Select and Fashionable Assemblage in the whole world barring, perhaps, Ascot. It is held in a Ducal Park, remote from a Railway Station, and yet I will guarantee to say that no gathering is more saturated with the Scum and Dregs of Depraved Humanity than is this first meeting of the Sussex Fortnight.

The True Tales of Brigandage that I could relate in this connection would make the Bishop of the Diocese tremble in his Episcopal Palace. And the Robbers do not practice their art under the Cover of Night, but boldly pursue their malpractices under the eyes of Phœbus Apollo and the observance of the Policemen on so-called Duty. Why, honoured Sir, even I have had my Pockets rifled immediately opposite the Grand Stand, not by the Sly Pickpocket, but by a Band of Snatchers, who, getting me off my legs from Front and Back, have run the Rule over me like so many Carpenters. On one occasion the scoundrels relieved me of a Canvas Bank Bag containing, alas! fifty golden Sovereigns. In less time than it takes me to write this, they had appropriated my Hard-earned Winnings, and, adding Insult to Injury, returned the empty bag, which was stamped with the name of a philanthropist of world-wide fame. Of what use was it for me to kick and yell for Assistance when I was lifted aloft like *Tom Bowling* of Ballad Fame? The Constable whom I subsequently addressed on the subject, Caustically and Cruelly remarked that I ought to have known better than to have carried so much money with me, and asked for a Description of the Thieves. Merry Wags are these Policemen sometimes! This is only a Solitary Incident, and I mention it merely to show that the Banditti do not hold up only the Innocent and Unsuspecting, but also Old-timers like myself. I believe that the Underwriters at Lloyd's will insure against almost any loss, but he would be a rash Lloyd's man who guaranteed a visitor to Goodwood against bushrangers. A worthy Inspector from Scotland Yard, now no more, once told me that he had noted 999 Years of Penal Servitude walking about on the Course.

But I have digressed. Let me suggest a Nostrum. It is no secret that the Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON does not permit the meeting to be held in his Beautiful Park from purely Philanthropic Motives. A certain Grove may be Birdless, but on such occasions the Oof Fowl wings it to Goodwood House. You don't get on to the Lawn or into the Paddock by showing your Visiting Card. Clearly, then, his Grace is morally, if not legally, bound to protect his Patrons.

And now, Sir, to breezy York, whereof the Archbishop signs himself "EBOR," no doubt out of compliment to the famous Handicap, now somewhat shorn of its glory, but still a Record Contest. After recklessly regaling my Muse on Yorkshire Beef, Yorkshire Hams, and Yorkshire Grouse, I warble:—

THE *Ocean that Waltzes* I will not advise,
For the *Jersey Costume* I prefer.
Bad Antler may give us a sorry surprise
When the *African Liner* won't stir.
But the *Born Charioteer* I prefer for a place,
Not forgetting the *Warrior's* might,
Yet the *Lock near to Florence* should certainly race
And succumb to the *Fowl on the Flight.*

May my vaticination provide powder and shot for the Partridges on the First to you and other Honourable Patrons, who were strangely forgetful on the 12th of this Month of Your trusty Tyke,

DARBY JONES.

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

TODDLEKINS is anxious to take his family to Mars this summer, and inquires where he can hire a speedy balloon for the purpose. He is anxious to know whether he can obtain golf there, and also whether the roads are good for bicycling. He is recommended to apply for information to the Astronomer-Royal. But why should Toddlekins trouble to go so far afield? He would be sure to find congenial society in the neighbourhood of Hanwell, and by selecting this spot as his destination, the expense of a return-ticket would be saved.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—So glad that you intend taking your dear ten children to Poppleton-on-Sea for three weeks' change of air. And all that you tell me about TIMOTHY'S pet rabbit and SELINA'S last attack of measles is so deeply interesting. Unfortunately I cannot answer all your questions myself, but I will print them here, so that some of my kind readers may be able to assist you. You want to know, in regard to Poppleton—

(1) Whether the pavements (if any) are stone or asphalte.

(2) What is the mean temperature, the annual rain-fall, and the death-rate.

(3) What are the Rector's "views," and if there is a comfortable pew in the church, out of draughts, calculated to hold eleven.

(4) What time the shops at Poppleton close on Saturdays.

DUBIOUS.—As you say, it *is* difficult to make up one's mind where to spend the holidays, because there are so *many* places from which to choose. And you were so wise to write and ask me to give you the name of one single place which I could thoroughly recommend, and so save you all further worry. How about Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Seaford, Cowes, Weymouth, Exmouth, Penzance, Lynton, or Tenby? I am delighted to give you this real and valuable help!

PICNIC-PARTY.—You have my full sympathy. It is most churlish of riparian owners to refuse to allow strangers to land on their property. Fancy any one objecting to having his lawn covered with broken bottles and paper bags!

OWNER.—I feel deeply for you. The way in which trippers on the river invade river-side gardens is outrageous. The bags and pieces of glass they leave about must be a gross disfigurement to your lawn.



"MARRIAGE LINES."

"SURE SUCH A PAIR WERE NEVER SEEN
SO JUSTLY FORMED TO MEET—BY STATUTE."

(Fancy Subject, representing the Union of Hearts and Hands between Mr. L. C. & D. Co. and Miss S.-E. Railway, in the presence of the Presiding Genius.)

FEEDING UP TO DATE.

No longer let the butcher gay
  Deck out his festive shop,
No longer let the cook display
  His appetising chop;
For Doctor Some One says that he
Has found a substitute, you see;
So meat as food in future we
  Must drop.

The dishes that were once our joy
  The Doctor now doth ban;
No more the tasty saveloy
  Shall sputter in the pan;
The tender chick, the juicy steak,
The cutlet brown we must forsake—
The Doctor's tabloids only make
  A man.

To think what folk will come to! *Meat!*
  Is decency all fled
That human men should ever eat
  A horrid cow that 's dead?
No! no! let others feast their fill
On luscious morsels from the grill—
We take a lozenge or a pill
  Instead.

When to their City banquets throng
  Fat aldermen in scores,
To listen to orations long
  By after-dinner bores,
We, all ethereal as a star,
Our capsule take, and there we are!
All coarser meats we leave to car-
  nivores.

We do not toss through restless nights
  In Indigestion's spasm,
We do not see wild nightmare sights
  And shriek like one that "has 'em";
We eat not lobster salad—no!
Nor *foie gras* when to bed we go,
We merely sip a drop of pro-
  toplasm.

Our pills are perfect, for you see,
  All foodstuffs they contain,
According to the Doctor, we
  Can ne'er be ill again;
And yet I sometimes think a meal
Would somehow make me seem more real—
At times I almost long to feel
  A pain.

THE PROMOTER'S VADE MECUM.

(*Subject to Revision after the Vacation.*)

Question. What is meant by the promotion of a company?

Answer. The process of separating capital from its possessors.

Q. How is this end accomplished?

A. By the preparation and publication of a prospectus.

Q. Of what does a prospectus consist?

A. A front page and a statement of facts.

Q. Define a front page.

A. The bait covering the hook, the lane leading to the pitfall, the lath concealing the quagmire—occasionally.

Q. Of what is a front page composed?

A. Titles, and other suggestions of respectability.

Q. How are these suggestions obtained?

A. In the customary fashion.

Q. Can a banking account be put to any particular service in the promotion of a company?

A. Certainly; it eases the wheels in all directions.

Q. Can it obtain the good-will of the Press?

A. Only of questionable and usually short-lived periodicals.



Snooks (to new acquaintance). "TELL YER WHAT, LOOK IN ONE EVENIN' AND 'AVE A BIT OF SUPPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND 'AVIN' IT IN THE KITCHEN. YER SEE, WE'RE PLAIN PEOPLE, AND DON'T PUT ON NO SIDE. OF COURSE, I KNOW AS A TOFF LIKE YOU 'UD 'AVE IT IN THE *DRAWING-ROOM!*"

Q. But the destination of the cash scarcely affects the promoter?

A. No; for he loses in any case.

Q. How much of his profits does he sometimes have to disgorge?

A. According to circumstances, from three-fifths to nineteen-twentieths of his easily-secured takings.

Q. And what does promotion do for the promoter?

A. It usually bestows upon him temporary prosperity.

Q. Why do you say "temporary"?

A. Because a pleasant present is frequently followed by a disastrous future.

Q. You mean, then, that this prosperity is like the companies promoted, "limited"?

A. Yes, by the Court of Bankruptcy.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

["Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT travelled to Hertford in a saloon carriage decorated with roses."—*Daily Paper.*]

To Hertford town there travelled down
  Our own, our sweet Sir W.
Most honoured knight, while all was bright,
  Did really nothing trouble you?
The roses fair were everywhere,
  And you were passing merry;
Did you forget one floweret,
  The *rose* that bears a *berry*?

APPROPRIATE FACT.—Mr. POWELL, having won the Wingfield Sculls, is now Amateur Head lad on the river.

AN IDYLLIC ISLAND.

WHEN we came to Amsterdam, we determined, PASHLEY, SHIRTLIFF and I, that we would take the earliest opportunity of seeing Marken. Wonderful place, by all accounts. Little island, only two miles from mainland, full of absolutely unsophisticated inhabitants. Most of them have never left Marken—no idea of the world beyond it! Everybody contented and



"Fishermen strolling about in baggy black knickerbockers."

equal; costumes quaint; manners simple and dignified. Sort of Arcadia, with dash of Utopia.

And here we are—actually at Marken, just landed by sailing-boat from Monnickendam.

All is peaceful and picturesque. Scattered groups of little black cottages with scarlet roofs, on mounds. Fishermen strolling about in baggy black knickerbockers, woollen stockings, and wooden shoes.

Women and girls all dressed alike, in crimson bodice and embroidered skirt; little cap with one long brown curl dangling coquettishly in front of each ear. Small children—miniature replicas of their elders—wander lovingly, hand in hand. A few urchins dart off at our approach, like startled fawns, and disappear amongst the cottages. Otherwise, our arrival attracts no attention.

The women go on with their outdoor work, cleaning their brilliant brass and copper, washing and hanging out their bright-hued cotton and linen garments, with no more than an occasional shy side-glance at us from under their tow-coloured fringes. "Perfectly unconscious," as SHIRTLIFF observes, enthusiastically, "of how unique and picturesque and idyllic they are!"

All the more wonderful, because excursion steamers run every day during the season from Amsterdam.

We walk up and down rough steps and along narrow, winding alleys. SHIRTLIFF says he "feels such a bounder, going about staring at everything as if he was at Earl's Court." Thinks the Markeners must hate being treated like a show. *We* shouldn't like it ourselves!

That may be, but, as PASHLEY retorts, it's the Markeners' own fault. They shouldn't be so beastly picturesque.

Fine buxom girl approaches, carrying pail. On closer view, not precisely a girl—in fact, a matron of mature years. These long, brown side-curls deceptive at a distance, impression, as she passes, of a kind of Dutch "Little Toddlekins"; view of broad back and extensive tract of fat, bare neck under small cap. She turns round and intimates by expressive pantomime that her cottage is close by, and if we would care to inspect the interior, we are heartily welcome. Uncommonly friendly of her. PASHLEY and I are inclined to accept, but SHIRTLIFF dubious—we may have misunderstood her. We really can't go crowding in like a parcel of trippers!

Little Toddlekins, however, quite keen about it; sees us hesitate, puts down pail and beckons us on round corner with crooked forefinger, like an elderly Siren. How different this simple, hearty hospitality from the sort of reception foreigners would get from an English fishwife! We can't refuse, or we shall hurt her feelings. "But whatever we do," urges SHIRTLIFF, "we mustn't dream of offering her money. She'd be most tremendously insulted."

Of course, we quite understand *that*. It would be simply an outrage. We uncover, and enter, apologetically. Inside, an elderly fisherman is sitting by the hearth mending a net: a girl is leaning in graceful, negligent attitude against table by window. Neither of them takes the slightest notice of us, which is embarrassing. Afraid we really *are* intruding. However, our hostess—good old soul—has a natural tact and kindliness that soon put us at our ease. Shows us everything. Curtained recesses in wall, where they go to bed. "Very curious—so comfortable!" Delft plates and painted shelves and cupboards. "Most decorative!" Caps and bodices worn by females of the family. "Charming; such artistic colour!" School copybooks with children's exercises. "Capital; so neatly written!" What is she trying to make us understand? Oh, in Winter, the sea comes in above the level of the wainscot. "Really? How very convenient!" We don't mean this, but we are so anxious to please and be pleased, that our enthusiasm is degenerating into drivel. Girl by the window contemplates us with growing contempt; and no wonder. High time we went.

Little Toddlekins at the end of her tether; looks at us as if to imply that she has done *her* part. Next move must come from us. PASHLEY consults us in an undertone. "Perhaps, after all, she *does* expect, eh? What do *we* think? Would half a gulden—— What?"

Personally, I think it *might*, but SHIRTLIFF won't hear of it. "Certainly not. On no account! At all events, *he'll* be no party to it. He will simply thank her, shake hands, and walk out." Which he does. I do the same. He may be right, and anyhow, if one of us is to run the risk of offending this matron's delicacy by the offer of a gratuity, PASHLEY will do it better than I. PASHLEY overtakes us presently, looking distinctly uncomfortable. "Did he tip her?" "Yes, he *tipped* her." "And she flung it after you!" cries SHIRTLIFF, in triumph. "I knew she would! *Now* I hope you're satisfied!"

"If I am, it's more than *she* was," says PASHLEY. "She stuck to it all right, but she let me see it was nothing like what she'd expected for the three of us."

SHIRTLIFF silent but unconvinced. However, as we go on, we see a beckoning forefinger at almost every door and window. Every Markener anxious that we should walk into his little parlour—and pay for the privilege. All of them, as PASHLEY disgustedly observes, "On the make"; got some treasured heirloom that has been in the family without intermission for six months, and that they would be willing to part with, if pressed, for a



"Little Toddlekins quite keen about it."

consideration. We don't press them; in fact, we are obliged at last to decline their artless invitations—to their unconcealed disgust. Nice people, very, but can't afford to know too many of them.

"At least the *children* are unspoilt," says SHIRTLIFF, as we come upon a couple of chubby infants, walking solemnly hand in hand as usual. He protests, when PASHLEY insists on presenting them with a cent, or one fifth of an English penny, apiece. "Why demoralise them, why instil the love of money into their innocent minds?" SHIRTLIFF wants to know.



"Sternly demanding five cents a head."

He is delighted when they exhibit no sort of emotion on being thus enriched. It shows, he says, that, as yet, they have no conception what money means.

The pair have toddled off towards a gathering of older children, and PASHLEY, who has brought a Kodak, wonders if he can induce them to stay as they are while he takes a snapshot. SHIRTLIFF protests again. Only spoil them, make them conceited and self-conscious, he maintains.

But the children have seen the Kodak, and are eager to be taken. One of them produces a baby from neighbouring cottage, and they arrange themselves instinctively in effective group by a fence.

PASHLEY delighted. "Awfully intelligent little beggars!" he says. "They seem to know exactly what I want."

They also know exactly what *they* want, for the moment they hear the camera click, they make a rush at us, sternly demanding five cents a head for their services.

SHIRTLIFF very severe with them; not one copper shall they have from *him*; not a matter of pence, but principle, and they had better go away at once. They don't; they hustle him, and some of the taller girls nudge him viciously in the ribs with sharp elbows, as a hint that "an immediate settlement is requested." PASHLEY and I do the best we can, but we soon come to the end of our Dutch coins. However, no doubt English pennies will—— Not a bit of it! Even the chubby infants don't consider them legal tender here, and reject them with open scorn.

Fancy we have compromised all claims at last. No; Marken infantry still harassing our rear. What *more* do they want? It appears that we have not paid the baby, which is an important extra on these occasions, and which they carry after us in state as an unsatisfied creditor and a powerful appeal to our consciences. Adult Markeners come out, and seem to be exchanging remarks (with especial reference to SHIRTLIFF, who is regarded as the chief culprit) on the meanness that is capable of bilking an innocent baby.

"What I like about Marken," says PASHLEY, when we are safely on board our sailing boat, to which we have effected a rather ignominious retreat, "what I like about Marken is the beautiful simplicity and unworldliness of the natives. Didn't that strike *you*, SHIRTLIFF?"

We gather from SHIRTLIFF's reply that he failed to observe these characteristics.

"WHAT PRICE PATRIOTISM?"

(A Note of Proceedings picked up near the Admiralty during the Recess.)

THE deputation was introduced.

"Yes," said the first Enthusiast, "there is no doubt that men in thousands might be obtained."

"Very good indeed," replied the Cabinet Minister.

"And then forts might be erected in all directions," said a second spokesman.

"Capital!" responded the representative of the Government.

"And then guns and ammunition could be supplied with limitless celerity," shouted a third.

"Admirable!" was again the commentary.

Then came a silence. The eloquent oratory for the moment was exhausted. The Statesman "hemed" and "hahed" for a moment.

"And how about the cost?" he ventured to suggest at last.

"Oh, that will have to be paid by the Mother Country," was the prompt answer.

And so the Cabinet Minister is left considering. And if it comes to that, so is the Mother Country.

A RIVERIE.

(By the Bard in Chambers.)

OUTSIDE this spot
'Tis scorching hot.
Branch-shaded boat
In which we float,
Then idly dream
And watch the stream.
A cigarette
With you, my pet,
Content to rest
At ease, and best
Of all to see
You close to me.

'Tis afternoon,
And will be soon
The time for tea;—
* * * *

But woe is me!
The pictures fade,
No shady glade
Above me grows,
No river flows
Beneath my feet,
And you, my sweet,
Have also flown;
I am alone,—

Alone, in gloom,
In this dull room,
Surrounded by
A pile of dry
Dull legal works
In which there lurks
A certain case
Which I must trace,
And bring to light
The wrong and right,
And override
The other side.



G R[illegible]

THE MUSCOVITE "W. G."

A Fancy Portrait by a Russian Artist.

[According to a correspondent of the *Standard*, the *Moscow Gazette* says that "Dr. W. G. GRACE will be long known as the champion player at Croquet!"]



First Girl. "I was in front last night, dear, to see you play *Juliet*."
Second Girl. "Yes, I know you were. But you needn't have talked so loud all through my best scenes."
First Girl. "Oh, but you must be mistaken, dear, it couldn't possibly have been I. I never talk in my sleep!"

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

III.—The Author-Lecturer.

There is another way that none may tread
But whoso has a halo round his head;
Who, whether Nature leaves his apex bare
Or nicely coated with a wealth of hair,
Arranges, like the milking-maid, to base
The nucleus of fortune on his face.
Expressly chartered at a lordly wage,
He stands in beauty's strength upon the stage,
Perusing to a fine and cultured crowd
His own selected efforts out aloud,
Or lecturing the literary Press
Upon the methods which command success—
Maidens that dote and women that adore
All drinking in his charms at every pore.
Dight in a dress that suits the brilliant scene,
Rich knickerbockers wrought of velveteen,
Or else in evening-wear whose very hem
Scarce would the *London Tailor* dare condemn,
Awhile he poses in a weary trance
To give the wonder-stricken pit a chance,
Then, if he boasts the kind of hairy crown
Which means an extra forty dollars down,
Just runs his fingers through the wavy crop
While in the hush you hear a hair-pin drop;
Till with a studied smile of high disdain
He breaks at last the agonising strain,
Lifts up his tawny voice and lets it go,
And in a burst of passion blent with woe,
Where all the notes of nightingales occur,
Becomes (like Heaven) his own Interpreter.
There is to prophets, so I understand,
A certain charm in some one else's land;
For when our native products cross the sea
They are devoured with more avidity.
That is to say, in doing foreign nations
The author runs to higher valuations;
His figure being only vaguely known,
They very kindly take him at his own;
Which estimate is entered in the bond
And backed by Barnum's or by Major Pond.
Whereas, at home, it is another case,
For there we see the prophet's frequent face;
Perchance we have that best of annual treats
When the Society of Authors eats;
Or find him feeding in a friendly way
At houses where you haven't got to pay.
And if from oversight, or other reason,
Patrons omit to ask him in the season,
We still may hope—most happily for us—
To brush against him in an omnibus;
Or sometimes even see him in the street
Fanning the pavement with his wingéd feet;
Where anybody has a perfect right
To watch him till he trickles out of sight.
But over there, where people read his books,
But know not, save in pictures, how he looks,
Where still the hero draws a fancy price
For sniffing up the fumes of sacrifice,
There men will freely fling the careless dollar
Simply to see a section of his collar,
Girding the sacred column which sustains
The beetling bulk of those abnormal brains—
A sight that well repays the entrance-pelf,
Being an education in itself;—
Will sit on wooden planks, in mortal anguish,
To watch the poet's lovely glances languish;
Will cross a continent's complete expanse,
To scan the brow that schemed the brave romance;
And die of suffocation just to wring
The veritable hand that wrote the thing.
Thus may be worked, with small expense of wit,
The Man-and-Author's Mutual Benefit;
For such as read the latter's verse or prose
Will take a stall to view the former's nose;
While those that pay to see the Man's complexion
Will go and buy the Author's whole collection.
What wonder, then, if, there across the main,
Richard Le Narcisse * is himself again,
And tonsured Anthony, our only Hope,
With this temptation really could not cope.

* "*Un narcisse*—One who is enamoured of himself."—*Dict. Fr.*



PEACE!—AND AFTER?

Spain (*to* Uncle Sam). "WELL, YOU WANTED HIM! YOU 'VE GOT HIM! AND I WISH YOU JOY OF HIM!!"



ON THE SANDS AT OSTEND.

Master Tom (knowledge of French—nil). "I SAY, DO I CALL YOU MADAM, OR MADYMOISELLE?"
Mademoiselle. "WHEN ONE DOES NOT KNOW, ONE SAYS MADAME, *N'EST CE PAS*, MONSIEUR?"

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE CENTS' ARBITER OF FASHION.

Now that the Golden Youth, it appears, have their own fashion-paper, it is quite incumbent on *Mr. Punch* to publish a column for the guidance of the inexperienced in the all-important matter of male costume. Every one being now out of town, the following remarks are chiefly for the benefit of seaside and country readers:—

DEAR BASIL,—Silk hats may now be put away for a few weeks. The black cloth band should be removed, as it has had its day, and a *cordon noir* of silk, exactly one-and-a-quarter inch in width, should be substituted. Oil the *chapeau* slightly and wrap in tissue paper. With a little care it may be made to do for the Autumn. If the edges are worn, they may be very successfully renovated with Messrs. RAMONEURS' Brim-Blackener. I do not recommend for this purpose the eye-brow grease-paint used by actresses, as this has a tendency to come off in a shower, and it is as well to avoid having sable streaks across one's countenance. See that your head-gear is well blocked before being put away for the recess, as it may be required for a school-treat or a sudden emergency, and an accordion shape is not favoured in the best circles. I prophesy that next winter's *mode* will be the *castor américain*.

Fashion still smiles on the straw-hat, and has temporarily relegated the bowler to the background. I saw a charming *chapeau de paille* the other day worn by a *débutant* on the Eastbourne Esplanade. The straw was in two thicknesses, *jaune* on the upper side of the brim, and *verte* underneath, casting a very becoming green shade over his complexion. A *risqué* note was added to this confection. I noticed the vivid scarlet and green colours of the best of the Bohemian Clubs peeping through a slit in the black ribbon round the hat.

Cravates are worn this season as usual round the neck. Some of the best-dressed *mondains* are having them made of beige or foulard in the new *chauffeur* design. Do not let them ruck over the back of the collar. This is too *negligé*. They may be pinned on to the front of the shirt, though this rather spoils the look of the shirt-front, if you require it for evening-dress. It is as well, therefore, always to have a spare clean shirt, and this should not be beyond the means of the fashionable aspirant.

If your collars or shirts are at all frayed at the edges, have them neatly trimmed. You can generally beg or borrow a pair of nail-scissors for this purpose. Iron-mould spots should always be carefully aspinalled in a dead white tint. It is almost impossible then for them to be detected.

Frock-coats, at this time of the year, should be sprinkled with pepper or camphor (to keep away the moth) and stowed away securely. No *clubbiste* who is *bien mis* will appear on the sands or elsewhere in public in such a garment combined with white flannels and a straw hat. Yet, I regret to say, I have seen this done.

Now is the time to use Messrs. KNICK-NACKS' Patent Anti-bag Trouser-stretchers. Truly wonderful effects are sometimes produced by these invaluable accessories to a genteel wardrobe. Never be seen with worn-out and unravelled trouser-ends. Let them invariably be repaired by the local snip. Do not, however, start on a round of visits without an extra ten-and-sixpenny pair. Borrowed continuations somehow never look well.

Knickerbockers are not without their advantages. They can readily be constructed out of unmentionables that have seen their day, and may sometimes be very effectively patched, so as to look like riding-breeches. This gives the distinguished appearance, which no modern *élégant* can afford to neglect.

I have some useful wrinkles on cummerbunds, hat-guards, and paper cuffs, also a marvellous recipe for removing the shiny look from cloth, but I regret that considerations of space prevent me giving them at present.

So, much against my will, I bring this interesting letter to a conclusion—for the present. Man has at length found his destiny—to dress. With sincere regards, Yours ruralising,

By the sad sea waves. ZEDWHYEKS.

(*Please don't forward.*)



"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

The Rev. Arth-r B-lf-r. "Do you know, we're taking quite a dislike to you! If you go on pushing in this rude way we shall really have to *hurt you dreadfully!* I don't know that we shouldn't have to take another Harbour somewhere!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Indolent Fellow proposes himself to a Brisk Damsel, and deplores his constitutional inactivity.

I never was a restless man,
Impatient to be up and toil,
I always walked when others ran,
They finished up when I began,
I simmered while they yearned to boil.

I never was an ardent swain
To urge my suit with cries and tears,
I played at "cut and come again,"
And never felt the secret pain
That fills the heart with hopes and fears.

I never was the one to go
And mix with speculative cares,
The Stock Exchange I do just know
By sight, but that is all; and so
I never trouble "bulls" or "bears."

I've never climbed an Alpine peak,
Or in a foot-race tried my stride,
Or rowed a match. I am too weak
To venture on athletic freak:
I never walk when I can ride.

In short, I am a languid sloth,
And still a lazy loon I'll be;
But you have rush enough for both,
You've energy, good looks, and youth.—
Bad rhymes, but good enough for me.—
No more, sweetheart. R.S.V.P.?

THE HAND OF FATE.

(A To-day's Dialogue about To-morrow.)

Scene.—*Corner at a "Sale of Work" at the Seaside.* Palmist *discovered "doing" an* Enquirer.

Enquirer. Yes, it is certainly true that I have seen it several times. Had the measles and hooping cough as a child.

Palmist. And you are very fond of company, though sometimes prefer to be at home. I mean, you like seclusion.

Enquirer. Yes, I think so. At least, sometimes.

Palmist. And you are very generous, but cautious. And you do not sufficiently appreciate your talents. Yes, you are very clever.

Enquirer. Well—really—I don't know. But can't you tell me of the future?

Palmist. Yes; I see you are going to have a journey shortly.

Enquirer. Strange. I have promised to go to a dinner in Bayswater this evening.

Palmist. And you are to have a number of honours. You have not been knighted?

Enquirer. No, of course not.

Palmist. Well, you will be. Soon, very soon.

Enquirer. Indeed. Can you say when?

Palmist. Oh, in a year or two. And you are to be fortunate in your heart interests. You are not married?

Enquirer. Well, no—not at present.

Palmist. You will soon be. There may be some slight retard, but before you are sixty you will certainly have a wife.

Enquirer. Dear me. How strange! And I am absolutely engaged, and according to present arrangements, am to be married on Tuesday.

Palmist. Did I not say so! Ah! here is a little cross. You will lose some money. And now I am afraid I must attend to some one else.

Enquirer. Thank you so much. (*Aside to himself as he retires.*) Of course, the honours and the journey and the marriage were all rot. But why did she say I was going to lose some money? Of course it's all nonsense, but I wonder where and how I'm going to lose the money!

[*Left pondering.*

AFTER THE HOOLEYBALOO!

["While he (Mr. Justice Wright) acquitted Lord De la Warr of any desire to procure the debtor to give false evidence, he declared that he was not wholly guiltless of indiscretion. . . . So far as the matter of the promise of £1,000 is concerned, if Lord De la Warr is guilty, I have no doubt that Mr. Broadley is much more guilty."—*Standard's Summary and Report, Thursday, August* 18.]

"In love and"—business—"everything is fair,"
For De la Warr *la fortune de la guerre*
His course towards a peaceful haven shaped;
So Broadley who so narrowly escaped.
The Hooleybaloo is over, for the present,
And things all round are being made quite pleasant.

When I commit an—"indiscretion," say—
Or aught for which there's penalty to pay,
May I before a Wright good Judge be brought,
And then be Wrightly sentenced by the Court.
Mercy has tempered Justice. Every one
Herein agrees that Justice has been done.

At Brussels.

Mrs. Trickleby (pointing to announcement in grocer's window, and spelling it out). Jambon d'Yorck. What's that mean, Mr. T.?

Mr. T. (who is by way of being a linguist). Why, good Yorkshire preserves, of course. What did you suppose it was—Dundee marmalade?



Commander. "What is your complaint against this Boy?"
Bluejacket. "Well, Sir, as I was a-walkin' arft, this 'ere Boy, 'e up an' calls me a Bloomin' Idjit. Now, 'ow would you like to be called a Bloomin' Idjit, supposin' you wasn't one?"

A POLITE EDUCATION.

(Vide an article, "A plea for better instruction in Manners," in the current "Nineteenth Century.")

In obedience to your instructions, writes our own Prophetical Interviewer, I journeyed to Chesterfield College, where our boys are taught that studied courtesy of manner, which, it is now recognised, is a far more necessary part of education than classics or mathematics. I was received by the Principal, who took great pains to explain his system to me.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "the greatest trouble is taken to ensure that every pupil shall be taught the very best kind of manners. Not only are lectures given daily on deportment and the art of polite conversation, but we see that the principles laid down are carried out even in play-time. In old days the conversation of boys while playing cricket or football used to be disgracefully crude and unpolished, but if you will kindly accompany me, I think I can show you how we have improved this feature of school-life."

So saying, he led the way to the cricket-ground, where the pupils of Chesterfield College were engaged in the national game. As I approached, one of the batsmen put away a ball through the slips.

"May I enquire, Sir," he asked, addressing the batsman at the other end, "whether in your opinion we should be justified in attempting a run?"

"I fear it is impossible," replied the other, which indeed it was, as by the time these speeches were finished, the ball was in the wicket-keeper's hands. However, both batsmen kept up their wickets, and the captain decided to make a change.

"Smith Minor," he observed, addressing the bowler, "with infinite pain I am compelled to ask you to hand over the ball to Brown."

Smith Minor bowed profoundly, and replied, "My greatest happiness, Sir, is to carry out your commands." And accordingly Brown went on to bowl. Shortly afterwards, one of the batsmen put up an easy chance to point, who, however, failed to hold the ball. "Butterfingers!" screamed a small boy in the out-field. The Principal turned towards him, angrily.

"Go indoors, Sir!" he cried, "and write out two hundred lines for addressing one of your fellow-pupils in that unseemly manner."

Presently a ball struck a batsman's pad.

"How's that?" asked the bowler.

"Johnson!" cried the Principal, warningly.

"I mean to say," said the bowler, hastily correcting himself, "may I trouble you for your views as to the respective positions of the batsman's leg and the wicket?"

The Principal looked at me for approval. "Wonderful what an improvement our system makes, isn't it?" he said, "and it's so strange that the old barbarous language was tolerated at schools for so many years."

I congratulated him on his success and prepared to leave. As I did so, I noticed for the first time an inscription over the College gateway.

"That," said the Principal, "is an adaptation of a motto belonging to one of the schools of the bad old kind. It runs, you see, 'Mannerisms Makyth Prigs.'"

Will London Wait?—And if so, for how long, before the daily increasing ruffianism of the London "Larrikins," thieves, and roughs, both of the East and West End, is summarily dealt with and put down by *force majeure*? The sufferers in these districts are "intimidated," and dare not come forward to give evidence. According to the magistrate, a scoundrel may have his fingers in somebody else's pockets, but unless he succeeds in actually abstracting a halfpenny, he cannot be sentenced as a thief! Don't spare the cat, and then you'll spoil the little game of thieving, murderous Larrikin. If the magistrates' hands are so weak, let them be strengthened at once. Peace-abiding, police-supporting, rate-paying citizens are forced to form themselves into bodies of "specials" with police-drill. Why not patrol these districts with volunteers doing sentry-duty, and provided with a stout truncheon in place of side-arms? Probably, as is our way in England, no drastic measure will be adopted until murder has placed one of these ruffians of the Larrikin type in the hands of Mr. John Ketch. It seems that the magisterial and police policy is to give these pests as much rope as possible in the hope that they'll get one more length of hemp added to it on the gallows. But surely, is not prevention far better than cure?



SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

"I have done the State some service, and they know't."
Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.

Mr. Punch (with real emotion, to retiring American Ambassador). "GOOD-BYE, YOUR EXCELLENCY, AND GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU. YOU WON'T FORGET US ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

OSTEND.

THERE are several ways of getting through the day at Ostend, where the day is about as long as at other seaside resorts, or perhaps rather longer. The simplest plan is to sit in the morning on the terrace of the Kursaal and chatter, till it is time to go to *déjeuner*, to do the same in the afternoon, till it is time to go to dinner, and to repeat this amusement in the evening, till it is time to go to bed. The next morning you begin again. In this way you avoid all needless exertion.

Another plan is, in the morning, to stand in the sea. If you are very brave you go in up to your waist, and if you are very strong you splash a little water on your chest, but you never wet your head for fear of hurting your hair. You may wear a straw hat as a protection from the sun, and, if you are a German, you may add a pair of spectacles. The only disadvantage of this plan is that about four thousand people want the four hundred bathing-machines. If you are a woman, you flounder about on wet sand and never get a *cabine* at all. If you are a man, you take off your boots and socks, wade in up to your knees, and pursue the machine in the water. The *chasse aux cabines* is fine exercise, but it is hardly luxurious. By standing in the sea you begin the day comfortably cool. In the afternoon you stand on the race-course, the pigeon-shooting ground, the pier, or the promenade, or you can sit down if you like. These pastimes make you considerably warmer. In the evening you have a choice of two places to stand in. One of them is the dancing-room of the Kursaal, where the temperature is about ninety degrees. You can dance if you wish. The other is the gambling-room, where the temperature is about one hundred and fifty degrees. You stand here in a dense crowd, reach over the heads of the few who have obtained chairs, and lose as many *louis* as you like.

A third system is to linger over your *café-au-lait* till it is nearly time for *déjeuner*, to prolong your *déjeuner* with coffee and liqueurs until about the time of the *five o'clock*, when you have a glass of port, or a *sherry gobbler*, and, beginning dinner soon after seven, to go on with this till half-past ten, or later, when all the other diners have left the restaurant, and the weary waiters have piled all the other chairs upon all the other tables. But this system will ruin your system after a time.

It is believed by some that there are excellent concerts in the Kursaal every evening from 7.30 to 9. But to hear them at such an impossible time one must go without dinner altogether, which no one can do. In fact, there is reason to believe that nobody ever did get to these concerts. Once, when VANDERBLANK and I had rather hurried over our coffee and cigarettes in his *véranda*—the *vérandas* of Ostend are very pleasant in hot weather—we arrived at the Kursaal just in time to see some men with violins disappearing from the orchestra. Since then I have considered myself rather an authority on the Ostend concerts, having got as near hearing one as that. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF the title had not be appropriated in quite other regions, MRS. HUMPHRY WARD might well, my Baronite imagines, have called her last novel *The Runaway Girl*. At all critical epochs of her interesting life the heroine of *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (SMITH, ELDER) runs away. Thus she bolts when her unwelcome lover, *Hubert Mason*, wants to conduct her over the sands. She flies from Bannisdale after she has accepted the offer of its lord's hand; and at last—— No, it would not be fair even to hint at the "at last." But this is so frivolous, and there is nothing of frivolity about this story. It is rather a stately narrative of a profound tragedy in two human lives. Both are skilfully drawn. *Laura Fountain*, with her bright nature, her capacity for overwhelming love, and her agnostic training; *Helbeck*, a bit of old tapestry hung on the walls of a nineteenth century room. He has depths of love even more plumbless than she, and he is a Catholic born and bred, a man with a private chapel attached to his ancient home, where mass is said every morning, the house swarming with priests. It will be seen that here is a difficult situation, rough-hewn and finished with a master hand.

Dicky Monteith, by TOM GALLON (where's HARRY? HUTCHINSON, the publisher, my Baronite supposes, makes up the immortal triumvirate), is none of your novels with a purpose, freckled with women with a past. It is a right-down, downright melodramatic story, in which the wicked are punished even in this world, and injured innocence comes to its own. *Dicky* is an amiable, good-hearted, not particularly strong-headed fellow, who has muddled away his own and other people's money. After which, he works apparently twenty-four hours a day, earns very little, and shares it with the poor. A leading character in the transpontine plot is a little maid, a cross between the slavey in *Our Boys* and *Dick Swiveller's* unapproachable friend, the Marchioness. Also there is a guardian-angel sort of young lady, who thinks nothing of surreptitiously conveying to the man she loves mysterious envelopes containing notes for £100, and finally draws a cheque for £2,500 to save him from what the little maid aforesaid calls "the Coppers." A pretty story, with plot skilfully complicated. THE BARON DE B.-W.

FURTHER RULES REGULATING THE CONDUCT OF BARRISTERS.

(Not submitted at the Recent General Meeting, but for use during the Long Vacation.)

A COUNSEL finding himself in the presence of laymen, must lay down the law on every conceivable subject.

In carrying the above aim into execution, he will set a General right about Army concerns, a sailor about things appertaining to the Navy, and a civilian upon all other matters.

To keep up the dignity of the profession, a barrister must never permit himself to be contradicted, and insist upon his word being accepted as law.

As a matter of professional etiquette, it is undesirable to give your opinion upon any point of law unless you are quite sure that you know nothing whatever about it.

It is advisable to be civil to the other branch of the profession, save in public, when you must remember that your right of audience in the superior courts does not run to the solicitors.

Although self-conceit is to be deprecated, it is well to remember that although officers of the Army and Navy are better educated than they used to be, culture in its highest form is the exclusive property of the Bar.

If a counsel meets another counsel without recognising his forensic degree while they are both engaged in discussing an acquaintance in Common's dinner, he will oppose his fellow guest to the death until he discovers his mistake, when he will join his "learned friend" in sitting upon the rest of the company.

Finally, all men are equal, as a rule, but a barrister is invariably an exception in particular.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

CARLTON
RICHD MATHEWS & Co's
TRADE MARK
WHISKEY.

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland small Stills.

25s. the Gall., 60s. the Dozen. Cash only.

Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICHD. MATHEWS & CO., 24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Sold by all Leading Merchants throughout India and the Colonies.

SKEEVIT



A pleasantly perfumed preparation which absolutely prevents the bites of Mosquitos Harvest Insects, Ticks, and other venomous pests. It also cures prickly heat.

In glass bottles suitable for pocket, at 1/- and in 2 oz. stoppered bottles at 2/- and 5 oz. 4/6.

Of all Chemists & Stores or post free from H. C. Stephens, Aldersgate Street London, E.C. *(Manufacturers of Stephens' Inks.)*

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP WITH MEDICAL JOURNAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET

IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY

REFUSE TAR SOAPS

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.

Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.

Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170, C179, 291, 303, 431, 659, 1000.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 36, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

GOLD & SILVER

Pencil cases

with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark

S. Mordan & Co

can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.



GENTLEMEN'S WIGS.

Perfect Imitations of Nature. Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Unshrinkable Material. Instructions for self-measurement on application.

CHAS. BOND & SON,

43, NEW BOND STREET, W. Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Scalpettes. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS

of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.

Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.

W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES,

Are now obtainable in Packets containing 6 and 12, and in Tins of 24, 50, and 100. The "MAGNUMS" (large size) are sold in Card Cases containing 8, and in Tins of 16, 50 and 100.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY

TRY THE FAMOUS

UAM-VAR

SCOTCH WHISKY

And you will not be disappointed.

INNES & GRIEVE LTD.,

EDINBURGH & LONDON.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.

ACARIC



No elastic round leg to give varicose veins.

In Silk only. See Acaric Trade Mark is on Stud and Clip.

SELF-ADJUSTING SOCK SUSPENDER

Protected by Patents and Trade Marks at Home and Abroad.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE FAMOUS



The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

"MAB" RAZOR

PRICE:—

Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 5/6

PAIR IN CASE.

Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6

Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

ROSBACH

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

ROSBACH SPRINGS, Ltd., 19, Regent Street, S.W.

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

Self-Digesting.

Sold Everywhere.

In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food

HOWARD'S
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LTD.

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

No Camera is a KODAK unless made by the Eastman Company.

FOLDING

Folds flat like a book.
Opens with a touch.

POCKET

Goes into any pocket.
Ideal for the cycle.

KODAK.

No Dark Room needed for changing films.

Price £2 2s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,
Head Office—
43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.
Retail Branches—
60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.



Won't Wash Clothes. BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP *Won't Wash Clothes.*

FOR

KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH.

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY BATHS, STAIR-RODS.
FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.
REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

POUDRE D'AMOUR

Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION,

For the Nursery, Roughness of the Skin, After Shaving, etc.

PURE AND HARMLESS.

BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RACHEL, 1s.

Of PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

MENIER
MENIER
MENIER
MENIER
MENIER
MENIER

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.



COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest and Best Revolver made for Travellers and Cyclists. It supersedes all others. COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS & LIGHTNING RIFLES. Price Lists Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., 14, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 32, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

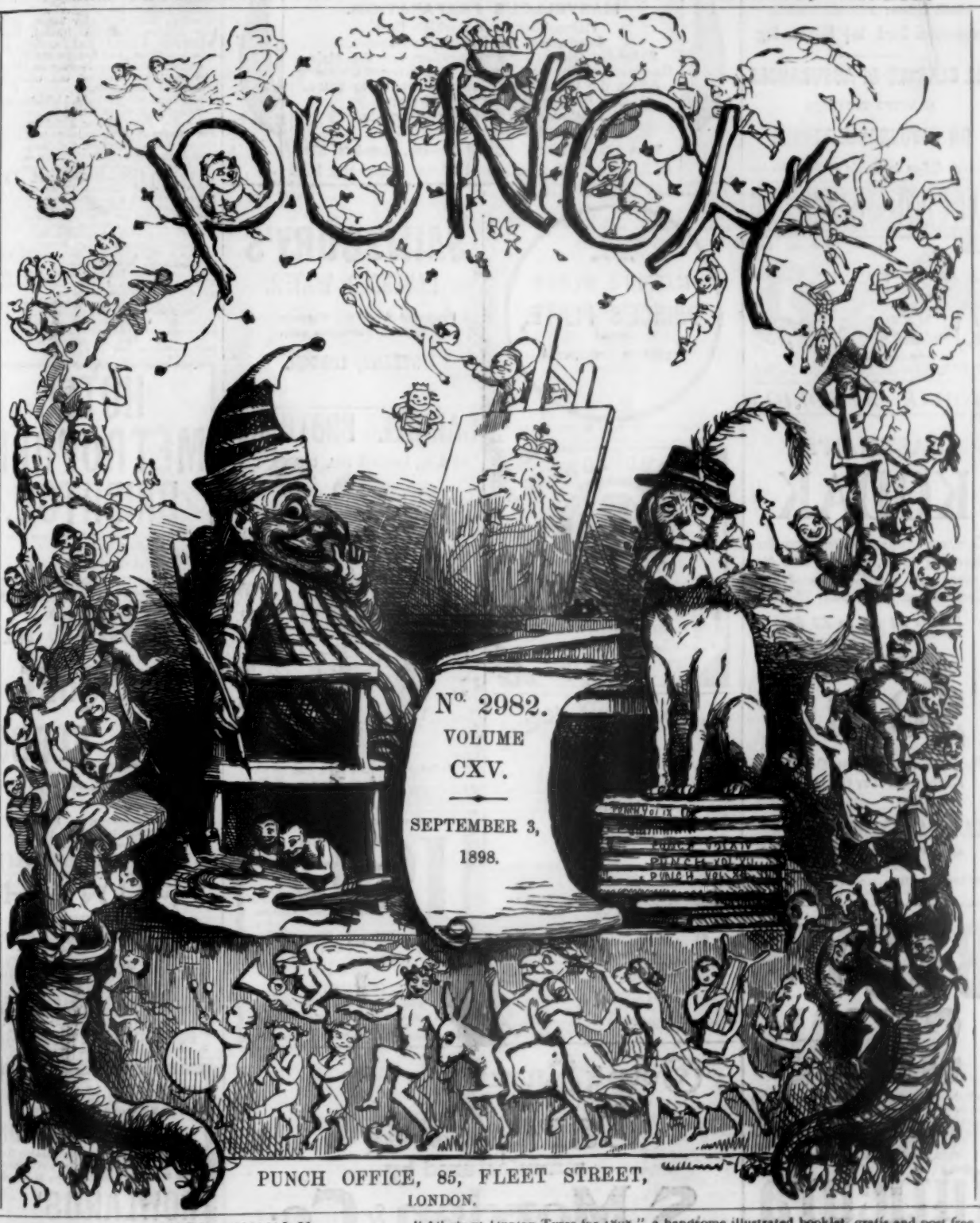
Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, August 27, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



N°. 2982.
VOLUME
CXV.
SEPTEMBER 3,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any Description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

For ALL WHO CYCLE
"All about Dunlop Tyres for 1898," a handsome illustrated booklet, gratis and post free.
DUNLOP TYRES
are simply perfect and perfectly simple.
Quality Guaranteed under a £10,000 Penalty.
CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN EVER.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., 160 to 166, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

ALLANS ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

KODAK and SOLIO.

EASTMAN'S

KODAK

Cameras require no dark room for changing films, and are used by Journalists, War Correspondents, Cyclists and all Holiday Makers.

Prices £1 1s. to £5 5s.

EASTMAN'S

SOLIO

Photographic Printing-Out Paper. Known all over the World.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co. Ltd.,

43 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

Retail Branches:

60 Cheapside, E.C., 115-117 Oxford St., W., and 171-173 Regent St., W.

BABY'S SKIN

In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humour, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

"All About the Skin, Scalp, & Hair," post free

EVERY HUMOUR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

PRINCE'S PLATE.

(Regd.)

"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

SAINSBURY'S

LAVENDER WATER.

Prepared from the Flowers and Natural Perfumes only.

STRAND, LONDON.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery." *Lancet*

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS



"ETON."

Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 8 in., 22s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s. 3d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 4/-; Army quality, nickel, 5/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 4 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

ICE

Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the New Rotary Hand Machine,

The Raplin.

Send a post card to the undersigned for List F, No. 36.

PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,

9 Elms Iron Works. LONDON. S.W.

Can be seen in operation at Showrooms, 62 Queen Victoria Street, London.

PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS



of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.

Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.

W. COOPER 753, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

GOLD & SILVER

Card Cases

manufactured by

S. Mordan & Co.

The Patentee of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise by their Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register, to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20th September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUM (for Tiflis), PIRÆUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 7th Nov., and London 8th Nov.

Passengers leaving London on 29th Sept. and travelling overland can overtake the steamer at Villefranche.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£10 10s. BRITISH ISLES CRUISE (13 days), Newcastle, Tilbury (for London passengers), Portsmouth, Plymouth, Queenstown for Killarney, Kingstown for Dublin, Portrush for Giant's Causeway, along the Western Islands to Aberdeen, Leith for Edinburgh, Tilbury. September 8th to 15th or 20th.

£14 14s. CRUISE (19 days) LISBON, MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, LAS PALMAS, TANGIER and GIBRALTAR. September 22nd.

£26 5s. PALESTINE, EGYPT AND ATHENS CRUISE. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,354, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.) PARQUET FLOORS

From 3d. per foot.

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



SPORTSMAN (WHO DECLINES TO BE TOLD WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO BY HIS GILLIE), AFTER AN ARDUOUS STALK IN THE BLAZING SUN, AT LAST MANAGES TO CRAWL WITHIN CLOSE RANGE OF THOSE "BROWN SPECKS" HE DISCOVERED MILES DISTANT ON THE HILL-SIDE!

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN VADE-MECUM.

(*By an Enthusiast with a Difference.*)

Question. You are in favour of an alliance between England and the United States?

Answer. I am, theoretically, not practically. I consider that both countries should be free.

Q. You mean by "free," the opportunity to give one another away when necessary?

A. Perhaps; although it is a pious belief that between children of a kindred race the necessity will never arise.

Q. Is there, as a matter of fact, any precedent for the cruel spectacle?

A. Well, during the Civil War between Federals and Confederates, public feeling ran very strong.

Q. Then you do not believe that blood is at all times thicker than water?

A. Not always, especially if self-interest acts as a filter.

Q. I may assume that the object of all good English-speaking people is to draw closer the ties binding nations together on either side of the Atlantic?

A. Quite so. It is the union of hearts, the grasp of hands, the fraternal oaths of a family of brothers.

Q. And how long do you consider this happy sentiment of kinship will last?

A. For ever, or——

Q. You hesitate. You say the friendship will last for ever, or——

A. Well, it is a pious belief.



["It is highly desirable that he who strives to attain the highest excellence as a performer on the pianoforte should have well-developed muscles."—*M. Paderewski, in Sandow's magazine, "Physical Culture."*]

AWFUL PROPHETIC PICTURE OF HOW M. PADEREWSKI WILL APPEAR NEXT SEASON.

"BUT STILL THE DOUGLAS IS THE THEME!"

WHAT an excellent likeness of Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, "The DOUGLAS bearded in his den," is given in the *Sketch* for August 24. Messrs. BARRAUD, the photographers, have treated him well, but Professor Time, the great Hair-Whitener and Chronic Wrinkle-giver, has treated him still better, and has "put him up to a wrinkle" for keeping away all other wrinkles. The "Sage DOUGLAS" is a Vice-President of the Cabdrivers Benevolent Association, having been selected for that office because he looked so Hansom. The *Sketch* Portrait is characteristic: "Brave DOUGLAS" is evidently looking Straight at some one, and the some one at whom, or for whom, he is looking, is not Straight in front of him; not that such a self-inspection would be impossible, as, notably, Sir DOUGLAS has always been able to "look out for himself," and to find himself pretty comfortable, thank you. Once upon a time "the noble DOUGLAS saw The Commons rise," but after a brief yet pleasant Parliamentary canter, he lost his seat and was thrown out. In this portrait, which is a speaking likeness, the eyes are eloquent, and there is a moral point in the nose, conveyed by the tip which he cannot give to any one, but the point of which every one can see for himself, and apply it, thus: "Follow in the way of The DOUGLAS, and you will always be in the Straight line."

CRICKETER'S FAVOURITE FISH.—Slips.



VERB. SAP.

John Bull (to Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes). "YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER. TAKE MY ADVICE—DON'T TALK SO MUCH ABOUT 'BRITISH SUPREMACY.' I WILL LOOK AFTER THAT, IF NECESSARY."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Preux Chevalier refers to the ancestry of his Lady-love as a Bayard should.

Do you remember when you sighed
"We never mention Grandpapa!"
And all reply to me denied
About this same lost Grandpapa?
I pictured him a Pirate King,
Or some bold Brigand on the land,
A Bravo up to anything,
And so perhaps could understand
"We never mention Grandpapa!"

You shuddered when I asked his name,
You would *not* speak of Grandpapa,
Your eyes said plainly, "I disclaim
All reference to Grandpapa!"
You tried to hint your father's sire
Was quite too dreadful for inquiry;
Indeed, I seemed to pique your ire,
For your reply was almost fiery,
"We never mention Grandpapa!"

Could he have been a peccant peer,
This all mysterious Grandpapa?
Who had to fly this hemisphere
For lands that knew not Grandpapa?
Could he have been a banker base
Who rightly earned the widow's curse,
And orphans caused to weep apace?
No, no! These words meant something worse,
"We never mention Grandpapa!"

Could he have caught the judge's eye,
This reckless, robbing Grandpapa?
Have done a bit upon the sly
With bills on friends of Grandpapa?
Or rotten ships have sent to sea,
Or weapons sold to foreign foe?
Or pulled a horse? Your speech to me
Remains—'tis neither "Yes" nor "No,"
"We never mention Grandpapa!"

* * * * *

I had a mind all prone to find
The facts about your Grandpapa.
I trust you will not deem unkind
The search I made for Grandpapa?
I've got the record of his life—
Vent not on me your wrath in vials—
Briefly, he used the cats'-meat knife
Not fifty yards from Seven Dials.
And so I mention Grandpapa
To ask if you'll become my wife?
And in our *must-be* household strife
I'll never mention Grandpapa!



Serious Old Party. "EH, BUT THIS IS A WICKED WORLD!"

Flippant Individual. "YOU ARE RIGHT, MRS. MUMBLE. FOR MY PART, I SHALL BE QUITE SATISFIED IF I GET OUT OF IT ALIVE!"

BY THE SILVER SEA.

DRAINSMOUTH.

THIS popular health resort is now filled to overflowing. The entertainments on the pier include animated photographs of a procession to the Woking Crematorium, and other cheerful and interesting subjects. The smells of the harbour may still be enjoyed to perfection at low water.

SHRIMPLEY.

The question of mixed bathing here has at length been set at rest by the Town Council issuing an order that nobody is to bathe at all. A decision so impartial as between the rival factions cannot fail to give satisfaction to all except the captious. Professor DE BACH, with his performing dogs, gives an exhibition twice each day at the Pier Pavilion.

LODGINGTON-ON-SEA.

Warm and sunny weather still continues in this favoured spot. People wait half the morning for a bathing-machine and then look rather disappointed when they get it. The SIMPERTON-SWAGGERINGTONS arrived yesterday, travelling first-class from the junction, two miles off (up to which point they had come third). This has excited some unfavourable comment in the town.

SMELLINGTON-SUPER-MARE.

Large numbers of tripp—visitors, I mean, continue to pour into the town from Saturdays to Mondays, benefitting greatly by their small change. The lodging-house keepers also derive considerable benefit from their (the visitors') small change, especially when left lying about on the mantelpiece. No one could complain of dullness here now, for as I write, twenty-three barrel-organs, eleven troupes of nigger minstrels and four blind beggars with fiddles are amusing and delighting their listeners on the sands. The place is thoroughly lively, hardly an hour of the day passing without at least two street rows between inebriated excursionists taking place. The police force has been doubled, and the magistrates have given notice that, for the future, they will give no "option," and that all sentences for assaults in the streets will be with hard labour.

PLEASURE À LA RUSSE.

Q. When does a Russian give a Polish peasant a holiday?

A. When he gives him *a knouting*.

An Explanation at Two a.m.

Mrs. Joskin. What do you mean, Mr. J., by returning in this state? I insist upon an answer!

Mr. J. (*persuasively*). Well, my darling, either the whiskey was stronger than usual at the Club, or (*pauses, then, struck by a brilliant idea*) the water was weaker! [*After this night-cap, goes to bed in his hat.*



A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Mr. Borecastle. "AT LAST I CAME TO A PLACE WHERE IT WAS SO STEEP THAT IT WOULD BE HARDLY SAFE EVEN FOR A DONKEY TO GO DOWN—SO I TURNED BACK." *Mrs. Downshire Tall.* "WHY?"

À BOULOGNE.

GRILLING on Kent coast, and consequent restlessness at Ramsgate. Whither? Seawards, decidedly, and across the sea to Boulogne, *viâ* Folkestone. Devoted as is our attachment to the Dover-Calais route, both on account of the grand big boat-service, and the luxurious lunch at the celebrated buffet of the *Gare Maritime Hôtel*, yet the prospect of a stifling hot and dusty forty minutes' railway journey, from Calais to Boulogne, decides us on travelling *viâ* Folkestone. So, by lines running in pleasant places, we arrived at Folkestone, where for a while our perspiring party stayed at the Métropole for delightful rest and excellent refreshment, consisting of a *table d'hôte* lunch in the coolest corner of the Imperial *Salle à manger*, and thence aboard the gallant *Albert Victor*, and so, coolly, and breezily, to Boulogne, which port we reached by seven o'clock, there or thereabouts, and were received by the most polite of commissionaires deputed by M. FABESCH, of the South-Eastern Hotel, for this particular service. Any one wishing to be absolutely *dans le mouvement*, will find himself thoroughly "in it" at the S.E.H., which is a "growing concern," where travellers are treated to the refinements of South-Eastern luxury, and will meet with comfort, courtesy, and capital cuisine.

But O the heat of Boulogne! What should we have done without the electric tram which now performs the ascent of the Grande Rue, and takes you right up to within a hundred yards of the Cathedral! Bless the electric tram! In the old days, the one-horse car used to run you along the lines only as far as the market-place, where stands L'Eglise de St. Nicolas, and thence you would have to trudge, or to pay one franc fifty, and a *pourboire*, for a *voiture*. But *now!* Here we go up, up, up! not gradually, or laboriously, or joltingly, or jerkingly, but without abatement of speed, unless it be to take in or let out a passenger. Right away up to the top, all for twopence-halfpenny! "The halfpenny be demmed!" quoth *Mr. Mantalini;* and the electric tram be blessed, for here "'tis a boon and a blessing to men."

Et le Dimanche! O the heat! Skulking under the shade of a broad-spreading sun-shade, limp and feeble, but with a fixed and firm resolve to *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the "*Parc aux huîtres*," on the Jetty, we lounged in the baking sunlight along the burning, shadeless way to our destination. Once in "The Oyster Bed," we are assured of a good "tuck in," as our travelling scholar (aged thirteen) describes the *déjeuner à la fourchette* of our special ordering. Here, by open window, we sit, enjoying the sea-scape and the sand-scape, the bathing, and the breeze, and the startling sight of the tide rushing in, at top speed, as though it were very much behind time, and would wait for no man, woman, or child, but meant to catch 'em, unless they would cut and race for their lives, and intended to give them a good sea-bath whether they liked it or no. After the *déjeuner à la fourchette* came *l'addition à la "fork out."* "Bang goes saxpence," but 'tis money well spent.

Then, like joyous ghosts, we seek the shades and stagger to umbrageous retreats offered by the gardens of the establishment. There, within cheerful sound of electric-tram bells, and of the soothing steam-whistles of the many *bâteaux à vapeur* coming in and going out, we doze the happy hours away. Then we awake to see the ecclesiastical procession celebrating the great *fête* of Boulogne. By tram to Grande Rue, which this morning was comparatively empty. Now we take our "Rue with a difference," as it is choke-full. Thousands walking, standing, sitting; windows up to highest storeys full; banners, hangings, festoons everywhere. It is a sort of religious Lord Mayor Show; the little children in blue and white are rapturously received, as also are the sailor-boys. Soldiers are

conspicuous by their absence, and, as far as we could see, perfect order was kept, in *our* quarter, at all events, which represented, as it were, a portion of Fleet Street on the ninth of November, by two policemen. Good temper and respectful interest were the notes of the crowd. Then, lastly, came the bishop of the diocese, walking along (catch a Lord Mayor walking!), and impeded in his way by hundreds of mothers insisting on his blessing their children, which he does, smiling and laughing, with a pleasant word for every one, as if trudging a few miles in full pontificals, in a crowd, and the thermometer at one hundred in the shade, were the pleasantest possible way of spending a sultry afternoon in August. Phew!! Then we lounge back again and sit within doors, and near open windows, with blinds down, till dinner-time. After that, the gardens, where we see Les Boulonnaises et Boulonnais dancing and literally "kicking up such a dust!" The town subsides about midnight, but the *quais* are still alive, and there are excursion boats and trains departing whistling and shrieking.

"Up in the morning early," Monday, and by the tram, up hill, to the Cathedral, where, being ever ready to improve and test our acquaintance with a foreign language, we, having wedged ourselves into the perspiring crowd, were jostled into the building, and deposited in a side-aisle. Here, having deftly accommodated ourselves with a chair, we commanded a view of the pulpit, in which suddenly appeared a long-bearded Franciscan "in his habit as he lived," evidently bent on giving his audience something like a sermon. For us the discourse would be a valuable lesson "in French as she is spoke," all for the small sum of one halfpenny paid for our seat. A scratching of chair-legs on the paved floor, an unsettling and resettling of everybody "round and about our quarter," who, by turning their backs on the bishops, curates, and several chapters of deans and canons seated at the East end of the Cathedral, clearly indicated to *them* that *their* turn would come later on when they had finished with the gentleman in brown, who now occupied the pulpit and their entire attention. The sermon began. In a low voice at first; and we, listening intently and following every word with a sort of mental grammar and dictionary, were suddenly startled by loud chanting in the distance, and the rumbling of an unseen organ. What could it be? Bishops, curates, deans, and canons, all the ecclesiastics in the choir, turned round, momentarily startled. Had an organ got loose anywhere? Was there a revolution headed by choir boys? Could a Salvation Army have invaded the sacred precincts? But the Franciscan preacher cared for none of these things. Like a second St. Anthony, whose equanimity "shouts nor laughter, groans nor cries" could ever disturb, he braced himself up to full concert pitch, and then and there backed himself and his naturally-powerful organ against all the choirs of all the pilgrims, accompanied by all the mechanism that any number of organists could bring into play. The struggle was Titanic. The louder the preacher shouted, the more powerful was the volume of sound proceeding from the hidden organs and from the "choirs invisible." All chance of improving either our French, or our minds, by the sermon, was utterly gone; our interest was centred in the battle between Organ and Orator. In vain the ecclesiastical dignitaries tried to look as if their whole attention was being given to the preacher; the attempt was manifestly a failure, and after a brief consultation, a Canon went off (this didn't add to the noise), evidently to damp, or, rather, tone down, the exuberant enthusiasm of the pilgrims who, just arrived at the extreme East end, were blissfully unconscious of what was going on in the West. Sturdily the Franciscan went on his eloquent way, ignoring all interruption, "speaking through music," and making himself heard everywhere; he riveted the attention of the immense crowd, who had clearly laid odds on his winning, and as the interruptions suddenly ceased, his robust eloquence asserted itself triumphantly, and he stood there, arms uplifted, a living picture of Perseverance Rewarded!

After more "food and feeding,"—of which even Sir HENRY THOMPSON would have approved,—we bade "*Au plaisir*" to courteous and energetic Manager FABESCH and his Most Civil Service company, and, catching the refreshing breezes, we return, *vid* Folkestone, to find Ramsgate, which we had quitted because of the heat, absolutely glacial in comparison with Boulogne.

ALLY A. RAYTOOR.

P.S.—Happening upon the *Supplément gratuit du Petit Parisien*, we find among the names of the visitors to the Grand Hotel at Paris-Plage the name of "*Ponche et famille.*" We were indeed sorry that we were afforded no opportunity of paying our respects to the representative of a foreign branch of the distinguished *Punch* Family, *c'est-à-dire* "*de la famille Ponche.*"

FROZEN MEET.—A Klondyke hunting-party.



A DEGRADING THOUGHT.

Bertie. "WELL, SUSAN, IS THIS FAIR? WE WERE GOING TO PLAY AT LIONS AND SHEEP, AND THEY WANT *ME* TO BE A SHEEP AND *THEM* TO BE LIONS!"

"THE GYRATIONS OF A GENIUS."

An Autobiographical exploit—Designed for the instruction, amusement, and elevation of the human race, and constructed in water-tight compartments to suit the tastes of all readers, by the author of "Triplets," "The Threelegger," "The Perplexities of Plato," "The Heathen," &c.

Chapters 1, 3, 86, and 150 would at once double the circulation of any human being, newspaper, or heating apparatus.

Chapters 5, 9, 36, and 173 will cure chronic insomnia.

"One of my worst cases got hold of the book after dinner three days ago, and is still asleep in his arm-chair."—AN EMINENT DOCTOR.

Chapters 60, 206, and 239 have the force and dry humour of an Act of Parliament.

Chapters 18, 64, 187, and 206, if carefully studied, will enable any person of ordinary intelligence to pass the examinations of the Indian Civil Service, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Army.

"Since using the *G. nf G.* we have used no other book, and all our pupils pass first."—GRYNDE AND KRAMM (*Private Tutors*).

Chapters 7, 103, 199, and 250 contain all that is worth knowing in ARISTOTLE, PLATO, KANT, BACON, and MARTIN TUPPER, and a good deal of original matter besides.

Chapters 2, 22, and 222 are genuine side-splitters. Seven mutes have read the book, lost their places, and become clowns.

Chapter 248 contains the complete tipster.

"The publication of the *G. of G.* has been the curse of the turf, and since it came out, race-course betting has practically ceased, as results cannot now remain a matter of doubt."—*The Blue-un.*

Chapters 11, 37, 56 and 242 contain practical solutions of the Irish Question, the Labour Dispute, Bimetallism, The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, and the Acrostics in the "World."

The remaining chapters contain everything worthy of note which is not dealt with in the above-named portions of the work.



THE DUTCH PEASANT IS NOT WITHOUT HIS SIMPLE NOTIONS OF CHIVALRY. AS WE SEE BY THE ABOVE, HE BELIEVES IN LETTING THE LADY *HAVE THE PULL.*

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON ¡S'AFFICHE.

IV.—THE GLASS OF FASHION.

I HARDLY doubt, what journalists confess,
That England's Greatness issues from the Press.
Indeed it tells you for a cent or two
Much that is strange and often even true.
Here he that runs (though some prefer to sit)
May make him cheaply wise on others' wit;
Here side by side, to suit his taste in diet, he
Has meats of preternatural variety:—
May read the ribald jests of Men-at-law;
Or "phossy" and the other kinds of jaw;
How margarine is slightly on the slump,
But frozen pig continuing to jump;
Great wars and warlike rumours greater still,
And whether any Noblemen are ill;
Yesterday's crimes, to-day's menu for dinner,
The ordination list and "all the winner."
Here he may ponder, to his soul's content,
The crass stupidities of Parliament,
Viewed from the Gallery where press-men know
Much better than the dullards down below,
And, if consulted early—which they're not—
Could teach the childish prattlers what is what.
Here the reformer (we are passing bad)
Delights to hatch his incubated fad;
Shows that the Government is much to blame
In his opinion—here he gives his name;
And, proving how to make the evil less,
Adds incidentally his full address.
Of such-like fare you pay and take your choice,
But there are themes in which we *all* rejoice;
On which, when other memories need correction,
The fancy lingers with profound affection;
Unversed in which, to ignorantly go
(Excuse the burst infinitive) below,
Would cause us to our resurrection-day
More real regret than I should care to say:—
How Lady X., for instance, in the Park,
(For once without her husband) caused remark,
Being observed of all the gentle-folk
By reason of her captivating *toque;*
How Mrs. THIS, who graced a *moiré* gown,
Is on the very eve of leaving town;
While, *en revanche*, the Honourable THAT
Has just secured an eligible flat;
How SOMEONE gave a dinner, quite select,
To meet the Prince of HOHEN-BUMMELPFLECHT;
And SOMEONE ELSE her last of small-and-earlies,
To hear the Coster-King complete in pearlies.
Are these ephemeral trifles? No such thing!
They have an almost elemental ring!
Out of the realm of petty sordid care
They lift us (loosely speaking) by the hair;
And must remain in this our fleeting Show
The only solid truths we need to know.
And if you ask me how they are supplied
To correspondents of the *Toady's Guide,*
Or what the medium through which they get
Reported in the *Upper Crust Gazette,*—
I know of persons, men of evil bent,
Who put it down to self-advertisement!
Wrongly, I need not say; for who would choose
To have her *ménage* made a piece of news?
I trow a woman's heart would have the vapours
To find her frock exploited in the papers,
Did not the modesty that veils her beauty
Surrender to a sense of public Duty.
I say it ranks among the noblest deeds
To minister to common people's needs.
Take an extreme example:—we derive a
Pure joy in reading all about GODIVA;
And doubtless there are women of to-day
Not less divinely open in their way;
Who yearn, on ordering their wedding *trousseau,*
To share their secret with the crowd—*and do so;*
And even sue with silver, so it 's hinted,
To get the leading Press to have it printed!

A Hundred Up.

Tommy (*reading daily paper*). What 's a centenarian, BILL?

Bill (*promptly*). A cricketer, of course, who makes a hundred runs.

Tommy. You don't say so. *I* thought he was called a centurion.



NINETY IN THE SHADE—NOT OUT!

UMPIRE PUNCH (*to* W. G. SOL). "BY JOVE, OLD MAN, YOU'VE 'BEATEN THE RECORD' *THIS* TIME, AND NO MISTAKE!"

["The Record-breaker was greatly gratified with the greeting, but did not fail to remember that his long innings might be declared 'closed' at any moment by that most capricious of Captains, the Clerk of the Weather."—*Punch's Epitome of History.*]



THE BROWNS HAVE NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO GO TO SWITZERLAND THIS YEAR, BUT IT'S NEARLY AS GOOD GETTING TO A THEATRE NOW THAT THE STRAND IS "UP."

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

I.

THE reader, let us suppose, is one of the many thousands who wish to become popular authors. You desire, for instance, to see a tale of yours in the pages of that favourite monthly, the *Sixpenny Bit*. The simplest method of effecting this is to write a romantic series of the kind now in fashion, which, with luck, you will be able to spread over a dozen numbers of the magazine. Care should be taken to give your hero a striking name, as this will form the title. A short specimen is appended by way of example:

JEREMIAH JINKS.

XXII.—*The Affair of the Hard-boiled Eggs.*

For some time after the Incident of the Lost Tiara (*vide* the last number of the *Sixpenny Bit*) tranquillity reigned in the Court of Boshia. From this time, indeed, his Majesty did me the honour to regard me as his confidential friend. He had already thrust a cheque for £500,000 upon me as "a slight reward," to use his own phrase, "for my devoted loyalty," and (although the Bank most unaccountably refused to honour the cheque) I felt that I was rich indeed in possessing the regard of so estimable a monarch.

So, feeling secure of his favour, I did not hesitate to enquire about a month later whether any fresh trouble was brewing, for I had observed at breakfast that morning that his face wore an air of settled gloom.

The king started as I put the question, and, placing his finger on his lip, silently beckoned to me to follow him. Touching a secret spring in the wall, which caused a panel to slide smoothly back, he led the way into his own room, where he sat down in an arm-chair before the fire-place, and placed the royal legs on the chimney-piece.

"Ah! my dear JERRY," he remarked (for he invariably addressed me in this friendly way), "your eagle eye is as acute as ever! There *is* fresh trouble afoot, and you must help me out of it."

With irrepressible emotion I lifted the king's right foot from the mantelpiece and pressed it to my lips. "Your Majesty has but to command," I said. "So long as the editor will stand it and the public read it, so long will I perform a deed of valour once a month on your behalf!"

"I knew it," said the king, gratefully. "Well, then, my dear JERRY, the trouble, in two words, is—hard-boiled eggs!"

I started to my feet. "What?" I exclaimed. "Hard-boiled *again*? Then Count CHIMBORAZO means mischief yet!"

"Marvellously talented man!" said the king, looking at me in amazement. "You have guessed the truth. CHIMBORAZO is still hoping to drive me from the throne. You are aware that, by an ancestral oath, if eggs are served hard-boiled at my breakfast twice in succession, I am bound to kill the cook, but if three times, to put the queen to death. And my eggs, both yesterday and to-day, *were as hard as brick-bats!*"

"And you have——?"



SHOULD WIVES WORK?

"WHAT ARE THE WILD *WIVES* SAYING?"

Probably, now that they come to think of it—after hearing of the Correspondence in the "D. T."—"Leisure and light refreshments."

The king nodded. "Yes, the cook was executed an hour ago—that doesn't matter in the least, cooks are cheap enough. But if the new cook—and I believe CHIMBORAZO has bribed them all—gives me a hard egg to-morrow, I shall have to strangle the queen, and then there'll be the very doose to pay. Can't you help me out?"

"Speak not," I entreated. "Let me think—let me think!"

I thought for four hours, nineteen minutes and twenty-five seconds, during the whole of which time the king watched me with indescribable anxiety. At the end of the period I said simply:

"All shall be well. Boshia's king shall be safe. To-morrow will his eggs be soft-boiled!"

* * * * *

The fateful day had dawned. Skilfully disguised as a parlour-maid, I assisted the new cook in the royal kitchen. At last came the supreme moment; the gigantic saucepan was on the fire, and in it the cook deftly placed the three eggs designed for the king's breakfast.

"They must on no account be hard," I said.

The cook turned upon me fiercely. "That is my affair," he cried. "But, if you're so anxious, you can watch this minute-glass, and take out the eggs yourself directly the two minutes are up!"

Anxiously I gazed at the trickling sand. Would it never run through? At length the last grain fell, and at the same instant I whisked out the eggs. To my amazement the cook roared with derisive laughter. "Sold again!" he shouted. "That is a *five-minutes* glass, you booby, so the king will have hard-boiled eggs *for the third time*, and as sure as my name's CHIM——"

He stopped short, but a light flashed upon me. "Not so, base traitor!" I cried. "Not so easily can CHIMBORAZO dupe JEREMIAH JENKINS!" and, seizing the struggling count in my arms, I first tore off his cook's attire, and then dropped him, with a resounding splash, into the saucepan!

Thus it came about that the kingdom of Boshia was saved, and that I was that very day made a Grand Knight of the most honourable Order of the Saucepan by the grateful king.



THE HORNPIPE AT PEKING.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN AS THEY WILL PROBABLY EMERGE FROM A BUSINESS INTERVIEW WITH LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

ON THE CARDS.

Beside the road of life I chanced
  On Fortune's Temple on a day;
The Priestess, as I paused, advanced,
  And bade me there my journey stay.
She took me in, and showed me round—
  A charming lady, I should state—
And (you 'll have guessed it, I 'll be bound,)
  She volunteered to tell my fate.

I shuffled nervously the pack,
  I cut—and felt inclined to run—
I trembled as she took it back,
  And laid the cards out one by one.
I watched her count with rites occult,
  I watched her ply her awesome arts—
The first and principal result
  Proclaimed my "fate" the Queen of Hearts.

She counted up, she counted down,
  My Queen of Hearts, she said, would pay
A visit shortly out of town—
  (I wish they 'd ask me, too, to stay).
A good appointment that I craved
  Would end in one of Fortune's rubs—
It also seemed I 'd not behaved
  Quite nicely to the Queen of Clubs.

A most unpleasant interview
  With some old lady I 'd in store—
A foreign letter, too, was due,
  Perhaps a journey. (What a bore!)
There 'd be a wedding—that was clear
  (The Queen of Hearts still hanging round),
Although a rival would appear
  (The King of Spades, whom Fate confound!)

A legacy 'd be dropping in,
  Some disappointment (who has none?)
Yet I the Queen of Hearts should win—
  She ended much as she 'd begun.
My fortune truly might be styled
  One calculated to attract,
If it could but be reconciled
  With one most inconvenient fact!—

Which is—I 've little chance to win
  Beauty and Love, the tourney's prize—
Being ineligible in
  All cute mamma's appraising eyes.
No knight am I to take the lists,
  The least of all the lesser bards,
And if my Queen of Hearts exists,
  She 's hardly more than—"on the cards"!



Indian Clubs and Hairbrush Combination for Busy Men.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR A MERE MAN.

Question. What is your idea of perfect happiness?

Answer. Peace, with comfort.

Q. Then, you do not emphasize the possession of honour?

A. Not distinctly, as I would be satisfied with the ideal I have suggested.

Q. You hold woman in esteem?

A. More—in abject veneration.

Q. Do you consider her in every way your superior?

A. I think it most desirable that I should hold such an opinion.

Q. Can you tell me why?

A. Without hesitation—to avoid a row.

Q. Do you consider it the duty of your sex to submit to any demand of the other?

A. It may not be a duty, but it is unquestionably a necessity.

Q. Are you satisfied with this condition of affairs?

A. In moments of extreme exaltation of ideas, I have imagined something nobler, if not safer.

Q. "Nobler, if not safer"—what would that be?

A. The equality of the sexes.

Q. How could that be achieved?

A. By improving the position of the male, so that the woman should no longer be the superior of the man.

A SUGGESTION FOR LLOYD'S.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by the papers that a member of Lloyd's recently insured the success of a play which proved to be unsuccessful. It seems to me that there are many projects which members of Lloyd's might insure with equal daring. I will instance a few schemes:—

1. Insurance against matrimony (widows double premium).
2. Insurance against wet Bank Holidays, or *vice versâ*.
3. Insurance against the London County Council ever suppressing street howling.
4. Insurance against the Government ever regulating money-lending.
5. Insurance against naming the winners of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Jubilee Stakes in A.D. 1900.
6. Insurance against the total closing of public-houses in England.
7. Insurance against colds and other maladies contracted in the Law Courts.
8. Insurance against motor-cars doing away, say in five years, with horse-drawn vehicles.
9. Insurance against bicycles being taxed and numbered (three years limit).

There, Sir, are nine subjects for speculation, to which I beg to add a tenth. Insurance against these valuable suggestions appearing in *Punch*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HORATIO LYNX.

Syndicate Villa, Clapham Rise, S.W.

TO MY PIPE.

THE night is drawing to a close,
And you have been too often fed
With 'baccy—I must seek repose
In bed.

It wracks my heart to lay you down
So soon. I really cannot do
Without one in my dressing-gown
Or two.

And then we part, as lovers sweet—
How fast time spent together slips!—
Till, breakfast done, again you meet
My lips.

Then let us banish parting's grief,
Hugging the present pure content,
Before your soothing power brief
Be spent.

I met you first within a shop,
Root-mottled to your silver mount;
Your cost, though great, I could not stop
To count.

I bore you off in triumph then,
And all the joy your beauty woke
Is constant, for I love you when
I smoke.

You soothe when trouble overmuch
Oppresses, Consolation's type—
No cigarette can ever touch
My pipe.

Question for a Biblical Examination Paper.

Q. During the dark nights of the Deluge, how did Commander and Shipbuilder NOAH illuminate his house-boat?

A. Why, of course, with "*Arc Lamps.*"



THE BRITISH FARMER.

"YOU FARMERS ARE IN LUCK'S WAY THIS YEAR—MAGNIFICENT HAY CROP, GRAND HARVEST, GOOD PRICES, NOTHING TO GRUMBLE AT NOW."
"DON'T KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THAT. MAIN POOR YEAR FOR MUSHROOMS!"

NOTE BY THE WIFE OF A REIGNING POTENTATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing that you are the confidant of all sorts and conditions of men and women, I venture to inquire why my *incognito* or *incognita* (I am not a Latin scholar) should not be scrupulously preserved? I arrived here a fortnight ago in order to recuperate my health and duly inscribed my name in the *Fremden-liste* as the Countess of TRANSCAUCASIA, meaning thereby to intimate that I did not desire my personality to be made known to the Outer World. So far from my modesty assuring me of repose, I and those around me have ever since been pestered with queries from irresponsible scribes as to my identity. I am—but no matter, you know me—the Wearer of a Crown, but why should I not descend to the level of a Coronet without this never-ceasing outlook on my movements? Please communicate with Reuter, the Central News, the *Agence Havas*, and the Associated Press, and oblige

Yours imperially,
ELIZABETH.

Bad-Hohheim, Germany.

A LAZY LAY.

IN weather that is tropical
The overheated bard,
To write on matters topical
Finds it extremely hard;
A sweltering sunny Summer's day
Somehow suggests a lazy lay.

When only sea is visible,
And blue skies shine above,
The rhyme that should be risible
Runs to a lay of love.
Tho' *dolce far niente* days
Turn lays of love to love of laze.

When by the foreshore frollicking,
Or basking on the beach,
Rhymes racy and rhymes rollicking
Seem to escape one's reach;
The bard can only sing in praise
Of dear departing August days.

YACHTING MEM.—It is said that Sir THOMAS LIPTON'S challenge for the America Cup is causing much perplexity to our Transatlantic kinsmen. *Mr. Punch* suggests that his yacht should be named the *Teaser*.



DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS.

Li (to the very latest claimant). "BELGIQUE TOO SMALL TO HURT JOHN CHIN-CHIN. BELGIQUE TOO SMALL TO HAVE ANY."

["The Chinese Government is not yet disposed to lease to the King of the Belgians the strip of territory he has asked for."—*Daily Paper.*]

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?

(A VISION OF THE FUTURE.)

To the Editor of the "Daily Telephone."

SIR,—We hear a good deal in these later days about the advancement of men, of the down-trodden condition of those who are dubbed old-fashioned, of the blessings of freedom and equality, and we hear all around us enthusiastic forecastings of the good time coming, when we men will be in all things the exact equals of women. When that good time has come, our sons will as naturally turn to trades or professions as our daughters now do; we shall make them lawyers and doctors, gardeners and clergymen, clerks, detectives and land-agents, those who are specially gifted will follow the arts, and the less pushing will go in wholesale for teaching, nursing, and domestic service.

In some ways this will be a very good thing. Boys will, in many cases, be spinsters from choice, and there will be no old bachelors. Marriage will be more free and less trying. Also, when once the boy is, like the girl, put into a way of earning his own living, the responsibilities of the parents will be practically at an end. Only—where will wives come in? And should husbands work?

We all know that husbands can work and do work, aye, that husbands of all and every class get through a vast amount of hard labour which is never paid for, and for which they get, and ever will get, very little credit; but then the question arises, When every man has his trade, who will do the work of the old-fashioned husband and father?

The answer may be suggested that it will do itself, as it has always done! Yes, but will it? Of course, says the hopeful prognosticator of the future, the working husband will have his own proper assistants, he will have his own husband, so to speak. He will be saved all the drudgery of the old-fashioned man, he will rule his house as his wife now rules her shop or office, he will have his own means, and will no longer be compelled to sue his wife for every pound that he needs. He will pay his share of the household expenses—according as he may have agreed with his mate, for the word "wife" will be as completely out of date as the phrase "better half"; he will provide his own clothes, he will pay for his own cigars and a share of the children's schooling. His will be a freer, wider, and more happy life in every way. He will live, and every hour of toil will tell, and will tell in his favour.

But the care and up-bringing of children is no joking matter, and to speak seriously, if a father does his whole duty by his children, to say nothing of his wife, how is he to find time and strength to carry on also a profession of his own? Should husbands work? Can any husband work and not feel the strain thereof?

I put forward no shrieks, no plea; I hardly venture on a definite statement. But, good old Editor of the most popular newspaper in the world, let the voice of the people speak, let us have a real silly season boom on the subject—Should Husbands Work?

I am, yours obligingly,

Dieppe. BOOTLE'S SON-IN-LAW.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR, OR THEREABOUTS.

(*By the Special of the Future, according to the Prophecy of Grumblers of the Past.*)

I DARESAY by this time you have received a full account of the late battle by the officer in command. However, no doubt you will have discounted a great part of it, knowing as you do it is *his* statement and not mine.

Of course, I have been obliged to obey and keep in the rear, following the events of the campaign at a considerable distance from the front. I must repeat that I consider the General's objection that my train took up too much room frivolous. What was it? A couple of camels, a horse or two, and half-a-dozen servants! Not much where an army is concerned. I hear that the General said that a lot of other fellows wanted to come too. But why? So long as I was allowed at the front what did it matter what became of the rest? But there, that grievance has been sufficiently discussed. All I have to tell you is about the recent battle. Well, I think it was a mistake—a decided mistake.

So far as I could make out the infantry advanced *en échelon*, supported by the cavalry and artillery. This was absurd, and ought not to have been successful. Whether it was or not I do not know, as we specials have not been able to get at the wires. The General says there is no time to look over our copy, and even if there were—what good is it? Nice way to speak of correspondents, isn't it? But let that pass. I have to do my duty, to send you the best account of the battle within my power.

Well, so far as I could see, the army advanced in the formation I have described. Ridiculous! If there had been a cavalry charge it would have cleared the ground of the enemy's skirmishers, and then the artillery might have made some practice. This would have demoralised the hostile force fronting them. Then when the foe were at sixes and sevens I would have advanced the infantry at the double, and, with a true British cheer, carried the position at the point of the bayonet. That's how I would have won the battle—and a good way, too!

Now, whether the General has been successful I don't know. I am miles in the rear, and whenever I try to get near I am requested to retire. "For military reasons!" Yes, I know!

However, I have one consolation—I am well in advance of the other fellows. And what is more, my telescope is more powerful than theirs, so I can see more of what is going on than they. So far as I can make out, things are in a nice muddle. I believe the commissariat has broken down. Then there seems—so far as I can make out through my telescope—to be a scarcity of water. It is no good suggesting there is a lack of discipline because the Public know that the British soldier is always the British soldier. TOMMY ATKINS is far too popular to be run down by anybody. Not that I would attempt it, for I respect him as much as any of my countrymen. So all I will say is, that he has behaved magnificently—in trying circumstances.

And now, what more can I write? I fancy the General would like me to talk about the stars. Well, if I did, it should not be the K.C.B. How the public are getting on without any descriptions I am sure I don't know. What is the use of a war unless it is reported in the papers? It seems to be looming in the future, that when hostilities commence, the Press will have to provide the army to fight the battles of our country. There is plenty of enterprise, and it might easily be managed. With our own journalistic army we could have our own journalistic reporters.

In the meanwhile, kept as we are in the rear, our berth is safer than it used to be. But that is not of much consequence as there is none of us who would not dare death to secure copy.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.



ROPER FRÈRES'

FIRST QUALITY

CHAMPAGNE.

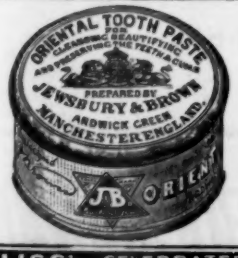
SKEEVIT



A pleasantly perfumed preparation which absolutely prevents the bites of Mosquitos Harvest Insects, Ticks, and other venomous pests. It also cures prickly heat.

In glass bottles suitable for pocket, at 1/- and in 2 oz. stoppered bottles at 2/- and 5 oz. 4/6.

Of all Chemists & Stores or post free from H. C. STEPHENS, Aldersgate Street London, E.C. *(Manufacturers of Stephens' Inks.)*



BLISS's CELEBRATED

ESTABD 1745

CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS

For Hunting & Sporting wear.

All their standard tweeds are stamped on back of every two yards with this trade mark

W. BLISS & C. NORTON

TRADE MARK

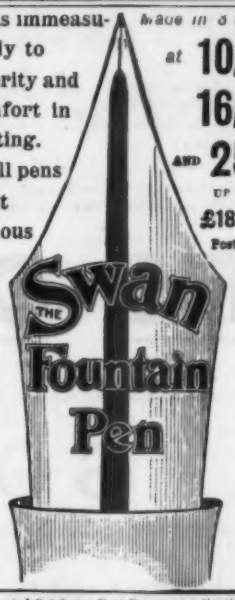
BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

Auns immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at **10/6, 16/6** AND **25/-** UP TO **£18 18s.** Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

(DEPT. A. 8.)

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

HOWARD

BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

3D

Per Box of 10.

A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.

MANUFACTURED FROM

PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates excel the finest French makes.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 6/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West End Show Rooms: 246, Victoria Street, S.W.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.



Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 2/6.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

"Shaver's Kit and Outfit." *Post Free.*

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.

'K' BOOTS



NICOLL.

TAILOR TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

114 TO 120, REGENT STREET, AND 22, CORNHILL, LONDON.

PARIS: 29 and 31, RUE TRONCHET.

10, MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER. 39, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
50, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.



Nicoll's New Rain-proof Cloths (Trade Mark, "Quicksilver"). Messrs. NICOLL would draw attention to their Rain-proof Garments. These Cloths are perfectly porous to the air, contain no rubber, are light in weight and yet will withstand the heaviest rain.

	£	s.	d.
Rain-proof Travelling and Racing Coats from	3	3	0
Rain-proof Shooting and Travelling Capes from	2	2	0
Homespun and Tweed Suits in new colours from...	3	3	0

Dress Suitings of the finest materials and manufacture.
Overcoats and Travelling Wraps for all seasons and climates in a large selection ready for immediate use.

High-class Boys' Clothing at moderate prices.

NO TOURIST'S OUTFIT

IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

VINOLIA SOAP

DOES NOT IRRITATE THE SKIN.

Premier, 4d.; Toilet (Otto), 10d.

AND

VINOLIA CREAM

FOR ITCHING, SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, &c.

1s. 1½d. and 1s. 9d. per Box.

AND

VINOLIA POWDER

FOR REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, TOILET, NURSERY.

1s. and 1s. 9d. per Box.

BRILL'S
Sea Baths at Home. **SEA**
Bracing and Refreshing. **SALT.**

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
SPOONS & FORKS



CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, ... in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 3, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"Every reader will confess that he has rarely been so interested as in this absorbing picture of his own times and the great men who have played such prominent parts therein."—*Literature.*

"The Cartoons, as in a mirror, reflect the mood of the nation at the moment, and their value is incontestable."—*Standard.*

Numbers 1, 2, *&* 3, *of the New Issue of* **The Political Life of The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE,** A HISTORY, *Illustrated with Cartoons and Sketches from "PUNCH," are now published. To be had from all the Booksellers and Bookstalls. Price One Shilling each.*

[PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



Nº. 2983.
VOLUME
CXV.

SEPTEMBER 10,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs. Harrows. Cultivators. Haymakers. Horse Rakes. Straw Trussers. Mowers. Hay Presses. Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

"SKEEVIT"



A pleasantly perfumed preparation which absolutely prevents the bites of Mosquitos Harvest Insects, Ticks, and other venomous pests. It also cures prickly heat.

In glass bottles suitable for pocket, at 1/- and in 2 oz. stoppered bottles at 2/- and 5 oz. 4/6.

Of all Chemists & Stores or post free from H. C. STEPHENS, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. *(Manufacturers of Stephens' Inks.)*

TYPHOID FEVER.
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—
"Wherever the
PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER
has been introduced
"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."
Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 306, Victoria Street, S.W.



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS
of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.
Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.
W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food

MENIER MENIER MENIER MENIER MENIER MENIER
CHOCOLAT MENIER.
FOR BREAKFAST.
AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.
DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.
SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S DRESSING BAGS.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES



The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.
Separate Stretchers are recommended for each pair of Trousers in Use.
Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze polished, 5/-; Army quality, nickel, 9/6 (in Gt. Britain only); for colonies and abroad, add parcel post rate for 6 lbs., to P. Dept., 6, Philip Lane, E.C.

GOLDEN HAIR
ROBARE'S AUREOLINE.
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, and all principal Patent Medicine Warehouses, London.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery."—Lancet

BRILL'S
Sea Baths at Home. **SEA**
Bracing and Refreshing. **SALT.**

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
S. Mordan & Co
can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

£10 10s. BRITISH ISLES CRUISE (13 days), Newcastle, Tilbury (for London passengers), Portsmouth, Plymouth, Queenstown for Killarney, Kingstown for Dublin, Portrush for Giant's Causeway, along the Western Islands to Aberdeen, Leith for Edinburgh, Tilbury. September 6th to 15th or 20th.
£9 9s. CRUISE (14 days) LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, AJACCIO, MARSEILLES. September 27th.
£28 &c. PALESTINE, EGYPT AND ATHENS CRUISES. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.
On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. LUNN and Mr. PEROWNE. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.
Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise by their
Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register, to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20th September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUM (for Tiflis), PIRÆUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 7th Nov., and London 8th Nov.
Passengers leaving London on 29th Sept. and travelling overland can overtake the steamer at Villefranche.
String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.
Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
TRELOAR'S
LISTS OF
SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.
TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.
Ask for Catalogue.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From 3*d.* *per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

ROSBACH
NATURAL MINERAL WATER
ROSBACH SPRINGS, Ltd., 19, Regent Street, S.W.

Mappin & Webb.
158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
LONDON.
(Facing the Mansion House.)
Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.
Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



THE SKETCHING-CLUB SEASON.

MR. WENLEY DABBLES RESOLVES TO WRITE TO THE PAPERS REGARDING AN ABNORMAL GROWTH OF FUNGI WHICH HAS SPRUNG UP ON THE DOWNS WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE OF HIS HOME IN WOLDBOROUGH, SUSSEX.

ALLER ET RETOUR.

FROM the Kent coast to Ostend. Better is it by far to descend on foreign coasts, making flying visits, *aller et retour*, than to take a long tour abroad. To Boulogne at one time, next, to Flushing, and round about, and on a third occasion, to Ostend and Bruges. You start with a bag, artfully packed, that will serve you for three days at least, portable, so that you can carry it in your hand, and thus, if necessary, be independent of porters and commissionaires. No matter what season of the year it may be, go on board early, and with admirable forethought, secure the shadiest and best protected spot on deck for your seat. Next, descend at once, see the chief steward, secure your table, and order your lunch. Should any one of your genial party feel in the least undecided as to his, or her, sea-faring qualifications, take care that the festive board be prepared a good quarter of an hour before the start, at 12.20, or thereabouts, and on the return passage (from Ostend to Dover at 11 A.M.), let your hour of *déjeuner* be 11.45 at latest. Fortified by a good meal, and with the tide and wind in your favour, the average traveller ought to enjoy the trip immensely. Cuisine and service excellent on these Belgian boats; good Niersteiner, coffee excellent, and price generally average. These details may be of considerable use to the considerable minority able to enjoy a sea voyage.

In and out of season we have "done" Ostend, and in the season, Ostend would be delighted to "do" us, were we not wary old birds of passage, not to be lured by the hotel-keeper's and shop-keeper's bait, charm they never so wisely. Ostend, in full swing of its season, is a mixture of Brighton, Eastbourne, and Dieppe, but as freshening and as hot, too, as Margate. Along the *digue*, most of the hotels are magnificent, and the private houses (taken for the season) are so built as to suggest that the ground-floor, several steps above the street level, with alcove and draperies, is a sort of little stage with the scene set, showing an "interior luxuriously furnished, with opening at back leading into another interior," as theatrical directions would express it. In some houses this arrangement suggests the idea of a gorgeous Punch and Judy show, especially as only the upper half of the people appearing on the balcony, leaning over and talking to friends in the street, is visible; *Punch*, with squeak and cudgel, is wanted, and, to complete the resemblance, there should be the other puppets, who could be knocked on the head one after the other on to the ledge in front.

For our part, we put up at a comfortable and reasonable hotel (such hostelries *are* to be found), not ten minutes from the *digue*, presided over by a most polite manager, got-up somewhat after the style of a ring-master in FRANCONI'S circus. The style in which, during the *table d'hôte* dinner, he clapped his hands as a signal to a small regiment of waiters, every one of these with a dish in his hand, and all rushing into the room, in a line, at the rate of ten miles an hour, was a thing to be seen and never to be forgotten. What rehearsals he must have given them! He was a regular Grand Vizier of the Arabian Nights, who "clapped his hands, and a thousand ebon slaves responded to the summons."

Advice to the Town Council.—Have the carillon tuned, and put in a few fresh airs. The *Grande Duchesse* is played out. As there is a steam-tram through the streets, which takes you to Blankenberghe, and other trams as well, bell-ringing, trumpets, and shrill whistles, are not absolutely unknown to Ostend. The *digue*, however, is free from trams, which, in their place, and at their places, are most convenient.

From Ostend, in twenty-five minutes you are in Bruges, and, being there, you will find that a single visit only whets the appetite for seeing all that Bruges has to show. Spend most of your day here, and, in the evening, return to Ostend for the concert and the amusements, including the somewhat monotonous game of barraque, played in the public rooms. The highly respectable visitor can vary the entertainments by getting a friend on the premises to vouch for his immaculate position in Society, and then and there to write his name down; thus the *entrée* to the *Cercle* is obtained, where, at *trente et quarante* and baccarat, the visitor in quest of excitement can pass the happy hours away.

Then the bicycles and the costumes! The Belgian bicyclist is a beautiful sight, and the bicycliste is dazzling! No "scorchers" here, but flashes of lightning, radiations from the rainbow sitting well, and working as if there were nothing half so sweet in life as its wheel. A compatriot bicyclist, who had done himself many good turns in various lands, informed me that the Belgian Government had framed regulations for bicyclists, which at first sight appeared irksome to a foreigner, but on closer acquaintance, it would be found that these rules were anti-scorcher regulations, and any Englishman who would take the precaution of becoming a member of the Cyclist Touring Club, would find the formalities at Belgian *douanes* considerably simplified and shortened. He was enthusiastic about the roads and the civility of the country people. As, however, I subsequently heard him holding an animated conversation with a Belgian official in Flemish, and then arguing a point about WAGNER with a German at the Kursaal, breaking off to order, in French, mysterious beverages of a waiter, I came to the conclusion that my bicycling friend possessed such linguistic advantages as, coupled with extreme affability, would smooth the way for him in many rough places through which the less gifted would only pass with considerable friction. Ah! but "gie me Peebles for pleasure," and the quiet of Bruges,—some people call it dulness, we don't,—is a genuine relief after the hurly-burly of Ostend.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Fiona M'Iver (HUTCHINSON) is well described as "a Romance of the Western Isles." ARTHUR JENKINSON, joint author with EMILY J. JENKINSON, is minister of the parish of Innellan, Argyllshire. The twain are evidently accustomed to go down to the sea in small boats, which they know how to steer and sail. Throughout their story sounds the undertone of the sea. Frequent glimpses are caught of Iona wrapt in a grey haze, Staffa rising dreamlike and shadowy, while far away the white shoulders of the Treshnish glisten above a pearly veil. That is for fine weather. But there are stormy nights on the Atlantic, and to description of these, the Jenkinson family are fully equal. The chapter which tells how *Black Nial* abducted *Fiona*, and carried her off in his boat to one of the Western Isles, is the most powerfully-written my Baronite has come across in recent research. A well-told story with a witching setting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A REMEDY FOR RUFFIANS.

Hooligan. "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, GUV'NOR?"
Policeman. "I M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE 'HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT'!"

THE GUARDS OF RIGHT.

THE skies are dark, the mist is dense,
We cannot see our way,
A pressure that is chill, intense,
Has hidden all our day!
We know the foe is somewhere near
Beneath this blinding blight
Of doubt, uncertainty, not fear—
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Dimly the sun has kissed the East,
Dimly has kissed the West!
We're bidden to the fateful feast,
Where War shall mate with Rest.
A cry comes forth from out yon gloom
That should be dove-like, white,
"Sheathe swords! suppress the cannon boom!"
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

The promises of broken faith
On Sands of Time are strown,
We bought those promises with Death.
What sowed them? Blood! our own!
Across the seas, on every strand
The bones of men bleach white,
The Sign-posts of our Mother-land!
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

Stand fast! nor heed the whining cry
Of curs, who fear the foe,
Of women, who would fain deny
That God had made them so!
Stand fast! for all that Britain's worth!
Stand fast! amid this night!
You hold the Peace of all the Earth!
Stand fast, O Guards of Right!

CULTURE *v.* AGRICULTURE.

(*A Vision of the Near Future.*)

"No foreign trips," said JONES, resolutely. "None of your miserable seaside places for me this year. I shall spend my time at Puddleworth, in the depths of the country, staying in those delightful farmhouse lodgings where I was made so comfortable before. Mr. GILES, the farmer, will be delighted to see me, his wife is an admirable cook, and life there is thoroughly primitive, simple and charming."

A few days later he arrived at Puddleworth, and very refreshing the country air seemed after the stifling heat of London. Farmer GILES greeted him warmly, and after a few remarks about the weather—a topic, JONES noticed, which seemed to interest his host less keenly than was once the case—the visitor enquired what kind of a season it had been for hay.

"Well, Sir," said the worthy GILES, "the hay was all right, but we couldn't carry it."

"But why?" enquired JONES. "Surely the weather——"

"It weren't the weather," said the farmer; "'twere along o' that Shakspeare class. We couldn't get no hands nohow."

"Shakspeare class?" echoed JONES, with much surprise.

"Yes, Sir. P'raps you mayn't have heard how we be moving on in the country. Them there County Councils have started lectures on every sort of subject, offering prizes, and scholarships, and foolishness. All the place be clean overrun with them dratted lectures—asking your pardon, Sir. Mondays and Thursdays 'tis "SHAKSPEARE," Tuesdays and Fridays 'tis "Advanced Sanitation," and Wednesdays we has a course on "Applied Dynamics." Wunnerful useful, Sir, they tell me they be. All those lectures be in the afternoon, so we can't get a man to do a day's work. Then of an evening——"

"But, good gracious!" cried JONES, "you don't mean to tell me that the labourers attend those lectures?"

"That they does," said Mr. GILES. "They be that daft on 'culture,' and 'eddication,' and suchlike nowadays. Or, even if they bain't fools themselves, for one thing there's the County Council bribing them handsome (out of the rates) to come, and then there's their women-folk egging of them on. You've brought a cook, Sir, I hopes?" he broke off.

"A cook?" said JONES, with dismay. "No; why, I thought that Mrs. GILES——"

"Lor' bless you, she don't cook nowadays. She spends her time a-reading BROWNING, and the gals are learning painting and the violin. As for the food—Well, in the old days, as you knows, Sir, we got what we could eat. Now we eat what we can get—and be thankful, or otherwise, according to our digestions."

"And is your old father alive? And if so, what does he think of this system?"

"Father," said Mr. GILES, smiling for the first time, "is a sight for to see—let alone to hear. There's a new course of lectures on WORDSWORTH, for "Infants and Senile Adults," and parson's wife, she came along and dragged off father to the school for it. And the language the old gennelman used about 'lectures'! Well, you should have heard it, Sir."

"But what becomes of the farm, GILES?"

"Farming bain't of no account nowadays," said Mr. GILES, decisively. "Missus finds that American flour very good, and our butter comes from Norway. We does a little ourselves, of course, so long as it don't interfere with lectures. And—'scuse me, Mr. JONES, but I'm due at one now—'tis on "RUSKIN and Ideal Art"—and my missus, well, she just makes me go. Make yourself at home, Sir. There's some bread and cheese, and we'll be back about nine!"

But on his return, he found that JONES had taken the 8.50 express for London.



Millionaire. "YES; I'M AWFUL PARTIAL TO PICTERS. WHY, BLESS YER, I'VE GOT CELLARS FULL OF 'EM!"



FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"YOU LIKE OSTENDE, MONSIEUR SIMPKIN?"
"OH, YES, ORFLY! IT'S SO 'RICHURCH,' DON'TCHERKNOW. JUST COME UP TO THE 'CURSE HALL,' WILL YOU?"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

I.

Monday.—Those awful boys again! Why should my sister and her husband go tearing off to Norway? And why should I be called upon to "look after"—that's my sister's expression—the boys? Why am I selected as bearleader to these dreadful children? I ask why, and my sister's unfeeling, and utterly inconsequential answer is, because I have "none of my own." Shall wire and decline.

"So sorry; off to Shrimpton to-morrow. Fear boys would not like hotel life."

There, that's done. Must have my new trunks rubbed over with brown boot-polish, cannot bear sight of new leather, sets my teeth on edge. Wire for rooms at Royal, Shrimpton-on-Sea. "Answer paid" arrives. Day after to-morrow rooms at disposal. Must wait in town. Just like my luck!

Tuesday.—"Special post. Urgent." Ill-omen. It's from one of those two imps. O, RICHARD THE THIRD of blessed memory, you knew what it was to be an uncle! Break open envelope and——

"DEAR UNCLE CHARLES,—its verry kind of you to give me and TOMMY a invitashun" (I like that! *I* invite them, indeed!) "to stay with you. Ma told me to begin like that, so I've put it, and now Ile go on my own way. We dont mind staying at a Hotel a bit, insted of at your own house" (very condescending of them, I'm sure!), "in fack, we preffer it, becos you can kick up sutch a joly shine at a hotel, and have rows with the manidger and all that, and then it doesn't matter if you break the furnisher becos its not your own you know. Oh thers all sorts of fun in a hotel. TOMMY wants to dig on the sands, fancy the littel ass at his age with a spail and pade when he ought to be like a grown-up. I am, and hees neerly as old ass me. I had a tooth out yestiddy, the feller that did it hurt, and I hollered out and hit him in the weskot, and he garpsed and sed you littel retch! Well, I told him if we came to Shimpton, of course we couldn't dig on the sands (I mean TOMMY, not the feller who puled my tooth out) or anny rot like that—just like kids, you know—but weed roe in a boat and sail and swim and—oh! just rot about, just as you do yourself, you know, wen your at the seaside. So weel meet you tomorrow at Burberidge Junkshon ware they change for Scrimpton by the too thirty train. Then we shall all get there—to Skimton, I meen—together, witch will be better, becos then you can look after our luggidge ass well ass your own. Its so beesely looking after luggidge, so I never do, but just let it rip, and then you should hear the Guvner sware wen we loose one of the portmantoes. Well, thats orl and hopping to see you at B. Junk. tomorrow,

Your affecshunt MAX.

P.S.—I spose you woodent let me ask BOOTS!

No, most emphatically no, I say. I will *not* let you ask BOOTS! D—— I mean, bother BOOTS!

Upon my word, it is too bad that I should be let in like this. No help for it, I suppose, now, though. Wire for extra room at Royal.

Wednesday.—My man secures me First smoker to myself. Quiet cigar to prepare nerves for coming ordeal. As train arrives Burberidge Junction, am saluted by hideous cheering from the boys standing on platform. MAX is holding fox-terrier, tied by corner of dirty pocket-handkerchief. Row of heads thrust out of carriage windows. Enquiries as to whether accident has happened. Descend gingerly and shake hands stiffly, trying to quell my nephews. Quite useless. MAX rushes up, dog yapping with excitement all the time, horrid child hits me violently on back, and cries, "Good old Uncle! won't we have some real fun!" Shudder at thought. Battle, murder and sudden death flit across my mind in connection with their ideas of "fun." TOMMY yells out, "Oh! the dog's loose!" and away goes terrier up the platform at forty miles an hour, MAX in hot pursuit. Porter wheeling four most disreputable trunks, burst out in several places, asks if "this 'ere lot's yours, Sir?" Point loftily to my own neat luggage standing by, and try to wither him with a look. TOMMY claims disreputable trunks. "Put 'em with that gentleman's, cockie; it's all right. Uncle CHARLEY, they're ours." Dislike expression "cockie," especially as applied to porter, in my presence. TOMMY surprised, almost grieved. Enter local train for Shrimpton, after buying boys bag of plums to keep them quiet. MAX wishes to have *Nipper*, the terrier, in our compartment. Sternly refuse, and insist upon his going with guard. Porter comes to window and receives his tip. Perhaps tip not quite enough, as he only regards it rather sulkily. As he turns to walk away, MAX draws ripe plum from bag, and with the diabolical certainty of aim which always pertains to mischievous boys, shies it at porter. It smashes on nape of his neck, and he rushes up to carriage window, red-faced and violent, to blare at me—evidently the tip was not all that he had expected—for allowing the "young gents, as ain't no gents at all, to shy——" Just as I am about to soothe him with another sixpence, the train mercifully steams out of station, and we are off. Propitiate TOMMY with sixpence intended for porter. MAX makes a dash at it. It is not five minutes since we left Burberidge station, and they have come to fisticuffs. Pleasant prospect!

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—The one which is causing the trouble at Birchington.

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

II.

HAVING instructed the young author in the art of constructing a tale of adventure, we may next proceed to the short sensation story. Nothing is more readily taken by the editors of the popular magazines, and the plan for making it is simplicity itself. Begin in the most matter-of-fact manner, a favourite scene being a club smoking-room. Then introduce your supernatural element in the shape of an enchanted box or dagger or ring, to which a dreadful curse is attached. Thereafter you simply pile up horrors for as many thousand words as your editor will stand. A short example is appended.

THE RING FROM THE TOMB.

It was nearly midnight, and only two men remained in the smoking-room of the Megarkerian Club, reposing in comfortable arm-chairs before the fire, and drinking the customary whiskey-and-soda.

"It is good to be in England once more," remarked the elder of the two, famous among Egyptologists as Professor HIEROGLYPH. "And now tell me your own news, DICK; you've heard all my yarns."

DICK JOHNSON blushed becomingly. "Well, I'm going to be married next month," he said.

"Indeed! I congratulate you! And the lady's name?"

"AMARYLLIS JONES," answered DICK. "Have you ever met her?"

The Professor grew deathly pale. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face twitched convulsively. (*The young author should not use this last sentence much more frequently than six times in each sensation story.*) Little did DICK JOHNSON guess that, not two years before, the Professor himself had wooed, quite unsuccessfully, his own AMARYLLIS. (*The reader never wearies of this simple expedient.*)

"Yes," said the Professor at last, speaking slowly and with evident effort. "I—know—her—well." He placed his fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out a small morocco case. "And here is a small trifle—a ring I picked up in the sarcophagus of RANDANASES THE SECOND—which perhaps you will give Miss JONES as a humble offering from an old friend."

DICK looked at the ring curiously; it had mysterious letters engraved deep upon its face. "Thank you, Professor," he said. "AMARYLLIS shall have it to-morrow. And I'll wear it myself in the meantime," and so saying, he slipped it upon the little finger of his right hand, and walked out of the room.

A terrible smile came over the Professor's face as the other left. "So you think that AMARYLLIS shall be yours, my friend?" he muttered. "Not if the spell of RANDANASES THE SECOND has aught of its ancient power!"

He chuckled with unholy delight, while beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face twitched convulsively.

* * * * *

(*Note to the young author.—Now then, for the horrors!*)

AS DICK JOHNSON walked home through the night, a strange feeling began to grow upon him, a quickening of pulse, a wild desire to kill every passer-by. At last it grew irresistible, and with a short howl he flung himself upon an elderly policeman standing by the curb, and in an instant had wrung his neck. Trampling the corpse underfoot he passed on, a strange light shone in his eyes, beads of perspiration (&c.). Well indeed was the ancient Egyptian curse, buried for so many centuries in the tomb of RANDANASES, doing its dreadful work! In the course of the next mile, DICK murdered—

(i.) A cabman.
(ii.) A journalist.
(iii.) Six members of a fire-brigade.

(*Of course, you will describe the deaths of all these with full detail.*)

* * * * *

He burst into the drawing-room, where the beautiful AMARYLLIS still sat, late as the hour was, writing letters to her dear DICK. But her lover roughly repelled her caress, when with a cry of joy she jumped from her seat and flung her arms about his neck.

"Look here, AMARYLLIS," he said, bluntly, "this is a sensation story, and I'm bewitched, and I'm going to kill you."

"Oh! no," remonstrated the girl, "do let 's make it into a volume, and then you can let me go on for several chapters yet."

"Nonsense," said DICK. "You have got to die now. Here is the usual convenient dagger in my pocket, and this story is long enough. There'll be a beautiful account of this last scene in the *Cheapside Magazine*, illustrated profusely. Now then, down on your knees, please. Give the artist a chance. Thank you!"

(*You finish with a few terse sentences, each shorter than the last.*)

Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face twitched convulsively.

Nearer and nearer he came to the crouching girl.

He raised the glittering dagger high.

It came swiftly down.

It struck—thrice.

Crash!



"WOT AM I MOIKIN? BICYCLE, OF COURSE, STOOPID."

On the Way to the Manse.

Deacon MacTavish (*to* Deacon MACBROSE, *after visiting several hospitable houses on their way*). Hoot, mon DONALD, yonder 's the Meenister! Noo, I'll joost tek a few paces afore ye, in that ye may say gin my puir tired legs don't tremble.

Deacon MacBrose. Gae forrard, SANDY, gae forrard!

Deacon MacTavish (*after stumbling ahead for several yards*). Weel, DONALD, hoo gae they?

Deacon MacBrose. Richt bonnily, SANDY, richt bonnily. But wha 's the mon that 's walking beside ye?

LOW TASTES.—Those who prefer their grouse not too high.



Irate Old Gentleman. "HERE, I SAY, YOUR BEAST OF A DOG HAS BITTEN A PIECE OUT OF MY LEG!"
Dog's Owner. "OH, BOTHER! AND I WANTED TO BRING HIM UP A VEGETARIAN!"

NICOTINE.

I HAVE sung in many places
Of My Lady's charms and graces,
I have frequently described her as my Queen;
But now in poetic phrases
I intend to chaunt the praises
Of another love, the nymph called Nicotine.

Tho' I trust my dearest lady
Will not think my conduct shady,
And with envy and with jealousy turn green;
For the notion is distressing,
Yet I cannot help confessing
An attachment to the nymph called Nicotine.

I am not the only lover
Of the nymph, for round her hover
Worshippers too numerous to count, I ween,
Young and old adoring gaily,
Whilst they offer incense daily
At the altar of the nymph called Nicotine.

Tho' her charms are great and many,
Of the fair sex scarcely any
In the ranks of her admirers will be seen,
But the simple and the gentle
Have a more than sentimental
Adoration of the nymph called Nicotine.

Then her worship is a pleasure,
For she speeds the hours of leisure,
And she makes our appetite for work more keen;
If you are not too rapacious
She is never aught but gracious,
Sweetly soothing is the nymph called Nicotine.

WILHELMINA,

QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1898.

MAIDEN, on whose gentle brow,
With the weight of woman's years,
Lies another burden now,
Rest a nation's hopes and fears,—
See, we send across the foam,
Yours and ours that laughs between,
Greetings in your Lowland home,
Maiden-Queen!

Over half the world to-day
Deep in every loyal heart
Prayer is made that you may play
Like a queen your queenly part;
And not least *we* love your throne,
We who trusted once to trace
Through your Orange line our own
Royal race.

Yet we claim to be your kin
Bound by other bonds than these;
By the courage wise to win
Fame and fortune from the seas;
By the strength that taught the world
What a fearless faith should be;
By the banner never furled
Of the Free.

Many a wave rolls o'er the dead
Since the conqueror of Spain,
With a broom at his mast-head,
Swore to sweep us from the main;
And, as now our seamen go
Rival comrades down the deep,
Memories of that gallant foe
Still we keep.

Such the splendid warrior-breed,
Lady, from whose blood you spring;
Such their sons that shall at need
All you ask of service bring:
So you stand as once she stood,
England's Queen, a simple maid,
In her dawn of womanhood
Unafraid.

And this hour, when hearts are sent
Up to God in prayer for you,
Doubt not where her thoughts are bent
As remembrance lives anew:
How she smiles through happy tears,
Thinking what her life has been
Since her land at eighteen years
Crowned her Queen.

And she prays that yours may be
Such a heritage as hers,
Peace that only loyalty
Yielded by the heart confers;
With that other love, apart:
Ah! for what could well atone,
If you missed to have one heart
All your own?

At the Archidiaconal Bazaar.

Mrs. Quips (to her little daughter, who has presented a Purse to the Distinguished Visitor). Why, CHRIS, didn't you say 'your grace" instead of "my lady" to the Duchess?

Miss Chris. Well, mother, I didn't see anything to eat, so I couldn't.

AN AFRICAN PROBLEM EASY OF SOLUTION.—Omdurman = Kartoum: Oom-durman = Pretoria.

GOING TO THE DEUCE.—Getting thirty to forty at lawn tennis.



A FRIENDLY PROPOSAL.

THE CZAR. "MY DEAR ALLY, PUT DOWN YOUR SWORD, AND JOIN MY LEAGUE OF PEACE."

FRANCE. "WHEN GERMANY RESTORES ALSACE AND LORRAINE, THEN—I WILL THINK ABOUT IT!"



[The *Lancet* advocates taking holidays in Midwinter instead of Midsummer.]

VIEW OF THE SANDS OF ANYWHERE-ON-SEA IF THE SUGGESTION IS ADOPTED. TIME—DECEMBER OR JANUARY.

DARBY JONES ON DONCASTER.

After having my humble remarks on Turf Indiscretion quoted in Big Type by such an Illustrious Newspaper as the *Daily Telegraph*, I feel, honoured Sir, like the Czar of All the Russias must have felt when his Patent-Peace-at-any-Price Bill was seen, read and approved of by his Illustrious Neighbour and Relative the Emperor of All the Germanies. There is nothing like Quotation after all to establish a Man's Reputation. Most of our Deceased Statesmen have lived and do live upon their Quotations and not on their Sculptured Tombs in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other convenient sepulchres. I would much prefer in my own case that some now unborn Briton should exclaim in the *Paulo-post-futurum*, "Darby Jones told this story in 1898," than that my Memory should be associated with a Diseased Drinking Fountain, from which the Unnecessary Cup had been purloined by some Unscrupulous Teetotaler. Not that I am vain enough to suppose that any Member of Posterity will ever be aware of the existence of "Darby Jones," save as he exists in the Printed Catacombs of *Mr. Punch*.

But away to the Delights of Doncaster, leaving Cenotaphs, Epitaphs, and Monographs to the Historians of the Great War, which, if I be anything of a Tipster, will break out immediately after the close of the Paris Exhibition of A.D. 1900. I am not a Politician, honoured Sir, the only "Swing of the Pendulum" that I appreciate is when a Big Backer gets the Knock to his Tick in the Ring, the only "Open door" that I understand is the Free Portal to Tattersall's Enclosure, and the sole Balance of the parties with which I am acquainted is Settling up on Mondays. But nevertheless I am a Briton, and take it from me, Sir, that if any Ready Money is wanted to back the Empire of the Queen in the Great International Stakes, it will be largely found among the Promoters of Sport, who throng Her Majesty's vast territory longitudinally and latitudinally the wide world over. I am driven to these Patriotic Reflections by the fact that at Doncaster I have learnt that several large parcels of that delicate sweetmeat known as Butter-scotch have been despatched to our Gallant Warriors in the Soudan, and that these packages have been sent by Turfites who know that Tommy Atkins may have a sharp bayonet and a keen sword, but that he also possesses a sweet tooth. How small does the Globe seem when we reflect that at the very moment when the "Sellinger" is being decided, some noble member of the Sirdar's army may be chewing Doncaster toffee on the banks of the Antique River of Rameses.

I like Doncaster for one thing, and that is its Independence. There is no truckling to visitors, as happens in the Sordid South. A Doncastrian landlord or landlady gives you of the Best according to Doncastrian ideas. If you don't like it, you can pack up your grip-sack and depart elsewhere. The Southron host or hostess would deceive a British Ambassador with fair promises, but the Northerner is as uncompromising as Sir Wilfrid Lawson or Lady Henry Somerset. If you don't appreciate the Whiskey of Doncaster return to less Cultured Regions and get your Quencher there. At Doncaster, too, there are many Rough Elements, but the Roughs of Goodwood, Epsom and Alexandra Park are unknown, for the very excellent reason that if they were to attempt any of their Romps and Rigs they would be quietly suppressed, possibly *killed*, by the Pitmen and other Patrons of the Corporation Course. This is Brutal Justice, but it answers as well as Lynching in the Far West of the Great Republic.

We are anticipating a very enjoyable meeting, for Captain Kriterion, owing to a stroke of Good Fortune which he received by backing Mr. George Edwardes's quadruped *Herbal* at Derby, has secured apartments not unworthy of the Manager of the Gaiety Theatre. The Hon. Fliflatt and others of Similar Kidney have promised to join the Company, which I need not say would be enhanced to the magnitude of an Imperial Directorate by the presence of Your Honoured Self and that of your Versatile and Witty friend Sir Fraiser Punnett, whose address you withhold in a manner suggestive of Doubts with regard to my Probity. Allow me, Sir, to state that my Mug may not be great, but I never interfere *with any one else's*. Captain Kriterion is very honourable on these points of Professional Etiquette, and so, I trust, am I. I will presently send on my notes, which may interest you with regard to the Race named after the gallant Colonel who was as fragile a Saint as his name portends, and meanwhile will endeavour to supply you and my other Patrons with that versified prophecy, for which I take no credit beyond that of endeavouring to satisfy curiosity at the shortest notice possible. Let the Minstrel warble:—

The *Cricketer's Weapon* I'll put on one side,
And *The Tyro* may not go the pace,
But the chance of the *Duckhunter* do not deride,
And the *Tipon* may run to a place.
The *Pilgrimage Pot* should be first in the field,
Nine We go uncommonly smart,
But I fancy to *Beaconsfield* yet he may yield,
And to *Godsend* if given a start.

So runs my augury. It is at least as good as that of a Talented Racing Necromancer of my Acquaintance, who writes out all the names of the Probable Starters on slips of paper, puts them into a hat, and receives five shillings a time for his "specials" from a Confiding Public. Such conduct would be averse from the well-known Morality of your devoted, but for some time past *unchequed*, adherent,

Darby Jones.

"SAUCE HOLLANDAISE."

Sir,—Should the Devoted Dutchmen be in want of a national melody wherein to voice their loyal attachment to their youthful and most charming Queen, they might do worse than adopt and adapt the music and words of *Robin's* song in what was once, *chez vous*, a most popular operetta, *c'est-à-dire*, *The Waterman*, of which the refrain is—

"So, Wilhelmina, I love but thee!'

This is a suggestion made to me by *mon ami le Prince Paul*, who is still a contributor to "*La Gazette de Hollande, oui!*" and whereunto I set my seal and hand as, if you will allow me the Anglo-French *carambole*, "La Grande Dutchesse."

Note.—By the way, to the modern majority who "did never hear of the jolly young waterman," *Mr. Punch*, with thanks to La Grande Dutchesse, recommends the revival of this old-fashioned operetta. Mr. Sims Reeves is still with us to instruct any aspiring tenor as to how "*Tom Tug*" should be played and sung.



A SORE POINT.

She. "DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN GUESSING THESE CONUNDRUMS. DO YOU EVER——

He. "MADAM, I HAVE BEEN GUESSING CONUNDRUMS FOR THIRTY YEARS—PROFESSIONALLY!"

FLODDEN FIELD.

(*Extract from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.*)

Ford Castle, Northumberland, Monday.—Suppose that after lapse of nearly five centuries all battlefields wear a placid air. Something especially pacific about the Field of Flodden looked down upon this sunlit September day. Hard to realise that upon another September day, in the year 1513, something like one hundred thousand men (including MARMION) faced each other on this hill.

Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south.

Walking hither from Ford Castle, the only sign of carnage we met with were seven dead hawks nailed to a tree. The Member for SARK, whose experience is rather urban than rural, thought they were grouse; willing to assume that this is one of the habits of hospitable country. Kind-hearted sportsman fills his bag; finds it overflowing; bethinks him of the weary pilgrim less blessed with opportunity. Nails his surplusage within hand-reach on the branch of a tree, so that he who walks may take.

SARK sorely tempted to pouch a brace. Thought the Chairman of his Election Committee would be pleased by receipt, per parcel-post, of such reminder of the thoughtfulness of the sitting Member. When I reflect on pleasing picture of the Chairman of Election Committee sitting down to the Member's "grouse," lifting the cover from a brace of roast hawks, almost regret I dissuaded SARK from carrying out his intention. Perhaps it was better. Honesty is, after all, the best policy. Besides, we can't spare SARK from Westminster, and the Chairman of his Committee is, I believe, supremely influential in the constituency.

King JAMES coming over the border with intent to ravage the country of his good cousin, HENRY of England (at the time, burning and pillaging the territory of *his* good cousin, the King of FRANCE), put up at Ford Castle. When he pushed on to the fight at Flodden, he repaid hospitality by burning the fortress. That a hard job with walls of the thickness of this old Castle. Still standing four square, fronting Flodden, is the tower roofing the room in which King JAMIE slept on the night before the battle.

Over the stone fireplace, on which are carved the royal arms of Scotland, runs this inscription: "King JAMES YE 4TH of Scotland did lye here at Ford Castle, A.D. 1513." Only last night, as it were, he undressed and went to bed here, dreaming of victory in the morning, and of being crowned at Westminster—only a last night dead these three hundred and eighty-five years.

Probably there is nothing now, save the bare walls, that witnessed that last vigil. Certainly the mirror on the table, ancient as it is, does not belong to the early years of the sixteenth century. Nor does the tapestry on the walls, faded though it be; nor the heavy black oak tables and chests. The bed is, nevertheless, called King JAMES's bed. A prim-looking four-poster, with long, lean arms reaching to the ceiling, an embroidered crimson coverlet, with some last touches given to the pattern by centuries of moths. Beside the fireplace is a staircase leading to the room below. This is called the Secret Staircase, and nineteenth century scandal, echoing earlier tradition, trips up and down the stone steps, lightly telling how the room below was Lady HERON's bed-chamber, and how the King might have won the fight at Flodden and changed the history of Great Britain if he had not dallied at Ford Castle long enough for SURREY to pull his men together. In truth, there is nothing secret about the staircase, which in King JAMES's time was probably the only means of access to the topmost chamber where the King did "lye."

There is a Gothic window in the King's room, facing due West. Castles of King JAMES's day did not have windows as big as this. Through a narrow slit of the same wall, or from the roof, the King, on the early morning of the battle day could clearly see on the rounded hill a mile and a half away the earthworks that marked the Scottish camp. But he could not see on the other side of Branxton Ridge, the English army, with SURREY in the saddle, and CONSTABLE, HOWARD, STANLEY, and DACRE, marshalling their men.

He saw enough of them before night fell, and when again morn broke,

The carcass of the King himself
Bare naked left as it was born.
The Earl could not know it so well,
Searching the same upon the morn.
Until Lord DACRES at the last
By certain signs did him bewray.
The corps then in a cart being cast,
They to Newcastle did convey.

So sings a nameless minstrel, whose rugged verse the white-robed Chatelaine of the Castle came upon in the library, and brings to me. It tells in three "fyts" all about Flodden. A note by a later, but long ago shrivelled hand, extols the shrewdness of the singer in thus dividing his story. A groat a "fyt" was the price current in days preceding our own ALFRED. Having excited interest in his story by recital of his first "fyt," the ALFRED AUSTIN of the sixteenth century wouldn't tune up again under a second groat, claiming a third payment for the final "fyt."

As SARK says, "Looking out on Flodden from the King's room, under whose beamed ceiling the doomed STUART passed his last night, we seem for the moment to be within hand-reach of quite wrinkled History."

LIZA'S LAMENT.

["An old woman known as 'Weeping ELIZA,' was sentenced to 'one day' in default of paying two shillings for hawking *Bobby's Canary* and other story-books during prohibited hours."
Daily Graphic.]

THEM coppers declare that I 'm wary,
Cantankerous and quite contrary,
Whenever I dares to offer my wares,
And tries to sell *Bobby's Canary*.

A fillin' me with indignation
By sayin' I makes lamentation,
Whenever I 'm took for 'awkin' my book
A contrary to regulation.

They say as it isn't the right time
A sellin' of books in the night-time,
And puts me away, two bob or a day,—
ELIZA, she do 'ave a bright time.



Irascible Lieutenant (down engine-room tube). "IS THERE A BLITHERING IDIOT AT THE END OF THIS TUBE!"
Voice from Engine-room. "NOT AT THIS END, SIR!"

TO THE PIPE-R.

(See Lines in "Punch," September 3.)

I DO not think that it was wise
To *puff* your pipe as you have done,
Your statements I shall criticise
For one.

A cigarette of any brand
Unto a pipe cannot compare,
At least so you, I understand,
Declare.

We will agree upon that head.
A cigarette 's insipid, tame,
Besides, in other lines I 've said
The same.

But "Consolation's type," no, no,
I feel I really must protest,
As type a pipe is not, you know,
The best.

A pipe is liable to choke,
And does so if not often cleaned;
Then you choke also, and invoke
The fiend.

Again, a pipe, I beg to state,
If valuable is apt to break;
And altogether it 's a great
Mistake.

You spoke, I think, before you should
Have done, for surely better far
Than any pipe is a real good
Cigar.



"READING BETWEEN THE LINES,"
a very common occurrence, but most dangerous practice when a Train is coming.

ON AN AVERAGE.

[An article in the *St. James's Gazette* asserts that East London, even at present, gets an average supply of twenty-six gallons of water per head daily; which, it says, is more than the average daily supply of Birmingham, Liverpool or Sheffield.]

DEAR A., and B., and C., and D.,
Who grumble that you get no water,
Your argument 's a fallacy,
Since, even in your East End quarter,
Abundant waters freely flow—
Upon an average, you know.

What though in tea-cups you must lave,
And drains and sewers are foul and reeking,
And you in gallipots must save
Your daily store?—correctly speaking
(Upon an average) you possess
Two dozen gallons, more or less.

For W., X., and Y., and Z.,
Have water and to spare, and waste it;
Then with such vast supplies (per head)
Although you neither feel nor taste it,
You would be happy, I 'll engage,
Did you but strike the average.

At Scarborough during the Cricket Week.

Bliffkins (reading placard). What 's the meaning of this: "Gentlemen *v.* Players"?

Smiffkins. The same old game, I suppose, the haristocracy and the clown cricketers matched against one another.



THE SENSE OF FITNESS.

Cecilia. "IT *WAS* NAUGHTY OF YOU, HAROLD, TO TELL MOTHER SUCH A FIB."

Harold. "WELL, YOU TELL FIBS ENOUGH YOURSELF, CISSY."

Cecilia. "OH, HAROLD, NEVER!—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!"

EEN BRIEFJE.

London, Woensdag, 31 Augustus, 1898.

MIJNHEER REDACTEUR!—(I've started in Dutch, as it is a Dutch week coming, but I'm afraid I can't keep it up. I might trij to Dutchifij mij remarks for the occasion bij imitating the giddij, *kwaije* waij the Hollanders have of writing the letter *y*, but I fancij such a wrij stijle of orthographij might give Ijou a stij in the eije, so I forbear.)

I am on the point of flitting over to Amsterdam to witness the *blijde inkomst* (*or joyeuse entrée*) and inauguration of Queen WILHELMINA. As in the case of the Russian Coronation, the Press authorities have given each duly accredited journalist a neat little red morocco pocket-book or *passe-partout*, containing his own photograph, and they have gone one better than the Muscovites, as we are accorded a free passage from England, and a pass over all the Dutch railways. Unfortunately, it will take them all their time, through no fault of the Dutch reproduction, to trace any resemblance between yours truly and his portrait, at least, so say impartial friends.

On our own private account we are to have a busy and exciting time, according to the "programme of reception," what with *raouts* and excursions to Marken and Edam and Purmerend, with afternoon tea at Mesdag's studio, and a few Press banquets thrown in, so much so, that we shall all come home talking double-Dutch in praise and admiration of "Ons Willemintje," and live on Dutch cheeses and "square-face" for ever after. "My old Dutch" will have an added force as a term of endearment, and "as I'm a Dutchman" will be the only correct form of asseveration. We shall all be assisting at "Dutch concerts," if we can get an audience with enough Dutch courage to join in, and we will finish up the evening with a grand "Dutch auction" of what remains of the furniture. Every dam will have its day. Some dams have had theirs already (as said the dramatist), and that on the Amstel and the Ij is now going to have its turn as well. So here's any number of cheers (before starting) for the success of *de Feestelijke Ontvangst van Hare Majesteit de Koningin te Amsterdam bij gelegenheid van Hr. Ms. Inhuldiging binnen Amsterdam in* 1898, to quote the front page of the *Officieele Feestgids!* Ijours trulij, Z. IJ. X.

CONVERSATIONS FOR CASH.

["In Paris the diner-out can converse without trouble. From an ingenious gentleman, who does a large business in this line, he can purchase a printed slip, on which current topics are conveniently summarised, together with appropriate anecdotes."—*Daily Paper.*]

MESSRS. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR, the well-known conversation-mongers, beg to intimate that they have recently opened a London branch of their business, and that they are prepared to supply talk of all kinds at the lowest possible cash prices. They venture respectfully to call your attention to the subjoined extracts from their catalogue, referring to conversations of the kind for which there is a special demand at this time of year.

1. The Agricultural Blend.—This is a most useful variety, and is strongly recommended to London gentlemen, Americans, and others renting country residences, as with the assistance of a supply of this blend, they will be able to talk intelligently about cows, pigs, manures, the price of hay, &c. It need hardly be pointed out how severely handicapped are many who wish to figure as country gentlemen by their ignorance of these matters. The following testimonial, from Mr. JEREMIAH DIBBS, of Mincing Lane, speaks for itself: "Having taken Diddledum Castle," he writes, "for two months, I was much vexed to find how unsociable the county Society appeared to be. For some weeks they simply ignored our presence in their midst. But, meeting by chance the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, I quickly let off three pages of your Agricultural Blend, with the result that his wife called on us next day."

2. The Sporting.—This is a brand of conversation for which there is a great demand just now. Messrs. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR would warn purchasers to avoid most carefully all spurious imitations, the use of which has often proved most disastrous. They guarantee that their own Sporting conversations may be used in any quantities, and with absolute confidence, as they are carefully distilled from the latest and most trustworthy text-books only. For the convenience of customers, they are sold in two qualities. (A) Includes partridge-shooting, golfing, bicycling, and trout-fishing, and is a good, useful conversation at a low price. (B) In addition to these, also deals with deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, polo, and yachting, and though expensive, is more than worth the money charged for it, being a magnificent brand of a really aristocratic conversation.

3. The Country-House.—This light and sparkling variety is especially suitable for ladies' use, and is most popular. No lady going a round of visits should be without some, as it will save her an immense deal of trouble. It includes idiotic nick-names for her fellow-guests, anecdotes (guaranteed new) about people in the smartest set, and appropriate conversational openings with bishops, sportsmen, soldiers, barristers, and authors. For those who wish it, flirtation dialogue (*Château d'Anthony Hope*) can also be supplied at a moderate figure. Miss ANGLER writes: "I attribute my engagement to Mr. CRŒSUS entirely to the use of your conversation." Lady CADGER says: "I have used your talk this summer with excellent results; in each house I have been asked to extend my stay. Professor STONYROCK is expected here to-morrow; please send six geological anecdotes by return."

4. The end of the London season having been reached, we can offer a stock of oddments and remnants—consisting of criticisms on plays, pictures and books, &c., at the most ridiculously low prices. The attention of suburban residents is specially invited to these.

5. Messrs. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR suggest that no more acceptable present could be found than a nicely-assorted stock of conversation. The following order, for instance, has just been executed as a birthday gift from a lady to her husband, who is about to start for a country visit:—

One dozen jokes, repartees, etc., suitable for cabmen, guards, and porters; twelve pages general conversation; two pages political conversation; six pages sporting conversation; one dozen anecdotes, best selected dinner-table; one dozen anecdotes, for smoking-room consumption, very rich and fruity; one dozen assorted epigrams.

On application, a list of commissions, similar to the above, may be obtained. A casual inspection will prove that the firm are capable of carrying out any suggestion of an intellectual character.

In conclusion, Messrs. BONMOT AND RACONTEUR trust that they may receive your esteemed patronage, assuring you that your orders will have their prompt and most careful attention.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

"PUNCH"
is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.
Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World.

EXTRA SPECIAL — ELEVEN YEARS OLD
CARLTON WHISKEY
25/- PER GALLON — 50/- PER DOZEN
This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous HIGHLAND SMALL STILLS. Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 8d.
RICHD. MATTHEWS & CO.,
24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the Colonies.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH
INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY
REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS

MACGREGOR'S
FAMOUS
WHISKY.

'The Spirit of the Age.'
PALATABLE.
PURE.
PERFECT.
Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.
Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.
Net Cash Carriage Paid.
MACGREGOR & TURNER,
(ESTABLISHED 1859.)
25 & 26, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.
ENCORE RAZOR
GUARANTEED PERFECT

Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank.
Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases.
From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD,
who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.
HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.
Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT


PURELY VEGETABLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.
Send stamp for pamphlet.
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 8, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

A KODAK AT A GUINEA
To take large photographs.
No. 2
FALCON
Mastered in a few minutes. No Dark Room needed for changing Films.
KODAK
Takes a roll of Film for 12 exposures. Size of picture 3½ × 3½ inches.
Full Particulars Post Free.
EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.
Head Office:
43, Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.
Retail Branches: 60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.

THE ENJOYMENT OF TOBACCO LARGELY DEPENDS UPON THE PIPE USED. THE CELEBRATED BRIAR PIPES BRANDED
B BB
OWN MAKE
ARE RECOGNISED AS THE MOST PERFECT, BOTH AS TO MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP.

IF YOU APPRECIATE
QUALITY
TRY THE FAMOUS
UAM-VAR
SCOTCH WHISKY
And you will not be disappointed.
INNES & GRIEVE, LTD.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL
COPENHAGEN
CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur

THE FAMOUS

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."
"MAB" RAZOR
PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/9
Sent post free.
"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

SOFT WHITE HANDS IN A SINGLE NIGHT.
Bathe on retiring in a strong, hot "suds" of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry thoroughly, anoint freely with CUTICURA, and wear old loose kid gloves (as per cut), during the night.

For Red, Rough Hands, Dry, Itching, Fissured, Feverish Palms, Shapeless Nails, And Painful Finger Ends, This treatment Is simply Wonderful.
British depot: F. NEWBERY, London.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

'K' BOOTS



MAKE ROOM FOR MONKEY BRAND!

WON'T WASH CLOTHES. BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP. WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR

KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 10, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

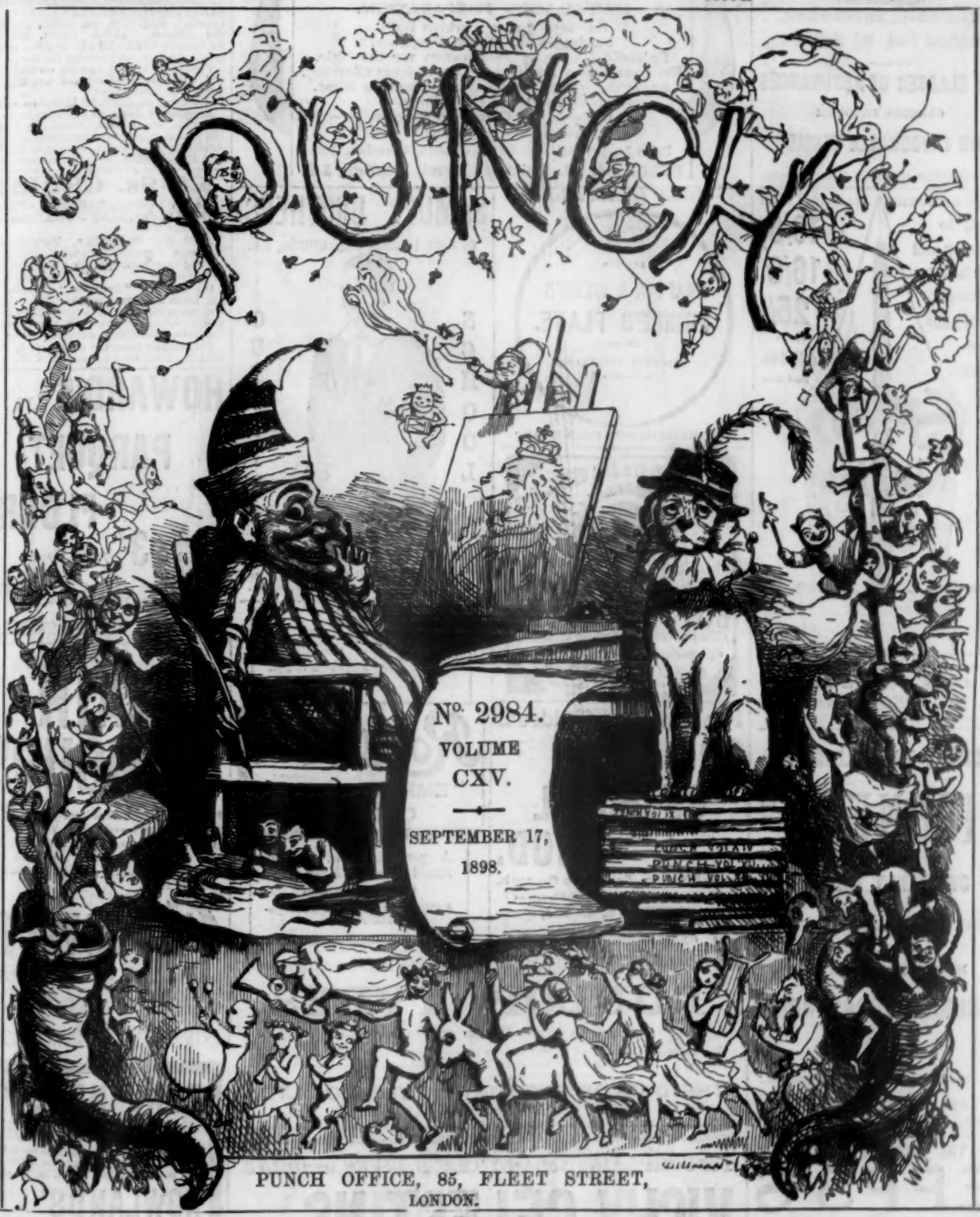
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



Nº. 2984.
VOLUME CXV.
SEPTEMBER 17, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

250 GOLD MEDALS, &c.
FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA
"The richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., &c.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

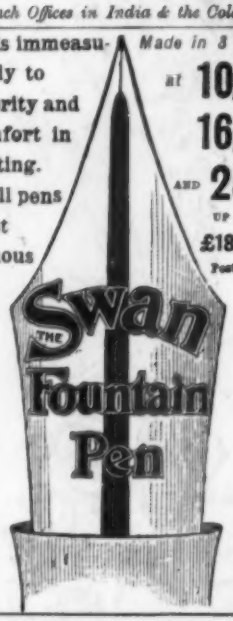
ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6 AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

PRINCE'S PLATE.

(Regd.)

"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery!"

Lancet

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists,

413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS



"Eton."
Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 6 in., 20s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s. 3d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

The CYCLING SENSATION of 1899 will be the improved patterns of

DUNLOP TYRES

First in 1888, Foremost ever since.

Upon receipt of a post-card we will register your address, and forward our illustrated descriptive booklet immediately upon its completion.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,

160—166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise by their Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register, to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20th September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUM (for Tiflis), PIRÆUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 7th Nov., and London 8th Nov.

Passengers leaving London on 29th Sept. and travelling overland can overtake the steamer at Villefranche.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£9 9s. CRUISE

(14 days) LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, AJACCIO, MARSEILLES. September 27th.

£26 5s. Palestine, Egypt, and Athens Cruise. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.) PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

HAIR HUMOURS

Itching, irritated, bleeding, scaly, crusted Scalps, dry, thin, and falling Hair, cleansed, purified, and beautified by warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and occasional dressings with CUTICURA, greatest of emollients and skin cures.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

"How to Cure Hair Humours," post free.

SKIN ON FIRE with Eczema instantly relieved by CUTICURA MEDICATED

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice: Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



"IS THIS YOUR FAVORITE VIEW, POPPA DARLING?" "WHY, CERTAINLY. BUT—AHEM!—I PREFER IT *UNFRAMED!*"

THE BELGIAN SHAKSPEARE.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.

(Commonly called "Macbeth.")

SUGGESTED CAST.

First Sister . .	Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Second Sister . .	Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Third Sister . .	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.

SCENE—*A wild and desolate Heath. In the middle of the Stage a Cauldron is boiling. The Three Sisters sit round it. It is midnight.*

First Sister. When shall we three meet again?

Second Sister. We cannot tell when we shall meet again.

Third Sister (*severely*). You should not ask foolish questions.

Second Sister. Has MACBETH been here to-night?

Third Sister. He has not been here to-night. He will not come any more. DUNCAN is in his grave. He will not come any more. [*They stir the cauldron.*

First Sister. Why is DUNCAN in his grave?

Second Sister. MACBETH murdered DUNCAN. He murdered DUNCAN because DUNCAN was king. MACBETH wished to be king.

First Sister. And is MACBETH king?

Third Sister (*acidly*). MACBETH is certainly king. MACBETH murdered DUNCAN. He also murdered BANQUO. Your questions are foolish.

First Sister. But why did MACBETH wish to be king?

Third Sister. His wife persuaded him. She wished to be a queen and wear a crown.

First Sister. It was certainly his wife who persuaded him.

Second Sister. It was in this way. DUNCAN was staying at MACBETH'S castle. It was a dark night. Not a star was shining.

First Sister. I begin to be afraid.

Second Sister. Two men were guarding DUNCAN'S chamber. When they were made drunk, MACBETH took their knives. He killed DUNCAN with their knives. He killed DUNCAN while he was asleep. The men were asleep, too. They were quite drunk and asleep. The night was very dark.

First Sister. Ah-h-h-h! [*Shudders.*

Second Sister. MACBETH put the knives back in their hands. The knives were stained with blood. There was a great deal of blood on the knives.

First Sister. And were the knives found in their hands?

Third Sister (*crossly*). Of course the knives were found in their hands. Your questions are exceedingly foolish.

[*They stir the cauldron.*

Second Sister. When the knives were found in their hands they were astonished. They were quite astonished. They said nothing.

Third Sister (*grimly*). There was no time to say anything.

First Sister. The night was so dark.

Second Sister. MACBETH killed them before they could say anything. And now MACBETH is king. He will not be king long. MALCOLM will kill him. MALCOLM is BANQUO'S son. MACBETH killed BANQUO.

First Sister. When will MACBETH be killed?

Third Sister. When Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane.

First Sister (*timidly*). But *will* Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane?

Third Sister. Of course Birnam Wood will come to Dunsinane. Your questions are absurdly foolish. [*They stir the cauldron.*

First Sister. But when will Birnam Wood come?

Third Sister (*rising and yawning*). The brinded cat has mew'd three times, and the hedge-pig once. It must be near morning. By the pricking of my thumbs it must be near morning.

Second Sister. My thumbs also prick.

Curtain.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.—"*The Ask Mammahdi Galop.*" Played with the greatest success by the band of the 21st Lancers at the recent grand reception given by the SIRDAR of Egypt, Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., to the KHALIFA and his forces in the Soudan.

TROPICAL MEM.—Heat relaxes morals. Now is the time to sit with a shady individual.



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

Bella Britannia. 'DEAR ME! NOT *LONG* AGO I WAS A WALL-FLOWER! *NOW* EVERYBODY WANTS DANCES!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

II.

Wednesday (continued).—Fight in carriage over. A drawn battle, in consequence of my presenting MAX with a sixpence for himself, and so putting him on an equal financial footing with his brother. Alight at Shrimpton Station. Met by hotel 'bus. Get luggage and boys and terrier on to and into it. Only other inside occupants crusty-looking old gentleman and pretty daughter. Daughter seems to take rather an interest in me; glances shyly up at me now and then. May be mistaken, but really think she—well, likes the look of me, and—— "Yow, yow, yow, yow!" yelps that horrid dog. MAX has accidentally trodden on his tail. So upsetting! TOMMY, with both hands in trouser-pockets, swings his legs about till he catches crusty old gentleman nasty kick on knee. Old gentleman rubs knee and looks ten thousand devils at me. Why me? Apologize. Old gentleman still rubs knee ruefully, and mutters "horrid boy," whereupon TOMMY guffaws loudly and dog lets go a howl which causes daughter to stop her ears in anguish. Apologize again. Arrive hotel. Manager looks askance at dog. "Sorry, Sir, we don't allow dogs in the hotel, Sir." Instruct MAX to remove brute to stables. "Oh! but mayn't he just sleep on my bed?" Am firm, and dog sent to stable forthwith. Conducted to our rooms. Dress for *table d'hôte* 7.30. Too early, this. Can never eat satisfactorily until 8 P.M. Boys evidently can. Appalling appetites. MAX drinks four bottles ginger beer, and then observes in perfectly audible tones, that he feels as if he couldn't bear anything on but his boots. Divinity, who is seated next me, blushes and looks hard at table-cloth. Frown at MAX, who only says, "What's the matter with you, Uncle CHARLEY? Got a pain in your——" But I dash in hastily with "Look at that ship, MAX. What a beauty, isn't it?" "Oh! not a bad old barge," he replies, indifferently, but thank goodness, the situation is saved. Asked by waiter if he will take second helping of roast beef, MAX appeals to me, in loud tones, to know if I shall "have to pay anything extra" if he says "yes," because Ma told him he was not to cause any needless expense, and as he felt pretty full now, he supposed—— But I cut him short (feeling hot all over), and bid him not talk so much, but have another helping at once. Begins again, "But you know, I don't really——" Frown severely. MAX again sympathetic but perverse: "Uncle, I'm *sure* you've got a pain in——" Cough loudly, and say I think there's going to be a shower of rain. This time, Divinity laughs outright, and I feel as though I could welcome an earthquake. Dinner over at length. Dessert arrives. TOMMY eats as much as he can, and then pockets all the mixed biscuits, bunch of grapes and two pears. Dare not frown again, too perilous. Cigar on balcony of sitting-room. MAX starts to fetch *Nipper* from stables. I insist that he shall be brought in on string. Coming up stairs, dog and boy meet old lady, who trips over string, and sits down with fearful violence on landing. Rush out in terror, and assist her to her feet. Strong hysterics, smelling-salts, brandy. Apologize profusely. Getting quite used to apologies now, seem to come naturally. Old lady vituperative. Says I (again, why I?) should be ashamed of myself, and that I ought not to let a string, with a dog at one end and a fool at the other, go rushing about hotel stairs. Am strongly inclined to weep, feel so depressed. Conduct her to her own room, dump her into chair, and escape. These d—— dear boys will be the death of me. Why did they bring the wretched dog at all? Insist upon its being removed to stables at once.



"DRAT THE BOY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THAT STRING TIED ON THAT FOWL'S LEG FOR?" "'TAIN'T OUR FOWL, MUVVER!"

TO THE KAISER.

[On receiving the news of the victory of Omdurman, the German Emperor called upon his soldiers to give three cheers for the QUEEN.]

For years we had no reason, Sire, to doubt
The Friendship that we held sincere and dear;
You gave a blow, and we received the clout,
All unexpected in our Southern sphere,
Where you and yours had no assault to make.
We felt the blow. Did *you* feel your mistake?
But now with generous feeling that we prize,
You haste to show that British worth you can appraise,
From Omdurman make Waterloo arise,
And gild the leaves of Britain's newborn bays.
Thanks, grandson of our well-beloved QUEEN, the end
Of petty strife is passed—*you* are again our Friend!

THOUGHT OF A STOCK EXCHANGE MAN, "NINETY-THREE DEG. IN THE SHADE."—"Quite impossible now to make 'a cool thousand.'" (Thursday, Sept. 8.)



THE BATHING QUESTION.

MASTER TOMMY IS EMPHATICALLY OF THE OPINION THAT THE SEXES OUGHT *NOT* TO BATHE TOGETHER.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

V.—MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

Before the glorious Ascent of Man,
When wild as hares the noble savage ran,
Though Marriage even at that early date
Was held to be an excellent estate,
They mostly did without religious unction
And waived the more important social function.

A person took the object of his heart
And in the jungle had his joys apart,
And if their absence caused a certain doubt
Their families explained that they were out,
Engaged to lunch upon a local black,
And would in course of time be coming back.

Men deemed the statement contrary to fact
But still received it with primeval tact;
Made no allusion to the "happy pair,"
But went to business with a pensive air,
Either afield in search of bestial food
Or scalping niggers in the neighbourhood.
And thus without parade or even rice
Folk wedded in that Earthly Paradise;
Thus in a decent silence passed the Event
Before the age of bold advertisement.

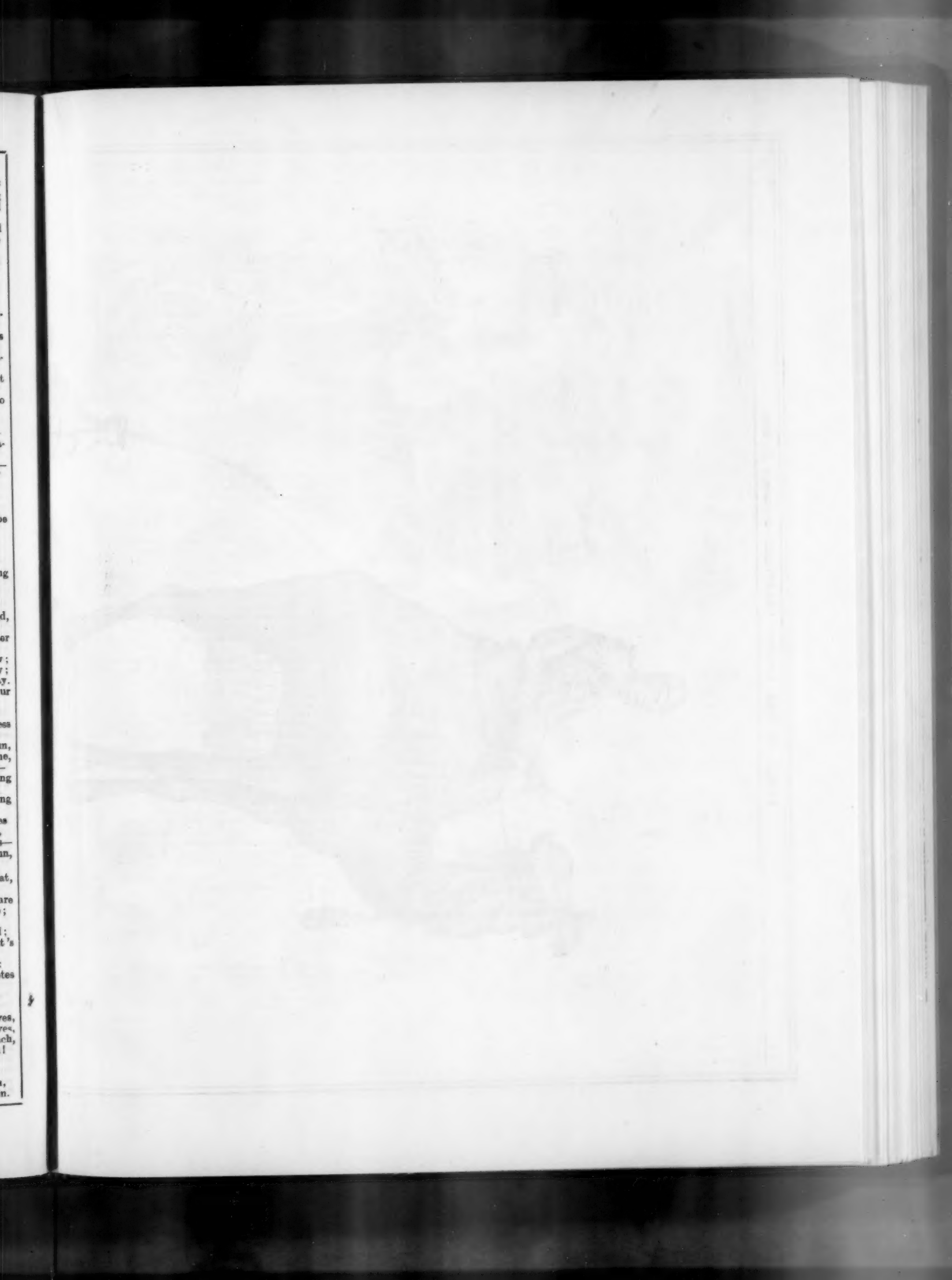
But we, thank Heaven, are civilised to-day,
And manage matters in a worthier way.
Betimes the keynote of the coming Boom
(Struck tentatively at the Drawing-Room)
While yet the victim looks extremely young
Sounds bravely from the stout maternal lung.
Betimes in brazen tones her name is hurled
Forth by the frank Bellettrist of the *W-rld:*—
"At Mrs. 'DICK's'—the smartest dance in town—
The most divinely fascinating gown,
A dream of muslin, girdled with a zone,
Virgin in aspect, *eau de Nil* in tone,
Was worn by Miss LIL SMITHERS, just presented;
(Sir RALPH, her cousin twice removed, has rented
Lord TOBERMORY's charming Staffa-shooting,
Birds being rather poor this year at Tooting);
Her mother—younger every year—who brought her
Is constantly mistaken for her daughter;
The latter—this is private information—
Is sure to prove the season's chief sensation;
Add to her other charms *un dernier mot*,—
On dit that she should have a pretty *dot*."

Anon, the fowler having set her gin,
The pigeon being drawn adroitly in,
The solemn day of sacrifice is fixed
On which the couple's fortunes must be mixed;
And, lest the public should be unaware
What noble enterprise is in the air,—
Also, by way of handing round the hat
To those whose purse is good for something fat,
Up to the Social Press the news is sent,
And charged as *extra sec* advertisement,
Being more costly than the common kind,
Because the simple reader takes it blind.

Then fall the wedding cards like winter snow,
Free passes—in appearance—to the Show;
But really meaning:—Come or stay away;
You take your choice: in any case you pay.
For though you should (according to your lights)
Object on principle to Marriage-rites,
You 're bound to give, if only under stress
Of menaced revelations in the Press.
For when we read, beneath the blazing sun,
The list of noble deeds that men have done,
When every goodly gift is bruited wide—
The diamonds showered upon the blushing bride,
The husband's share—a brace of sporting rifles,
A jewelled razor-strop, with other trifles
Common, as grammars say, to either sex,
From grand pianos down to open cheques—
Then too is read, beneath the blazing sun,
By implication, what is left undone.

Fitted by facial knowledge of the Great,
Happy the woman-journalist whom fate
Gives with her paper's pittance and her fare
A seat at Holy Hymen's, Eaton Square;
There to assist, a goodish way behind,
At this the triumph of her sex and kind;
Straining her eyes to catch—a thing that 's vital—
The semblance of a Person with a title:
Sketching my lady's corsage,—taking notes
Of plumes and bodices and petticoats,
In language of professional technique
All gaily redolent of Gallic *chic!*

But happier that reporter who achieves,
There where the Mother, later on, receives,
To find the wedding-spoils within her reach,
And touch the giver's label tied to each!
To tell us in what travelling array
The lady ultimately "went away";
And whether Dover was the destination,
Or Someone's Castle lent for this occasion.




GORDON



KHARTOUM!

[MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1885. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.

But why rehearse in full the blatant code
That guides and governs "Marriage *à la mode*"?
Enough is hinted here to show that we
Do not regard it as a Mystery;
For when a gentleman proceeds to wed
(A fairly private matter, you'd have said),
Swearing to keep the same continuous wife
For good, or even better, all his life,
In point of fact, it's not a private Show,
But just a public function, like the Row;
A paying job like rural selling-plates,
Or one of Aston Villa's little gates;
Refined as when your coster has his fling,
Giving his "Dutch" a gaudy burying!
Such the foundation, exquisitely chaste,
On which our stern morality is based;
So Wedlock, veil-less to the vulgar view,
Flaunts like a common wench *qui fait la rue*.

HET NIEUWS VAN DEN DAG.

Amsterdam, Donderdag, Sept. 8.

MIJNHEER DE REDACTEUR!—*We leven als in een droom deze dagen*, though there's not much chance to dream at nights. The whole town has gone mad with excess of loyalty, which reaches a stentorian climax about 2 A.M. Quite old ladies execute waltzes and fandangoes round barrel-organs on the cobble-stone pavements; and as for the younger generation, they have had a week's uninterrupted marching up and down the Kalverstraat and the Leidschestraat to the strains *più-che-fortissimo* of the "*Wilhelmus*" and "*Bummle', bummle', bummle' ist so schön.*" Yet I have seen no rowdyism nor 'Arryism, no pea-shooting and very little back-scratching. Miscellaneous amenities are being chiefly interchanged by means of hundreds of thousands of long peacocks' feathers, with which *mijnheer* tickles *mejuffrouw* under the nose, or *vice versâ*. Needless to say, orange is the only wear, and very effective it is, too. I have even gone so far as to buy an orange tie myself, but shall probably get taken up for sporting such flamboyant attire at home.

Well, there is some reason for all the enthusiasm. What else could be expected when you have a radiant young Queen of eighteen, sympathetic, proud of her people as they are of her, the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grand-niece of the national Hero, WILLIAM THE SILENT? (*Note to linotyper.*—Please get these *greats* right; I have taken a lot of trouble over the Royal pedigree.) I have seen her I don't know how many times these last few days, looking each time more charming than before, if that were possible.

Throughout, the white-costumed "Little Queen," WILHELMINA, played her part right royally. It was an astonishing performance for a girl of eighteen.

Yesterday night, fireworks, or rather waterworks, on the Y, the best part of the sight being the reflections in the water. One set-piece was a comic elephant with practicable tail, which must have greatly pleased the Indian princes. All sorts of hospitalities have been showered on your representative by the City and the Press Committee during these festivities.

To-morrow, collection of souvenirs. Coronation medals, ideas, and luggage for the train to Fleecing'um (as somebody miscalled it this morning), Queenboro', and a square meal at home again. *Hoogachtend* (must get in one more word of Dutch),

Z. IJ. X.



HONEYMOONING IN PARIS.

Mrs. Jones. "AM I NOT AN EXPENSIVE LITTLE WIFIE?"

Jones (who has spent the morning and a small fortune at the Magasin du Louvre). "WELL, YOU *ARE* A LITTLE DEAR!"

VERSES FOR A PSALTER.

["A German Professor strongly advocates a moderate use of table salt."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Oh! wonderful enlightened age,
That climbs each day another stage
In science and its laws,
Whose erudite professors wrest
Fresh secrets out of Nature's breast,
And trace effect and cause.

New rays of light, new gases sought,
By many a learned *argonaut*
Their eager brains expand;
No mysteries their minds perplex,
The very "incidence of sex"
Their science can command.

And, now the century grows old,
One than the rest more keen, more bold,
With skill that knows no fault,
That problem patiently has solved
Long while in mystery involved,
The use of table salt.

Hail, Herr Professor! not in vain
The cup of knowledge thus you drain
Down to its very dregs!
On, then! to further triumphs reach,
Until your grandmother you teach
The art of sucking eggs.

IS MR. CHAMBERLAIN A BISHOP?—Why ask? Because the *P. M. G.*, last Friday, announced, "Interview with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN" . . . . "He confirms the *Pall Mall Gazette*." The journal was christened directly it came into existence, but what a time it has waited for the rite of confirmation! And to be confirmed by Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

"THE COSTER GUARDS" (QUEEN'S OWN EAST END REGIMENT). WHY NOT?

["Inquire of any recruiting sergeant, and he will tell you a young Cockney makes the best material for a soldier. . . . Take the *Coster class*, generally born in London, and it will be difficult to match such men elsewhere for work and lung power."—*Volunteer Surgeon*, "*Daily Mail*," *September 7.*]



ETYMOLOGY V. ZOOLOGY.

Fair Owner. "I HAVE JUST PUT A "MONKEY" ON HIM FOR THIS RACE."
Country Cousin. "POOR LITTLE CHAP! HE LOOKS AS IF THEY FED HIM ON NUTS."

DARBY JONES ON THE LEGER.

HONOURED SIR,—If you or any other of my Patrons failed to save over the Greer-Darling Combination on four legs known as *Wildfowler*, you could not have read with attention the Ample Augury supplied by your very Obedient and Humble Domestic. I warned every one of Great Danger in that Astute Quarter, though I confess that I did not expect to see the Irishman revenge the Battle of the Boyne by simply strolling home from the Winner of the Derby. I believe, Sir, that the Right Honourable Cardinal RICHELIEU deceased, but still kept alive by the Entertaining Efforts of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN, once enjoyed what was known in Gallic History as the "Day of Dupes." Similarly may many Frequenters of the Turf look back upon the Anniversary of the Sellinger Stakes as the "Day of Mugs"—the mugs having been shattered and broken like the contents of the proverbial China Shop when invaded by a bull.

After *Wildfowler's* victory, no doubt tons of Condolences *and other things* were poured upon Mr. LARNACH, Mr. MARSH, and, above all, on the Noble Owner of *Dieudonné*, the Favourite's Stable Companion. In my humble opinion, the Duke's animal would have appropriated the stakes had he been accommodated with a Start, but of course Mr. MARSH knows better than a Swivel-eyed Observer at the Street Corner. It is given to most mortals to be as wise as King SOLOMON after the shekels have been lost and won. To one curious fact I will draw your attention, and that is, that for Seventeen Years at least one of the three placed horses has been owned by a Proprietor of Titled Degree. You will have to go back to 1881 to find three Unhandled Owners taking front rank at Doncaster, and that was in the "Yankee Year," when Mr. LORILLARD'S *Iroquois*, with poor



"'Collapse of Essex.' Dear, dear! I wonder if my Property at Ilford is safe?"
[*Buys paper to see.*

FRED ARCHER up, finished before Mr. GRETTON'S *Geologist* and Mr. CHARLES PERKINS'S *Lucy Glitters*. Since then one at least of the crocks which have caught the Judge's eye has been the property of a gentleman whom we do not address as Esquire. True it is that the possessor of *Wildfowler* is a Captain, but so is my friend KRITERION; Mr. LARNACH is mated with the Aristocracy, and Mr. BELMONT ought no doubt to be Duke of New York, were Peerages conferred by the President of the United States, but the Fact as I have stated it remains.

The aspect of the Doncaster Great and Grand Stands on the Leger Day was that of Henley Regatta.

It is early to prophesy about the Cesarewitch, but, as the Acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps are now Common Property, I chortle—

The *Sea on the Waltz* may be goodly to see,
But the *Blanch Ice* is one for my own £ s. d.

This is only a forecast for two.

DARBY JONES.

ON SEEING THE SPLENDID RAILWAY STATION AT FLUSHING.—"*Magnifique! mais c'est la Gare!*"

THE BEST HOT RANGE NOW GOING.—The KITCHENER which cooked the KHALIFA'S goose.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—"Lord CARNARVON" to be "Lord MOTOR-CARNARVON."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY to be taken "*cum grano Salis*-bury."



A POINT OF CONSCIENCE.

Mamma. "BABY DEAR, YOU MUST SAY THAT YOU ARE *VERY* SORRY FOR SAYING 'SHA'N'T' TO NURSIE." (*Pause.*) "NOW, SAY YOU ARE VERY SORRY, DEAR."

Baby (after a longer and more painful pause). "BUT, MAMMA DEAR, ISN'T IT MORE NAUGHTY TO TELL WICKED STORY THAN TO SAY 'SHA'N'T' TO NURSIE?"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

AT THE SEASIDE.

Auguste. Tiens! C'est Monsieur MULLER. How go you, dear Mister?

Ludwig. Ach so! Dear Mister Colleague. Are you also in Eastbourne atcome?

Aug. But yes! By a such heat one is best at the border of the sea. That he makes hot even here, by blue! One has well choosed the name of this town, East-burn. When the wind is at the East one is burned in effect. It is as a veritable sirocco in Italy.

Lud. Yes well! The heat and the blue heaven are quite as in Italian. A friend of me, one Italianer, has to me thereof speaked. Can you Italianish?

Aug. If I speak Italian? Ah that, some words.

Lud. Mine friend cannot English, as you and as I. He say, so much I remember me, "*Il cielo inglese è sempre coperto, non è vero? Ebbene, adesso lo vedo per la prima volta. Ecco, è sempre azzurro! E che calore! Diavolo!* So come mine friend, and the English heaven is ever blue.

Aug. You have learned the Italian very well. And the Spanish?

Lud. Ah no!

Aug. Because, when you speak of the heaven, I recall me the Spanish proverb, "*Nueve meses de invierno, tres de infierno.*" See there the Londonian climate this year here.

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. C'est vrai. Londres est énorme.

Lud. But the Englanders are ever energish, even when it so frightful hot is.

Aug. Infatigables!

Lud. In London carry man one black coat and one cylinder.

Aug. And they play at the cricket. Figure you, dear Mister, these insulars, these enraged ones, playing at the cricket by a such heat!

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. Parfaitement! Elle est accablante. But still! They play at the "footsball." That commences already there is some days. Figure you that! The footsball by a temperature of fifty degrees at the sun. That has even the air of to be more by the English thermometer, perhaps hundred twenty or hundred thirty degrees. *Sapristi!* But I comprehend not the English measures. Is it that you them comprehend?

Lud. Ach nein, du lieber Himmel! They are not as in the Fatherland. Even one glass beer is much littler, and one *Krug* that have they at all not.

Aug. The English themselves they comprehend not their measures to them. *En Angleterre les poids et les petits pois sont également affreux.*

Lud. Kolossal!

Aug. But it are of brave people, these English. To amuse himself as that at the sun that is ridiculous, but when he him must, see there the English, calm and inbeatable, in a climate much more hot. Even a French can to admire and to praise the brave English at Omdurman. What victory!

Lud. Yes well! And what for organizeering! All arranged, all ready, as in Germany. *Kolossal!*

Aug. Et quel élan! Superbe!

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. Ah, the good idea! *Un bock.* A glass of "bitter," of English beer.

Lud. One glass beer? That drink I very willing. One pair glass beer. One half-dozen glass beer. The weather is so frightful warm.

Aug. Go we then to the *café*—ah no, there is not of him in England!

Lud. And also no *biergarten*. Come you to mine hotel, and drink we there one glass beer.

Aug. Very volunteerly. And this evening will you to come to dine with me? Our friend Mr. ROBINSON shall be of the dinner.

Lud. With the greatest pleasure. You are very goody, very loveworthy.

Aug. Enchanted! We go to drink a bottle of champagne to the health of our friend *Mr. Punch* and of his brave compatriots. As say the English, we shall have them on a toast.

Lud. Here is mine hotel.

Aug. If we were drinking the little *bock* in the garden of the hotel in full air?

Lud. Ach so! Prachtvoll! Wunderschön! Waiter, seven glass beer!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the Shadow of the Three (HUTCHINSON), is a story whose every page is flushed with the rich lights and glowing tints of Venice. BLANCHE LOFTUS TOTTENHAM knows her Venice well, and has made a close study of the period at which she fixes her tale. It is in the closing years of last century, when NAPOLEON, in the full strength of his mighty youth, was startling the world with his triumphant march at the head of a ragged army through Italy. Venice was still under the rule of the Doge, happily the last of the historic race. Tottering to its fall, tyranny, made frantic, clutched at the throats of the people. Every other man, and most other women, were spies, either in the pay of the Council of Ten or of the Austrians. By the patriotic party, NAPOLEON was hailed as a deliverer. How *Lelio Zarano* worked for a free Italy, and how he was helped (and hindered) by the beautiful *Viola* is, my Baronite says, well worth searching out beneath *The Shadow of the Three.*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

An Ice Name!

THE Rev. Mr. BAILEY writes to the *Daily Mail* from a "Waterless District," called "Cold Norton, near Maldon." But what a delightful name for any place, just now, when the thermometer in the shade has been ninety-two and ninety-three, is "Cold Norton." Yet "Cold Norton" without any cold water is not so pleasant to contemplate. To be "obliged to send three miles" in order to "obtain even a small supply of water fit for domestic use" is indeed an uncommonly hard case. Those who ought to supply the needful cold water will get into hot water! and then—— Oh, something iced, please.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" was at one time a much quoted question, to which the most popular answer was, that "it depended on the liver." Nowadays, a poorly-paid and hard-worked clergyman replies that "it depends on 'the living.'"

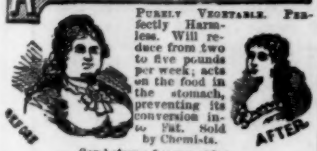
Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

"APENTA"
THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.



ROPER FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

ALLANS ANTI-FAT


PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists.
Send stamp for pamphlet.
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., 3, NEW OXFORD St., W.C.


PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS
of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.
Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.
W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD

Goddard's Plate Powder
NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.
Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170. C179. 291. 303. 431. 659. 1000.

"PUNCH"
is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

No Camera is a KODAK unless made by the Eastman Company.
SPECIAL BULL'S-EYE AND BULLET KODAKS.
Special Features: High quality Rapid Rectilinear Lenses with Triple Action Shutter.
LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.
No. 2 Spl. Bull's-Eye, £3. 3s.
No. 4 Spl. Bull's-Eye, £4. 4s.
No. 2 Spl. Bullet, £3. 15s.
Ordinary Bull's-Eyes and Bullets, £1. 13s. to £3. 3s.
EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,
43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.
Retail Branches—60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.

TYPHOID FEVER.
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—
"Wherever the
PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER
has been introduced
"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."
Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 205, Victoria Street, S.W.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.
KROPP RAZOR
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.


Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia leather case, 21s.
Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. |
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.
"Shaver's Kit and Outfit," *Post Free.*
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

BRILL'S SEA SALT.
Sea Baths at Home.
Bracing and Refreshing.

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
3D
Per Box of 10.
A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

BUCHANAN BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY
AS SUPPLIED TO THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ABSINTHE PERNOD FILS
(The most celebrated Brand. Established in 1805.)
APPETISING, STIMULATING REFRESHING.
Lemonade with a dash of ABSINTHE PERNOD FILS makes a Delicious Summer Drink.
To be had at all first-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Bars. Sold only in Quart and Pint Bottles, at all Wine Merchants and Grocers in the United Kingdom and Colonies.
Export Agents:—A. SMYTH & CIE., 12, Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.
London Office:—3, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

"SKEEVIT"

A pleasantly perfumed preparation which absolutely prevents the bites of Mosquitos Harvest Insects, Ticks, and other venomous pests. It also cures prickly heat.
In glass bottles suitable for pocket, at 1/- and in 2 oz. stoppered bottles at 2/- and 5 oz. 4/6.
Of all Chemists & Stores or post free from H. C. STEPHENS, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. (*Manufacturers of Stephens' Inks.*)

BLISS'S CELEBRATED
ESTABD 1745
CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS
for Hunting, Sporting
W. BLISS & C. NORTON
TRADE MARK
BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

FOOD FOR INFANTS

BENGER'S

BENGER'S Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "'Benger's Food' has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

INVALIDS AND THE AGED

THE SCOTTISH NATURAL MINERAL TABLE WATER

ST. RONAN'S

A purely BRITISH product—Superior to and Cheaper than any of the FOREIGN Mineral Waters.

IN SPLITS, PINTS, AND QUARTS.



As supplied to the House of Commons and Leading Clubs. Superior to and Cheaper than any of the Foreign Mineral Waters. In Splits, Pints, and Quarts.

Proprietors:
"ST. RONAN'S WELLS" AND MINERAL WATER CO., LTD.
INNERLEITHEN, SCOTLAND.
London Depot:
66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

HOLDERS OF TWENTY-ONE WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT, And Patronised by the Rank and Fashion of the World.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

The "EGERTON" PERMANENT DYE
(FOR LADIES, CHILDREN, AND GENTLEMEN),
PURE WOOL, to suit all Purses, all Climates, at all Seasons; and IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS, Cycling Tweeds, &c., comprising a vast variety of shades and prices in very beautiful and fashionable weavings. Ladies' Tailor-made Skirts from 10s., Gentlemen's Suits, &c., MADE TO MEASURE. NEW PATTERNS, with Self-Measurement Forms and Price Lists, Post Free. Any length Sold. Carriage Paid on orders of 20s. and above to Railway Stations in United Kingdom. Special rates for Foreign Parts. Kindly mention this Paper. No Agents.

EGERTON BURNETT, LTD., Royal Serge Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, Eng.



After Golf, or any other outdoor exercise, PEARS' SOAP will remove sunburn, and produce a bright, clear complexion.

Established over 100 years—20 International Awards.

FORGING AHEAD!

PATTISONS' WHISKY

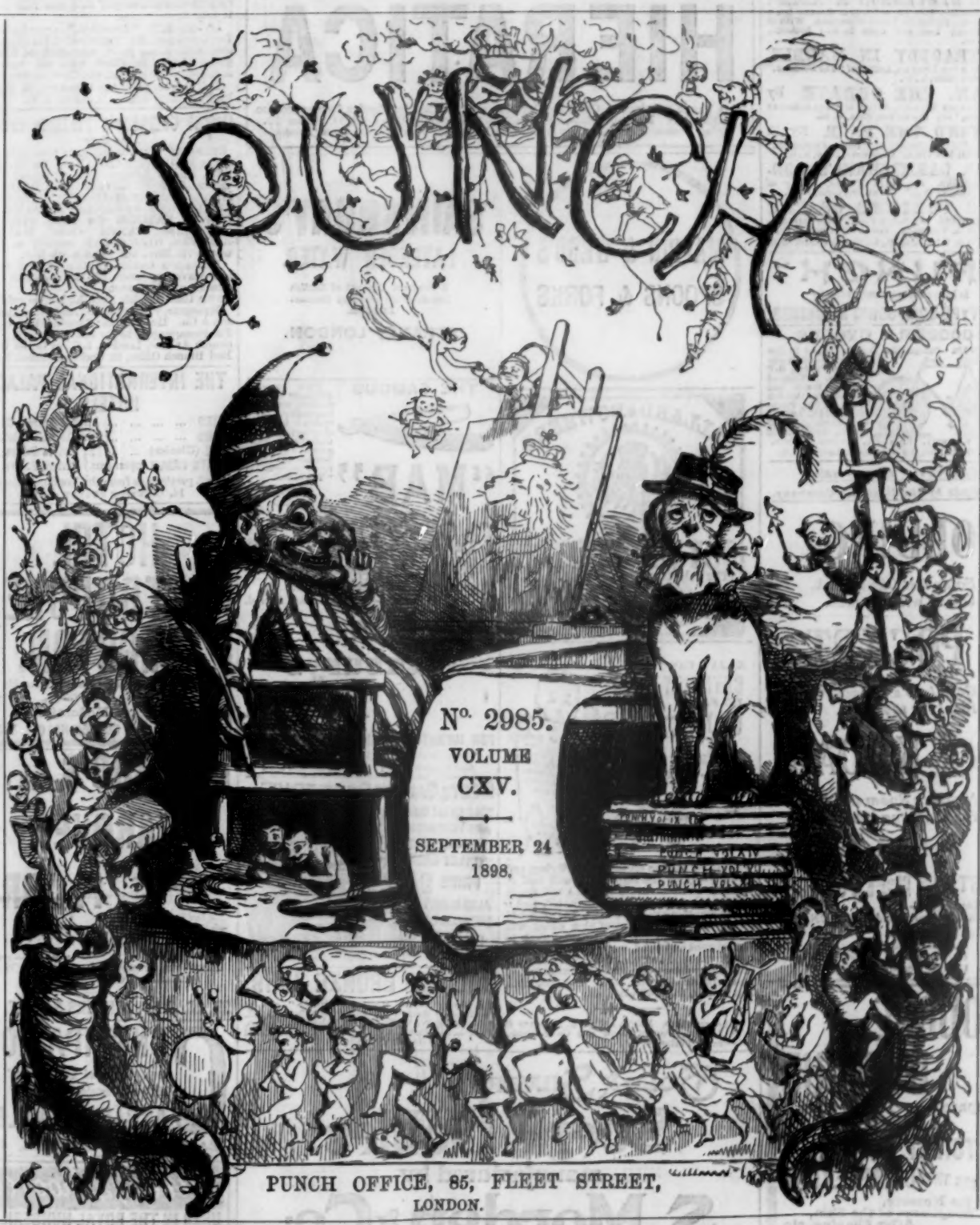
SCOTLAND'S BEST.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 17, 1898.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 2985.
VOLUME
CXV.

SEPTEMBER 24
1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PICTURESQUE INDIA. By Sir Richard Temple, G.C.S.I. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s.

THE STEVENSON READER: Selections from the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Lloyd Osbourne. With 10 Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth 2s. 6d.; buckram, gilt, 3s. 6d.

A TRAGEDY IN MARBLE. By Adam Lilburn, Author of "The Borderer." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

JOAN, THE CURATE. By Florence Warden, Author of "The House on the Marsh," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BEYOND THE PALE. By B. M. Croker, Author of "Diana Barrington." CHEAPER EDITION. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODDESS. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Saint Mungo's City." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE FORTUNE OF THE ROUGONS. By Emile Zola. With Introduction by E. A. Vizetelly. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

"COOPER" CYCLES.



From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Half Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 15s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £5. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. Agents Wanted. Wm. Cooper, 753, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

No Camera is a KODAK unless made by the Eastman Company.

FOLDING

Folds flat like a book. Opens with a touch.

POCKET

Goes into any pocket. Ideal for the cycle.

KODAK.

No Dark Room needed for changing films.

Price £2 2s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,

Head Office—
43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C

Retail Branches—
60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.

POUDRE D'AMOUR

Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION,

For the Nursery, Roughness of the Skin, After Shaving, etc.

PURE AND HARMLESS.

BLANCHE. NATURELLE. RACHEL, 1s.

Of PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

HIERATICA

Note Paper, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.
Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S SPOONS & FORKS

SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER.

A Fragrant Bouquet of English Lavender Flowers and Choicest Perfumes.

STRAND, LONDON.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children,)

Really wholesome Confectionery. Lancet

THE FAMOUS



"MAB" RAZOR

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 5/6
Pair in Case.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—Lancet.

Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

WHAT CAN CUTICURA DO FOR BABY



Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children, CUTICURA will do. A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a gentle anointing with CUTICURA, purest of emollients, and greatest of skin cures, will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep to both parent and child, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET PRICE 2/6.

ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX PRICE 1/-



GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

GOLD & SILVER Scent Bottles manufactured by S. Mordan & Co.

The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silversmiths. Observe the makers mark S.M. & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark.

£9 9s. CRUISE

(14 days) LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, AJACCIO, MARSEILLES. September 27th.

£26 5s. Palestine, Egypt, and Athens Cruise. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise by their

Steamship "Lusitania," 3,912 tons register, to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BLACK SEA, leaving London 20th September, and visiting TANGIER, VILLEFRANCHE (for Nice, &c.), PALERMO, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEBASTOPOL, BALAKLAVA, YALTA (for Livadia), BATOUM (for Tiflis), PIRÆUS (for Athens), CANEA (Crete), MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR, arriving at Plymouth 7th Nov., and London 9th Nov.

Passengers leaving London on 29th Sept. and travelling overland can overtake the steamer at Villefranche.

String band, electric light, high-class cuisine.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HÔTEL METROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.) PARQUET FLOORS

From 3d. per foot.

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CONSTIPATION

ured. 1/1½ and 4/6. Ladies' and Children's Tasteless Laxative.

CASCĀRA-HAWLEY

SAVARESSE'S SANDAL, 4/6.

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

Self-Digesting.

Sold Everywhere.

In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food



THE BAKER'S SHOP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

["It is the Chemist who must come to the rescue of the threatened communities. It is through the laboratory that starvation may ultimately be turned into plenty."—*Speech at the British Association's Meeting.*]

THE NEXT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

(*By our own Prophet.*)

THE year 1950 witnessed the triumph, in England, of Teetotalism, Local Option, and Bands of Hope. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Lady HENRY SOMERSET had done their work. The liquor traffic was extinct. Everybody drank tea and mineral waters.

The public-houses which had sprung up all over the length and breadth of England had to put up their shutters, and, except in the large towns, such a thing as an inn was unknown. With the disappearance of beer-drinking, it no longer payed any one to be a "Licensed Victualler." This was somewhat inconvenient for travellers, who sometimes had to travel twenty miles before they could obtain refreshment. The difficulty, however, was gradually met by the growth of tea-shops, which before long began to be found in every village. Meantime, of course, all the breweries were ruined, though, curiously enough, the brewers seemed none the worse. The explanation of this was that, foreseeing the turn of events, those gentlemen had, one and all, turned their concerns into limited liability companies, and now lived luxurious lives on the proceeds. The investing public—as usual—lost their money, and there was acute distress in many a humble home.

One of the first persons to feel the inconveniences of the disappearance of the taste for alcohol was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That functionary found himself face to face with a vanishing revenue, while expenditure showed no tendency to decrease. At last a brilliant Under-Secretary suggested, as a last resort, an excise on the sale of tea for consumption on the premises. Under his scheme, all tea-shops were to be licensed, and the beverage itself, together with coffee, cocoa, and all mineral waters, &c., should contribute handsomely to the exchequer. "For," said this brilliant young man, who afterwards rose to be Prime Minister, "People must drink *something*." With some opposition on the part of the Old Temperance Party, the Budget was carried, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer breathed again.

A generation passed, and A. B. C. shops, duly licensed to sell tea and soda-water, covered the land. Licenses were freely granted, and the revenue expanded. Meantime, a progressive deterioration in the physical condition of the working classes began to be apparent. They grew enfeebled and anæmic, and doctors used to shake their heads and talk about "Neurasthenia." Murmurs began to be heard about the unhealthy habit of tea-drinking, and the scandal of tea-drunkenness. Institutions were started for the treatment of tea-ism, and a gold cure was spoken of. Societies even were founded by philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, which carried on an active propaganda for the suppression of the sale of tea and mineral waters. It was shown conclusively by the medical profession that a diet of tea and bread and butter was even less wholesome than the old-fashioned bread and cheese and beer for the working man, while the habit of taking "nips" of soda-water at all hours of the day, and drinking it to excess on Saturday nights, was proved to be highly deleterious. More than one case of suicide was traced to this cause, and the prevalence of depression and melancholia was attributed to the "lowering" character of lemon squash.

Then began a new temperance movement, which its detractors styled beer-totalism. This crusade was instituted to combat the growing habit of intemperance in the use of non-alcoholic beverages, and to urge the moderate use of what had once, in happier times, been the national drink—beer. The movement was of course assailed with ridicule, but it grew, nevertheless. Meetings were held in all the towns of England, Bands of Hope were started, and in time the more extreme party aspired to suppress the sale of non-alcoholic liquids altogether. Total abstinence from tea was preached, and thousands signed the pledge.

"The trade"—the tea-trade—grew alarmed. Their interests were threatened. They decided to resist the reformers by every means in their power. Parliament was petitioned, and after a Royal commission had sat, and the ill effects of tea-ism had been proved, it was decided to encourage the sale of beer by every means, and to remove the excessive duties which had hitherto strangled it.

This was the state of things when our prophet last looked into the future.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *A Crowned Queen* (BLACKWOOD), Mr. SYDNEY GRIER suffers from inevitable comparison. His book should have come out before *Rupert of Hentzau* flashed upon the scene. The idea and general treatment of the two books are singularly similar. The resemblance is carried to the extent that, like *Rupert of Hentzau*, *A Crowned Queen* is a sequel to an earlier writ story. In both romances an errant Englishman comes to the throne of a Continental Kingdom. In both, at the end of the first book, he retires from his high estate, returning to his English home. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, in his sequel, brings his hero in person back to the scene of his earlier triumphs. Mr. GRIER uses up a younger brother, who apparently (for my Baronite has not read *An Uncrowned King*) filled a subordinate part in the First Act. Mr. GRIER'S novel is cleverly constructed, and he moves with assurance in the company of emperors, kings, queens, and great diplomatists. A misfortune about the story is that he has chosen for his hero a heartless, selfish cad. More fatal still is his tiresome style of narration. *Count Mortimer*, the cad aforesaid, is conducting the strategic flight of the Crowned Queen. The carriage breaks down, and this follows:

"I suppose it is out of the question to hope to find a wheelwright anywhere about?" said CYRIL, "but we ought to be able to get hold of a blacksmith or carpenter who could patch this up sufficiently for us to reach the town. Ask the driver whether there is any village about here, CARLO."

Paschicks interrogated the driver and returned to *Cyril*.

"He says that there is no village nearer than the town, Sir. But there is a large farmhouse about half-a-mile away across the fields. We could reach it by a cart track which turns off from the road about a dozen yards farther on, and they would be able to give us accommodation for the night, besides helping to mend the carriage."

This recalls the style of conversation in OLLENDORF. "Have you the umbrella that my brother has?" "No, but I have the black ribbon (*ruban noir*) that your mother used to have."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



OUR SMOKY RIVER!

Shade of Samuel Pepys (with a sigh of sweet reminiscence). "I WAS ALWAYS GOING DOWN TO MY OFFICE BY RIVER IN *MY* DAY. 'JUST LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE' OF THE THAMES IN 1661!" *Mr. Punch (indignantly).* "'AND ON THIS'! IN 1898!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

III.

Wednesday (*contd.*).—"Well, Uncle, if you hadn't told me to bring him in on a string, he wouldn't have upset the old gal," says MAX. Object to expression "old gal." Mention this to MAX, who puts his hands in his trouser-pockets, and murmurs something about "blooming rot." So rude! Induce boys to sit on balcony whilst I finish cigar. They eat pocketed grapes, and throw skins at passers-by, despite my remonstrances. Try to look as if I did not see what they were doing. Sit in momentary expectation of visit from outraged foot-passenger. At last summon up courage to absolutely forbid this sport. "Well, then, what *are* we to do?" says TOMMY, despairingly. Feel remorseful now, and as if I had done them some injury, so suggest cards. "Rot!" from MAX, and "No fear!" from TOMMY. What *do* people do to amuse boys, I wonder?

In sheer desperation, suggest taking them to Music Hall, only place of entertainment here. Howls of ecstatic joy at the idea. So glad to have hit on something at last. Secure three front seats, though as MAX and TOMMY sit upon one between them, might have saved money by taking only two. Gentleman in impossible check suit and yachting cap—why yachting cap?—calling himself "Jolly JOE," on stage. Sings song, and imitates person in state of inebriation. Very elevating, this! Is succeeded by lady of uncertain age, dressed as school-girl, and carrying skipping-rope. She lyrically informs us, in raucous tones, that she is "a little lidy, a pretty little lidy!" and then proceeds to other parts of decidedly *risqué* song. Getting uneasy, and wish we had not come. Next "turn" high trapeze. Boys enchanted; rather nervous myself. TOMMY says, with bated breath, "Oh! Uncle CHARLEY, *do* you think he'll come a buster?" Reply, "Oh! no, my boy, I hope not. No doubt the man is a very practised acrobat." TOMMY sighs and looks rather disappointed, whilst MAX, with ingenuous brutality of boyhood, observes that he is "blowed" if he wouldn't like to see him come down a "jolly good wallop" into the netting. Dislike expression "jolly good wallop," but seems no use saying anything. Performing dogs. Intelligent pig. Then, at re-appearance of "Jolly JOE" (in shiny dress suit and a lot of shirt-front), fled, dragging boys with me.

On return to hotel, both say they are "peckish." Am worried into eating some lobster-salad with them, and finally retire to bed with certainty of dyspeptic attack on the morrow.

Thursday.—See nothing of the two boys until breakfast in *table d'hôte* room. Glad of this: feeling somewhat upset. Fancy that mixture of boys and overnight lobster-salad bad for nerves. Begin breakfast 8.30 precisely. About 9 o'clock, nephews burst into room like whirlwind. MAX's hair full of sand. TOMMY's trouser-legs dripping with sea-water. Head waiter looks (despairingly) first at them, then (reproachfully) at me. Why at me? "We've had a ripping time, Uncle CHARLEY; caught some crabs, and TOMMY fell in, and I got a sand-eel, and oh! it *was* jolly. And I got a lot of sea-weed; it's awfully fine, but a bit smelly." Silence them at this point, as every one stops eating to glare in our direction.



SORRY SHE SPOKE.

Young Robinson (*who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced*). "I THINK I'VE MET YOUR UNCLE, MR. ERNEST BROWN, AT DOG SHOWS?"

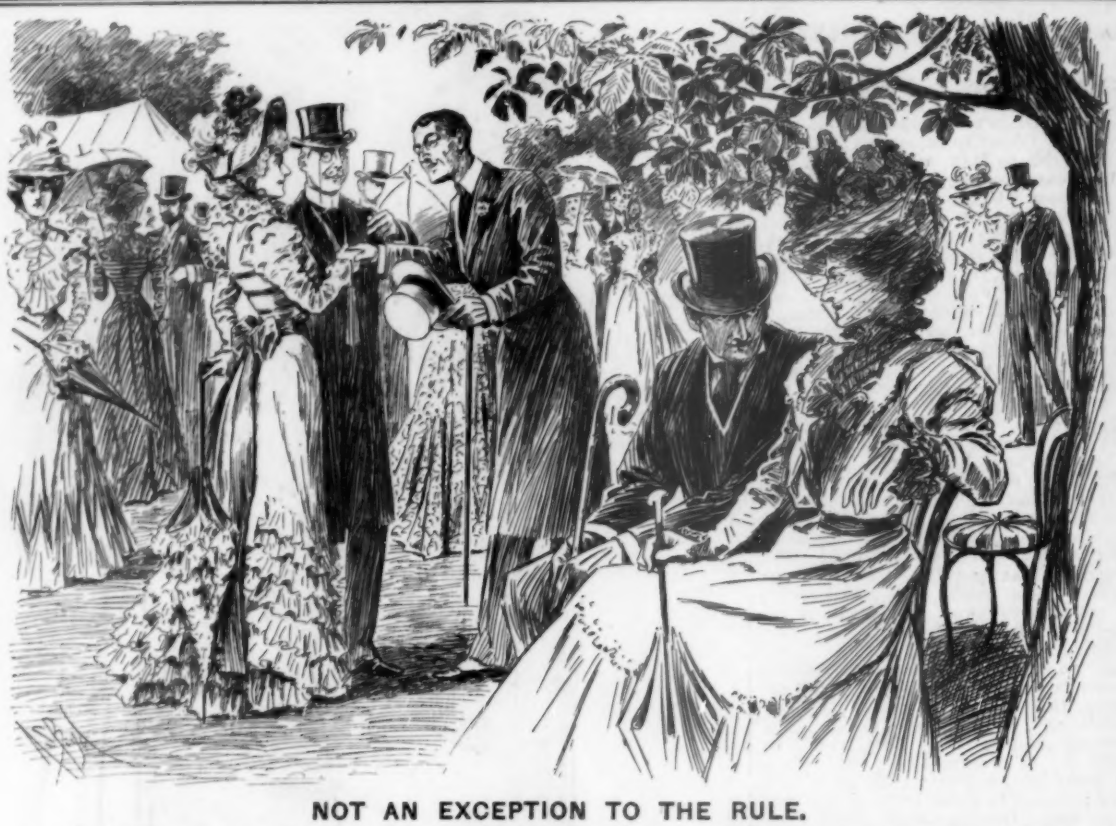
Miss Brown. "OH YES, UNCLE *will* GO TO THOSE DOG SHOWS, AND MEETS THE MOST APPALLING PEOPLE!"

Boys sit down and eat enormous breakfast. Then MAX throws himself back in his chair, and says loudly to TOMMY, "Look here, STINKER" (this being MAX's elegant nickname for his brother), "you've had three eggs already, so drop that one, and shut up." So embarrassing. Then turning to me, he says, "I say, uncle, don't they give you a jolly fine blow-out here! Awfully glad there ain't any extra charge for anything, ain't you?" Dislike expression "blow-out," especially when spoken loudly, and in presence of feminine Divinity sitting four seats lower down table.

Hurry them out. They rush away to sands, I promising to join them after quiet smoke and study of to-day's *Times*. Have hardly settled down in sitting-room when chambermaid, flushed and in semi-hysterical condition, enters and begs me to come at once to boys' room. I go, and find *Nipper* tied by pocket-handkerchief to leg of bed, engaged in mortal combat with three green crabs. Large sand-eel swimming round and round bath, which is tastefully festooned with rank-smelling sea-weed. Chambermaid positively refuses to "do" room at all. "Would sooner leave situation immediately, and have been here since hotel first opened, so there!" This last expression seems conclusive, though, to my mind, a trifle vague. She bursts into tears. Half-a-crown brings some consolation to her wounded pride. She consents to scoop sand-eel out of bath, and rearrange the room as a bedroom and *not* as an aquarium.

Take refuge in my room, and lie down for an hour to recover.

SUITABLE SONG FOR BOATING MEN.—The last *rows* of Summer.



NOT AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

Mr. A. "SO THAT'S THE GIRL HE'S ENGAGED TO! I THOUGHT THESE BLONDE MEN ALWAYS CHOSE BRUNETTES!"
Miss B. "AH, SHE WAS ORIGINALLY A BRUNETTE!"

TO MIDDELKERKE.

THE smooth paving on the promenade along the *digue* at Ostend is excellent. It could not be better. When the temperature in the sun last month was two hundred degrees, or more, this paving was not affected, unlike the horrid asphalte, used in similar English towns, which is half melted on a mild day in December. And bicyclists are allowed to ride on the *digue*, westward to Middelkerke. So we ride there.

Somehow, I am rather disappointed with Middelkerke. One cannot judge of the effect of it as a whole. The greater part of it is being built, and a good deal of the remainder seems to have been pulled down. The roads will no doubt be excellent in time, but at present they do not exist at all. There used to be one along the sea-front, but this was washed away by a storm. The Middelkerkers thereupon resolved to build a new sea-wall, about three-quarters of a mile in length. Although five or six men work at this for several hours a day, it does not advance very rapidly. Meanwhile, the promenade consists of mounds, trenches, heaps, holes, and excavations. The other thoroughfares, if they existed, would be in much the same condition in consequence of the building operations. Bexhill, in Sussex, or any other new little town, would look much the same after an earthquake.

The best amusement at Ostend is bathing. Most of the bathers are English or Germans; the men in charge of the machines are Flemings, who speak more or less French. Polyglot disputes are frequent. One very hot morning, when there is a larger crowd than ever, VANDERBLANK and I wade into the water, as usual, in search of a machine. At last, after wading about for some time in vain, we perceive a double *cabine*, on the steps of which there are no towels to indicate that it is engaged, after the present occupants have left it. So VANDERBLANK hastens up, and seats himself on the steps in indisputable possession. To him arrive three English girls, well-dressed, but noisy and vulgar, like many of the English visitors. "Hi!" says one, angrily, "that's our machine." Evidently they speak no French. I leave them to settle the difficulty with VANDERBLANK, who speaks no English.

"*Je ne comprends pas, Mademoiselle,*" he answers, politely. "You come off!" they all cry, more angrily. "*Je n'en sais rien,*" says he. "*Notre* machine, comprenny?" they explain. "*Comment,*" says he, "*cette cabine est à vous? Mais il n'y avait rien sur le marchepied.*" "Dunno what you're jawing about," they say, "it's our machine. *Notre*, comprenny?" "*Pas du tout,*" says he. "We've been waitin' here an hour," they cry. Which is, to say the least, improbable. VANDERBLANK sits unmoved and silent. "The people inside say it's ours," they scream. Which is, to say the least, an invention. VANDERBLANK answers not a word. Then the young women lose their tempers altogether, and scream in turn, "Yah! You take advantage of us 'cos we can't speak French. You call yourself a gentleman? You're a low cad." And so on. While VANDERBLANK merely says, calmly, at intervals, "*Vous pouvez dire tout ce que vous voulez, je n'en comprends pas un mot.*" At last, finding that abuse moves him no more than it would move the lighthouse, the young women walk away through the water and leave him in peace.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

A Little Stepmother.

Uncle. Hullo! DOT, got a new doll?

Little Miss Dot. Hush, Uncle, don't speak too loud. She is not one of my own, but belonged to MILLIE SIMPSON, who was cruel to her and 'bandoned her, so I have 'dopted her, but I don't want her to know because I mean to make no difference between her and my own dollies.

Sufficient Excuse.

Jones (to BROWN). I say, old fellow, I saw you last night, after that dinner. Your legs were uncommonly unsteady.

Brown. No, dear boy; legs were right enough. It was my trousers that were so "tight."

DARBY JONES ON YARMOUTH AND BLOATERS.

HONOURED SIR,—Groaning beneath a Sun, which I should say would easily ripen Bananas, Prickly Pears, Lum Quats, Pine-apples, Mangoes, or other Exotic Fruits, in the space of a couple of hours, I sit down to address you from a chair upholstered perhaps with the Mane and Tail of a swarthy Derby Winner, but a seat which I imagine must have been used as an Instrument of Torture in those Ages, when Dentists could not gain a Livelihood by reason of the Bold Barons who scoured the country extracting the Molars of those Financiers who declined to contribute to their Financial Wants. I mentioned this Historic Fact to Captain KRITERION, with whom I share the Cottage Ornay by the Sad and Sultry Waves of the Ocean, and he bitterly regretted that these Happy Times were now No More.

"Imagine, DARBY" (I permit the Familiarity not usually granted to others of his Kidney), "you and I mounted on a couple of Thoroughbreds, going out into the Fair Land of Norfolk, discovering where the Choicest Usurer resided, and holding our forechips to his mouth, exclaiming, 'Your money or your Teeth!' A splendid idea, thoroughly appreciated by the late lamented Sir WALTER SCOTT, Baronet!"

"A truce, KRITTY," I cried, "to your Pursyflage (spelling dubious). Now that we are in this town, so celebrated for the Piscine Riches of the Sea, I vote we put on our hats and collect some of the Far-famed Bloaters of Commerce, and despatch them to our Patrons and Friends. They will not be ungrateful!"

The Motion was no sooner put before the House than it was, like the grant which will be made to that Gallant Warrior Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, Sirdar, &c., &c., carried *nem. con.*, or "without considering consequences." Personally, honoured Sir, I have no great affection for the Bloater. I prefer the Low-lying Sole, the Obstreperous Salmon, and the Rubicund Mullet, not to mention the Green-Eyed Lobster and the Captious Crab. But there are those of my Acquaintance, who revel in the flavour of Yarmouth Sea-game, and having a few Silver Pieces of the Realm—the outcome of toil in your service—in my pocket, I resolved to supply them with a Fish Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper at "Nix" to themselves and a Moderate Cost to me. We chanced across an exceedingly Fair-spoken Monger in this Department of Ocean Industry, who assured us that his Fish-relishes had been patronised by all the Crowned Heads of Europe, Asia and Africa, as also the Presidents of the United States, France, and the Republic of Andorre, a country of which I honestly confess I was till then Geographically ignorant. He expressed his Sincere Regard for the Turf, and was glad to know that we were Patrons of the Same, and he promised on payment (not taking anybody on the "nod") to send *per* passenger train our parcels of the Delicacies of the Deep to the named addresses. I am bound to say that he fulfilled his contract, judging by the letters and telegrams of which I have since been the Unhappy Recipient. One is from a Lady (who shall be *incognita*):—

"Have you lost all your senses as well as your money at Yarmouth? My house is being fumigated."



RESPICE FINEM.

SCENE—*A little Race Meeting, under Local Rules and Management.*

Starter. "'ERE 'S A PRETTY MESS! TWO RUNNERS—THE FAVOURITE WON'T START—AND IF I LET THE OTHER WIN, THE CROWD 'LL JUST ABOUT MURDER ME!"

A second, from a Sporting Friend, runs:

"We have plenty of foxes in our country, thank you."

A third (on a Post-Card) was cruelly worded:—

"Your beastly bloaters have killed my wife's favourite cat. Norfolk is famous for partridges. Send us a couple of brace to destroy the odour of your filthy joke."

In a fourth (a telegram) I read:—

"Railway Company only delivered parcel under protest. Why try and poison our innocent children?"

And so on, and so on.

Such, honoured Sir, is the unhappy result of trying to introduce one's Friends to Usually Prized Specialities. Of course I immediately confronted the Dealer in these Deleterious Delectations. All unabashed by my Righteous Anger, he impudently declared that the Bloater Season had not commenced. Whether he was speaking the Ever-precious Truth I know not, but he resolutely declined to make good the loss of Money and Position which I had sustained by his Callous Grasping at an Illicit Trade. There should be a time when Bloaters, like Oysters, are legally out of Season. I write thus fully, because, all unwittingly, I made You and your honoured Comrade Sir FRASER PUNNETT, victims of this gross deception. I trust that you will both charitably forgive the Unsavoury End of a Well-meant Souvenir.* I confess that I felt so Radically upset after getting the above Abusive and Undeserved Correspondence, that I was rash enough to place more Ready Money than I could well afford on *Chon Kina* for the Great Yarmouth Welter Handicap. I can only be rescued from Durance Vile and the Equine Chair aforesaid mentioned, by the *prompt* attention of your ever docile Chancellor of the Exchequer to the pressing *need* of your disconsolate but devoted Servitor,

DARBY JONES.

* We are still very ill, and Sir F. P.'s cook has given notice. DARBY JONES was not sent to Yarmouth as a fish purveyor, and we should like to know why a bill for the bloaters has been forwarded to our private address?—ED.

APPROPRIATE CHAIRS FOR BOOKMAKERS.—"Settles."



"IN SUNNY NORMANDY."

First Tourist. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, IT SMELLS PRETTY BAD ABOUT HERE; IT'S THE RIVER, I SUPPOSE!"
Second Tourist. "YES—SEINE *INFÉRIEURE*."

QUITE THE CHEESE; OR, SNAPSHOTS AT EDAM.

In the North Sea, Sept. 10, 1898.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—May I develop in printer's ink a few instantaneous and fleeting impressions cinematographed this morning on a very delightful excursion to cheese-land provided us by the Foreign Press Reception Committee? As far as I can sort them, they are, roughly, as follows:

No. 1. Kwadijk Station, North Holland. Train deposits a hundred and forty *confrères* and *consœurs*, decorated with the silver star and black-and-red ribbon (Amsterdam colours), and duly free-passed. Outside station, sixty "tent-waggons"—a wonderful sort of shandry-dan with black leather hood, something like a four-wheeled Cape-cart, waiting for us. We mount by twos and threes, and procession starts along brick-paved road for Edam, three miles off. Vanguard of the string of vehicles so far ahead that they look like a line of performing fleas, filing past geometrical dikes and avenues.

No. 2. Draw up at famous cheese-works belonging partly to Dutch Minister in England, Baron van GOLDSTEIN OLDENALLER. We contribute our mite, and inspect dairy. Should like to be one of the eighty cows here, and have nice stall fitted up with Delft ware, looking-glass, oil-cloth, and carpet of sea-shells, and be tended by dames with diamond head-dresses, and young ladies in gilt helmets. Stalls quite remind one of row of studios. When good cows die, they must surely come to Edam, with its coat-of-arms of three stars and a cow.

No. 3. Procession starts again, joined now by three carved native gigs (this does not imply cannibalism, only the florid and antique design sometimes seen in merry-go-rounds). Soon we cast out our shoe over Edam, and state entry begins. Much talk in Holland about "States General," but what are they compared with the Fourth Estate? We have been "inaugurated" in Amsterdam and "entered" into the Hague, but our really triumphal arrival is at Edam. Our JAN points out the oldest, the longest, the squarest, and the richest inhabitants respectively. We—persons ably representing various leading periodicals—find out the prettiest for ourselves (and the ugliest for each other).

No. 4. The market square, gay with Coronation bunting. Hundreds of shining cheeses piled like cannon-balls. Cheese-fanciers busy bargaining. Two resounding smacks on the hand signifies "Done." One slap, I think, means "Cheese it!" After much tapping and boring, the yellow heaps are carried off by pirates in white canvas suits, weighed and bought by the 150 kilo. Too much for one lunch, so we pass on to Cattle Show. Fine beasts, Beemster breed, four legs each, rosettes on tail, give 25 litres of milk per day or per annum (I forget which—not good at live stock).

No. 5. Lunch at Town Hall. Grand reception by hospitable Mayor, Mr. CALKOEN, in Court dress. Parade of naval cadets playing "*Wilhelmus*" in square. Sit opposite Mayor, and try to persuade him he is really Scotch—COLQOHOUN. He won't have it. Everybody clamours for his autograph, which he obligingly gives, to the great detriment of his lunch. Speeches by persons ably representing various leading periodicals, and M. JULES CLARETIE. Finish with slices of cheese eaten like cake.

No. 6. Rest of party off in *trek-schuiten* (primitive canal-boats) to Volendam and Marken. Am left lamenting on towing-path, with train to catch. Very sorry to leave Cheese-dom. Motto in future shall be *Edam ut vivam*. Yours Dutchly, Z. IJ. X.

NEW READING OF SHAKSPEARE.—"There be Land Rates and Water Rates." (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., Sc. 3.)

CRICKETIANA.—When the eye of an HAWKE never fails: In deciding the County Championship.



THE SLAVE OF DUTY!

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, OUT YOU 'LL HAVE TO GO!"
THE UNSPEAKABLE. "WHAT! LEAVE MY BEAUTIFUL CRETE IN A STATE OF DISORDER? *NEVER!*"



A CASE FOR THE VET.

"HALLO, OLD CHAP, WHAT 'S HAPPENED?"

"OH, THE BEASTLY THING FELL WITH ME COMING DOWN A HILL, AND SINCE THEN IT 'S BEEN GOING SO CONFOUNDEDLY LAME IN FRONT, I 'VE HAD TO LEAD IT!"

"LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED HERE."

To NANCY.

My ears were deaf, my eyes were blind,
My heart was lead, my luck was down,
I felt that Heaven was far from kind—
For NANCY had gone out of town.
I passed the shops unheeded by,
Yet, as I sauntered sadly West,
One window-notice caught my eye—
That "letters might be there addressed!"

* * * * *

Letters! The irony of Fate!
Though I might write without ado
To half a dozen girls I hate,
I may not send a line to you.
My days would change from dark to light,
From sighs to laughter, gloom to jest,
If but to you a "letter might
Be there"—or anywhere—"addressed"!

I'd tell you, might I only write—
It does not seem too much to say—
That London 's empty of delight
Since every one has gone away!
I'd tell you how I oft recall
My pleasant friends, both old and new,
I'd tell you how I miss them all,
If I might only write to you.

I'd tell you how reverse of gay,
How dull and dreary London seems,
And how I curse each lagging day,
And bless night only for its dreams.
I'd tell you how your voice still rings
Within my memory, clear and true,
I'd tell you—oh! a heap of things,
If I might only write to you.

If I might only write to you,
I'd tell you that I don't forget—
By Jove, I know what I will do!
(By Jove, I'll write to NANCY yet!)
My letter to the Friend of Man,
The Great Consoler, I'll address;
Perhaps he 'll give it you—he can—
Perhaps—I wonder, will you guess?

Supposing that you chance to spy
This yarn of mine, and read it through,
I wonder if you 'll guess 'twas *I*
Who wrote and meant it all for you.
You love forget-me-nots, I know,
I'd send you, if I dared, a bunch—
At that I 'll let my letter go
To "NANCY, care of *Mr. Punch*"!

ADVERTISED APARTMENTS.

Read between the Lines.

PAYING GUESTS received. Electric light, an extra; excellent table, of its kind; poor food; smoke-rooms (all the chimneys smoke); bath (h. and c.), meaning hired and cracked. Terms mod., compared to first-class hotel. Close to underground and 'buses. Trains shake the whole house, and receive the boarder's abuses.—Address X. Y. Z.

A FEW (as many as possible) gentlemen and ladies received in a lady's (ex-cook and butler's) private house at Kennington. Not a boarding house. Immoderate (inclusive of all kinds of unheard-of extras) terms. Piano (five-finger exercise all day). Cycle accommodation (in front yard). (Small and) early dinner.—Address, Madame G., Cheddar Road.

WEATHERWISE.

[A representative of the *Daily Telegraph* inquired of Mr. BRODIE, at the Meteorological Office, how long the heat-spell was likely to last. "It is impossible to say," was the reply.—*Vide interview, September* 10.]

WEATHER prophet, tell me, pray,
Please do not decline,
Is it going to rain to-day,
Or will it be fine?
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

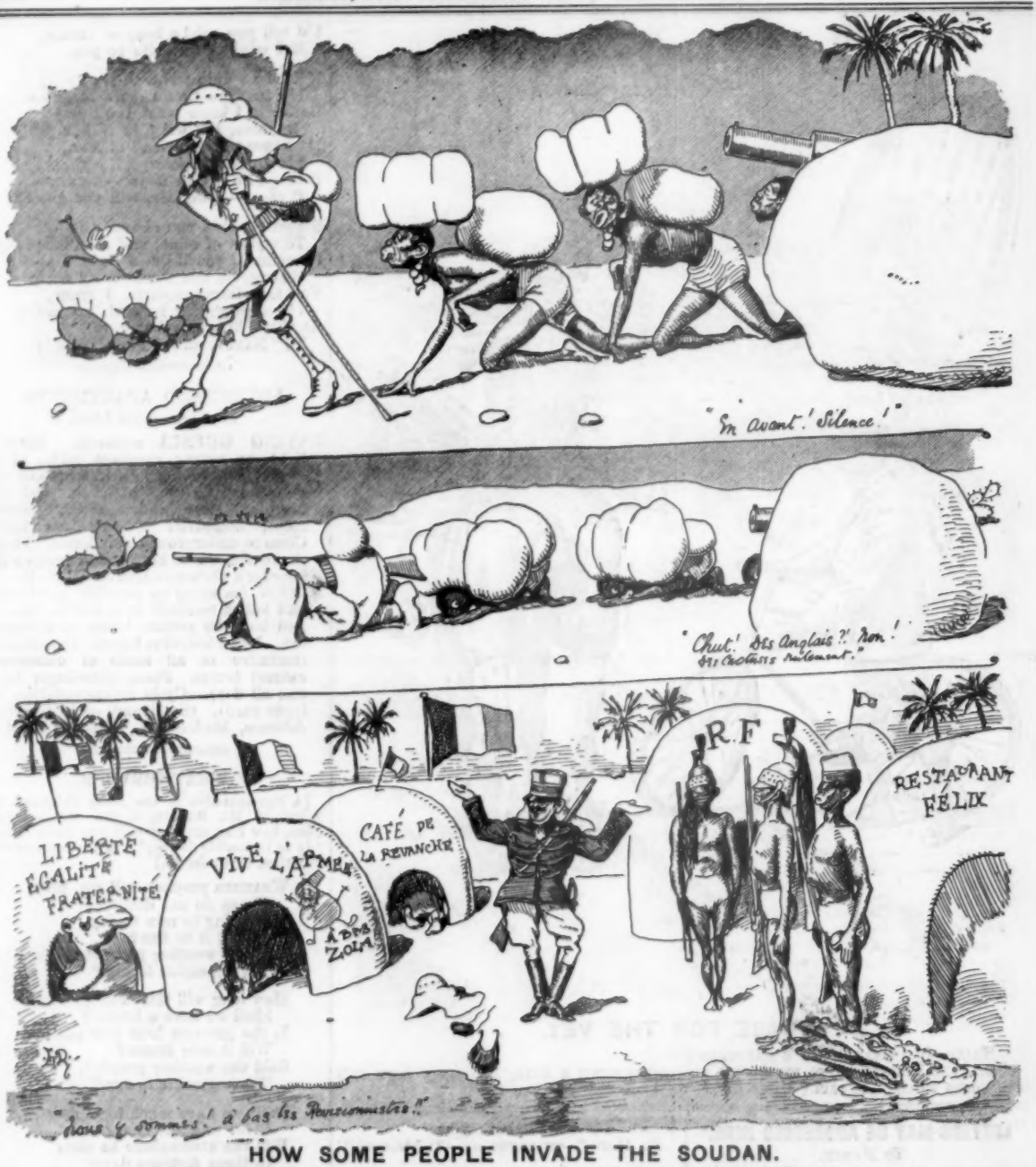
How long will this heat-spell last?
Shall we have a breeze?
Is the greatest heat now past?
Will it ever freeze?
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

Shall we have much fog this year,
River mist, or haze?
Will the atmosphere be clear
In these Autumn days?
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

Will the equinoxes blow
In the coming season?
Do you think we shall have snow?
If so, give your reason.
Said the weather prophet, "*Nay,*
'Tis impossible to say."

Overheard near the G. E. R.

He. Is that a dog that I hear?
She. No, dear, it 's the train coming in.
He. Then it must be a Barking train.



HOW SOME PEOPLE INVADE THE SOUDAN.

ON THE WHOLE *MR. PUNCH* PREFERS THE LESS PERFIDIOUS METHODS OF GENERAL KITCHENER.

WITH MARGARET AT MARGATE.

"OH, she's a Daisy! a perfect Daisy!" exclaimed an enthusiastic passenger on returning from his third voyage on board the good ship *La Marguerite*, to Boulogne and back, having been favoured with exceptionally beautiful weather, calm sea, cloudless sky, and the gentlest of Æolian-harpish winds that not infrequently play sweetly in the Channel. "*Elle est une Marguerite! Une Marguerite parfaite!*" the accomplished linguist explained, buoyantly adding, so as to make his meaning perfectly clear to the meanest capacity, "As there is no night travelling on board, *La Marguerite*, she being 'built that way,' is intended only for a *Day-sea!*" Fortunately the courteous captain overheard this conversation, and politely, but firmly, bade the over-excited passenger farewell at Margate, the good ship forthwith proceeding to her moorings in the Thames. The best news has since been received of the health of this nautical *Faust*, whom it was not necessary to put under restraint, but whose end might have been tragic (seeing that *La Marguerite*, having finished her voyages, will not be heard of again for another year), but for the timely care and attention of Mr. J. L. TOOLE, who thoroughly understands the treatment of persons subject to fits of jocosity, and who, as every one will be delighted to learn, is enjoying the sea-breezes on the salubrious Kentish Coast. Up to now, *tout va bien.*—(*From our own Special Correspondent, "Mephisto Minor."*)



OUR CHILDREN. No. 3.

Grandpapa. "AND *WHY* DO YOU BELIEVE THAT LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD A STORY!"
Madge. "'COS I D BE SMACKED IF I DIDN'T."

THE HUMORIST AND THE HOHENZOLLERN.

["GUILLAUME II. recherche surtout comme convives des 'rieurs' .... comme il a coutume de dire."—MAURICE LEUDET.]

WILLIAM, though You would like to live unknown
In that peculiar sphere where fate has set You,
The Röntgen rays "which beat upon a throne"
Won't let You.

Shrink as You may from every sort of show,
The shameless scribe, well knowing how to push, 'll
Refuse to have You hide Your light below
A bushel.

And once a stalwart Teuton even braved
The risk of durance in a dungeon's dry vat,
And told us candidly how You behaved
In private!

How many miles of uniforms You kept,
How lark-like from Your bed You loved to sally,
With facts that no one ought to know except
Your valet.

Importunate! whom no rebuke could snub,
Yearning to fathom secrets yet unsounded,
Into the chamber where You take Your tub
He bounded!

And here 's another book about You now,
A Gaulish work—an enemy hath done it!
He paints Your regal kitchen, shows us how
You run it.

Plucking aside the kingly veil divine
Things sacred (or profane) the man exposes;
Your meals he numbers; yea, Your food and wine
He noses.

And what a picture here to haunt the brain!
Those little luncheon-parties at the palace;
The quips and *mots* that circle as You drain
The chalice.

It seems Your subtle senses revel in
Allusive language spiced with Attic flavour:
We never dreamed that humorists could win
Your favour!

Speaking as one apprenticed to the trade,
I own to feeling some respectful wonder;
We must, we other mountebanks, have made
A blunder!

We thought you did not care for funny men;
That special gaols were built to overawe them;
That jokes were not congenial even when
You saw them.

That was our fixed opinion ever since
We heard of You; but now we know our error;
You are the jester's Patron, not his Prince
Of Terror.

You stroke us royally upon the back;
"My good buffoons," You very kindly term us;
You are not after all so very pach-
-ydermous.

For me, who in some foolish doggrel fitte
On Your supposed opaqueness once reflected—
Hot coals of fire possess my head; I sit
Corrected!

Verbatim I recant my old offence,
Who wrongly wrote—"There never was a rumour
Of asking Hohenzollerns for a sense
Of humour."

So may all misconceptions melt away,
Till, like to lambs in jolly bleating weather,
German and Briton smile aloud and play
Together!

The Oldest and the Shortest Drama in the World.

He. Will you?
She. Oh! I do not know!
[*Which "know" meant that she said "yes."*

CONTRIBUTION BY OUR OWN SCHOLAR TO PROPOSED NEW FRENCH DICTIONARY.—"*Souligner*"—"to be a 'penny-a-liner.'" *Deriv.* "*Sou*"—a penny; "*ligne*"—a line.

EAST LONDON WATER SUPPLY, POPLAR.—Unpop'lar!



IN DISTRESS.

"MUMMY! MUMMY! COME BACK! I'M FRIGHTENED. HERE'S A HORRID DOG *STARING AT ME WITH HIS TEETH!*"

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

III.

WE may now proceed to instruct the young author in the art of composing another variety of magazine story, which can be turned out with even less trouble than the previous examples. It may be defined as the Vague and Impressionist Sketch, and it is much fancied by editors just now. The only rules which the young author must observe in making it are, to avoid any point in the title, to begin in the middle of the story, and to end at the beginning. Careful study of the example appended will make these instructions clear.

IDYLL.

She drew her chair a little closer to the table, and stretched out her hand towards the sugar-tongs.

"And that is your only reason, HENRY?" she asked.

He sighed deeply. "My only reason, MARGARET? No, I dare not say that. Supposing, for instance——"

He broke off abruptly, and there was a pause. Six lumps of sugar dropped into the cup with a sullen splash.

"But surely," she said, with infinite meaning in her voice, "if it happened otherwise, it would be different, HENRY? And then there are consolations. Yes," she repeated, dreamily, "there are always consolations. Will you have some cake?"

HENRY started to his feet, stung to the quick by her words. "Pah!" he cried, contemptuously, "what a vacuous soul is yours! Do you ever feel the stress of life, MARGARET? The keen bitter-sweet search after the nebulous ideal? The swift, grim ironic sense of struggle with an overpowering and unintelligible destiny, that tortures all humanity on one complex rack, and obliges me to talk like this for pages together?" And, seizing a large slice of cake in each hand, he devoured them greedily in alternate mouthfuls.

MARGARET rose, and moved to the window, gazing wearily at the watercart passing underneath.

"Misery is the only happiness," she murmured, "and only white things are black."

"Two epigrams," HENRY mumbled, his mouth full of cake. "Two brilliant epigrams, and I haven't made any yet. MARGARET, the habitual liar is the only truthful man!"

The girl nodded. "What insight!" she said. "What keen perception of the universal muddle! Yes, HENRY, it is even as you say. But if you knew the ardent glow of love that surges in my unquiet heart—but, ah! it must not be," and turning towards the fire-place, she lifted the poker and stroked it tenderly.

"Certainly not," cried HENRY. "If I proposed to you, you'd have to accept me or refuse me, and, in either case, something would happen. In our stories, MARGARET, nothing ever happens."

"You are right," said the other, simply. "You are quite right. Nothing ever happens—only sweet, soulful conversation like this. But what," she added, with a sudden sense of fear, "what will you do now, HENRY? Oh, the grey dreariness of life! What will you do now?"

HENRY pushed his cup towards her resolutely, almost defiantly. "I will drink," he said, "another cup of tea."

VIXI PUELLIS NUPER IDONEUS.

I have lived and I have loved,
As I live, I'll love no more.
With a fancy, that has roved,
And a heart but little moved,
Love's attractions have I proved
By the score.

I am sick of billets-doux,
Which have nothing new to say.
And of tender verses too;
Woman, if you want to woo,
To refresh a *blasé*, do
Find a way.

But I *am* embarrassed now,
And my brain in horror whirls.
There will surely be a row—
I have made the self-same vow
To I can't remember how
Many girls.

If the gods but save my pate,
Perilled in this awful mess,
Though the fair may lie in wait,
I will leave them to their fate,
Being sworn to celibate
Happiness.

A BOLD ADVENTURE.

A REPUTEDLY accurate weekly paper announces that a Band for the Benefit of Bachelors has just been started with the object of mending and darning the underclothes of unmarried men. Of course, it will be known as the Cuff and Collar Band. But "*Distinguons, mon ami, distinguons!*" as the Anglo-Indian magistrate says in *Round the World in Eighty Days*. There are bachelors and bachelors. There is the cut-and-dried celibate, who will look upon the readjustment of his linen or the filling in of the chasms in his socks in much the same light, as he would the soling of his boots or the renovation of his chimney-pot. But on the other hand, there are numerous unmated fledgelings, shy birds, and even hopeless Benedicts, who will regard the delicate adjustment of a button or the refined sewing of a tape as a service not to be recompensed by ordinary dross. The movement is so insidiously well planned, that it is only right and proper to exclaim—Bachelors, beware!

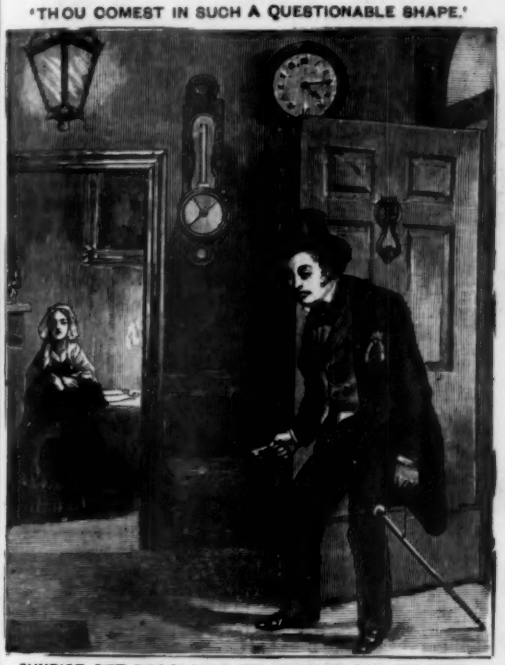
'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.'

—General Gordon.

DEPARTED ERRORS—'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'

—Lord Lytton.

'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'



SUNRISE OFT PROCLAIMS ITS VERDICT AND ITS WOE.

'Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.'

—Bishop Hall.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, changes of the weather, sleeplessness, feverish cold, with high temperature and quick pulse, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of the stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'—an Imperative Hygienic Need. It is everything you could WISH as a SIMPLE, SOOTHING, NATURAL, and HEALTH-GIVING agent. You CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the BLOOD PURE and FREE from DISEASE by Natural Means.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours truly—Veritas."

Only Truth can give True Reputation. Only Reality can be of Real Profit.

The Secret of Success—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham!

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS and FEVERISH Condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a WORTHLESS imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

EXCORE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT

EXCORE

Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank.
Ivory, 5s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases.
From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD,
who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY

TRY THE FAMOUS

UAM-VAR

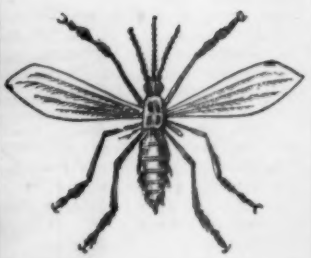
SCOTCH WHISKY

And you will not be disappointed.

INNES & CRIEVE, Ltd.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

CIGARES de JOY
(Joy's cigarettes)
IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE
ASTHMA
WHEEZING
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS
Box of 35 4/6 Post free from Wilcox & Co. 83 Mortimer St. London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores
SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP

"SKEEVIT"



A pleasantly perfumed preparation which absolutely prevents the bites of Mosquitos Harvest Insects, Ticks, and other venomous pests. It also cures prickly heat.

In glass bottles suitable for pocket, at 1/- and in 2 oz. stoppered bottles at 2/- and 5 oz. 4/6.

Of all Chemists & Stores or post free from H. C. Stephens, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. *(Manufacturers of Stephens' Inks.)*

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.



CENTLEMEN'S WIGS.
Perfect Imitations of Nature.
Weightless, no wiggy appearance.
Unshrinkable Material. Instructions for self-measurement on application.

CHAS. BOND & SON,
41, NEW BOND STREET, W.
Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Scalpettes.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH
INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP—BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES.—LANCET
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/-
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.
REFUSE WORTHLESS TAR SOAPS

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Crosse & Blackwell's "SOHO" SWEET PICKLE

In bottles with lever stoppers,

IS SOLD BY

LEADING GROCERS AND STORES.

Beware of Imitations.

LEA & PERRINS'

The Original & Genuine Worcestershire

SAUCE.

OBSERVE THE SIGNATURE ON THE WRAPPER AND LABEL.

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD

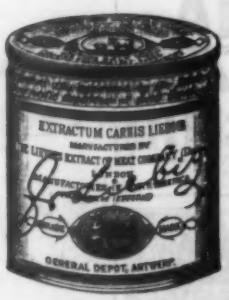
Cures

All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Bronchitis, Influenza, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases. 100,000 annual cures.

PRICES.—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of ½ lb. at 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 5 lb., 14s.; 12 lb., 32s.; 24 lb., 60s.; or about 2d. per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s. DU BARRY AND CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; 59, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and of all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.



(Note Blue Signature, J. v. Liebig, across Label.)

MAKES COOKING EASY.

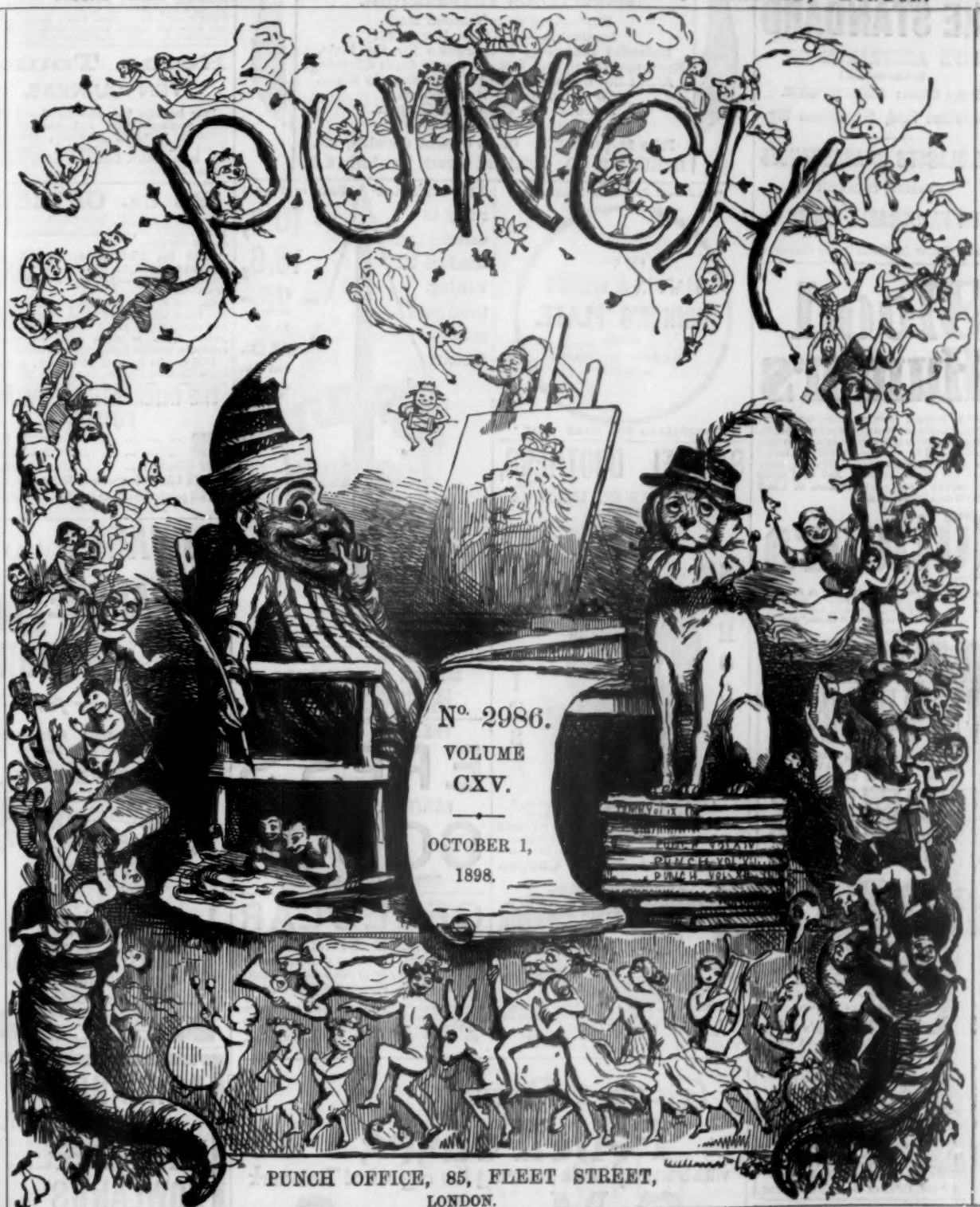
Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 24, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



N°. 2986.
VOLUME
CXV.

OCTOBER 1,
1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

The CYCLING SENSATION of 1899 will be the improved patterns of
First in 1888, Foremost ever since.
DUNLOP TYRES
Upon receipt of a post-card we will register your address, and forward our illustrated descriptive booklet immediately upon its completion.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., 160—166, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Mr. Merriman's New Novel.
At all Booksellers' and Libraries Crown 8vo, 6s.
RODEN'S CORNER. By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of 'The Sowers,' "With Edged Tools," "In Kedar's Tents," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
(Established 1825.)
Head Office: EDINBURGH.
Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.
ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES
CARRIED THROUGH
ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.
Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

Blood Humors
Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, gentle anointings with Cuticura (ointment), the great skin cure, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent, greatest of blood purifiers and humour cures.

Cuticura
Is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.
"How to Cure Every Blood Humour," post free.
FACE HUMOURS Falling Hair, Ruby Blemishes cured by Cuticura Soap.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.
FRUIT
Nothing so profitable and easy to grow.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.
SEEDS
THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.
ROSES
HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS.
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage free for Cash with order 8/- per doz., 60/- per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.
ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres
A superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants,
Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis 80,000 from 15 doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.
GENERAL CATALOGUE
(Over 160 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.
Please mention this Paper.
RICHD. SMITH & Co., Worcester.

Goddard's Plate Powder
NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be the Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.
Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH
SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

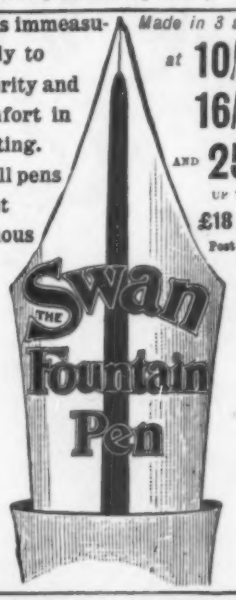
"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."
ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Regd.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."
"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.
SCHOOL OUTFITS

"Eton."
Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 8 in., 20s. 9d.
Trousers " 9s. 3d.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.
KROPP RAZOR
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

English Manufactory.
WARRANTED PERFECT
Black Handle .... 3s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in
Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 21s.
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.
"Shaver's Kit and Outfit." Post Free.
Wholesale: Osborne, Garrett, & Co., London, W.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous
Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, and 25/- up to £18 18s. Post Free.


Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to
MABIE, TODD & BARD,
95, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
93a, Regent Street, W.
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

CELLULAR
DRESS SHIRTS.
HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.
Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
S. Mordan & Co
can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

PLEASURE CRUISES,
"MIDNIGHT SUN,"
S.Y. of 3,179 tons, 3,500 horse-power. No upper berths
Thirty Days' Cruises, Twenty-five Guineas.
From Marseilles November 16th and December 14th, 1898. Visiting EGYPT, PALESTINE, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, PALERMO, MALTA, &c. Special arrangements for Shore Excursions. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Sole Passenger Agents, Ludgate Circus, London, or to Albion S.S. Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Rome Tours,
TEN GUINEAS.
Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days' accommodation. Extensions to FLORENCE, VENICE, NAPLES, POMPEII, VESUVIUS, &c. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

£9 9s. CRUISE
(14 days) LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, AJACCIO, MARSEILLES. September 27th.
£26 5s. Palestine, Egypt, and Athens Cruise. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.
On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.
Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.
Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOWARD'S (Ltd.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From 3*d. per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery!" Lancet

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.
ROWLANDS' ODONTO
The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



UNSOCIABLE.

Madame Theosophia. "Tell me, have you never seen a Vision? Never welcomed some strange Spirit from the Unseen World?"

Mrs. Sinclair. "Never. But then I entertain so little."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is hard even for the practised novelist to live up to the first chapter of *Roden's Corner* (Smith, Elder). For dramatic situation, intensity, and simplicity of narrative, it is marvellous. Mr. Seton Merriman does very well, more especially when he comes across the sole witness of the death-bed scene, the *Professor von Holzen*. The Professor is about as deeply dyed a villain as is made in Germany, and my Baronite has no invidious meaning when he says that Mr. Merriman is thoroughly at home with him. The plot is ingenious and new, unless, indeed, suggestion of it be found buried in Blue Books reporting results of enquiries by Board of Trade inspectors into the death-breeding trades of the potteries. The blackness of *Von Holzen's* doings is pleasantly relieved by the sprightly ways of *Miss Marquerite Wade*, and the delightfully stolid *Major White*, who, when wrong is done, feels an irresistible inclination to "thump somebody." The least successful character in the story is *Mr. Roden*, who gives the book his name. But his Corner is excellent.

M. Paul Bourget must have become suddenly very much impressed by a recent study of *David Copperfield*, under its French title of *Le Neveu de ma Tante*, to have selected for, as it were, the part of "Chorus" in his *La Duchesse Bleue*, such a noodle as is *M. Vincent la Croix*, the weak-kneed amateurish artist, who so evidently stands in the relationship of the verdant *David* towards his idol *James Steerforth*, who, with evil character, and gifted, moreover, with literary and dramatic talent, appears in this novel under the style and title of "*Jacques Molan, le célèbre romancier et auteur dramatique.*" Moreover, when *Molan* has selected *Vincent* as his confidant and amiable co-conspirator against the happiness of the unfortunate *ingénue Camille*, the theatrical *Little Em'ly* of this story, the author, as if suddenly struck by a qualm of literary conscience, makes the unblushing *Molan* suddenly say to his friend *Vincent*, "*J'ai envie de t'appler Daisy, ma pâquerette, comme le jeune homme naïf du Neveu de ma Tante.*" So *Steerforth*, meeting his worshipper *David*, in the Golden Cross Hotel in town, exclaims, "My dear young Davy, you are a very Daisy!" and subsequently he asks, "Will you mind my calling you Daisy?" "Not at all," says *David Copperfield*. And Daisy he was henceforth. It must be of very great assistance to any author to start his work in this way. The Baron only notes the above fact by way of suggestion to those who, blessed, or otherwise, by Providence, with a talent for romance-writing, do not quite see how to set about their work, and not as a recommendation, or in commendation, of *La Duchesse Bleue*.

Welcome, most welcome is a volume of *Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books*, by Andrew W. Tuer, F.S.A. (Leadenhall Press, Ltd.). "Forgotten!" No! "Though lost to sight to memory dear," and a few of them are certainly within the recollection of not quite the oldest inhabitant. But how refreshingly simple and delightful are they one and all! *John Gilpin* again, going as strong as ever! *Sandford and Merton*, and *Jack the Giant Killer, cum multis aliis*. Old friends with old faces; but most of them quite new to the Baron and his *æquales*. It would require a Charles Lamb, with ample time at his command, to write an essay on this most rare collection, to which "all success," says

The Baron de B.-W.

GOOD BUSINESS!

[A well-known 'sland up river will not at present pass into the hands of advertisement-contractors. It was purchased thirty years ago for £70, and was offered last week at a sale for the reserve price of £4000, which, needless to say, was not reached.]

Glover's Island is safe for the moment,
The Philistine's hand has been stayed;
Father Thames yet preserves the eyots and the curves
By lovers of Richmond surveyed.

The price was four thousand as upset
By the auctioneer-mayor last week;
But the owner's *upset*, for he scarcely could get
For his island a bidder to speak!

One humourist bid him a tanner,
Another a tenner or two,
But not one was content to pay thousands per cent.—
So we still keep the famous old view!

VOX STELLARUM.

The customary Prophetic Almanacks are now out for 1899, with their discreetly vague predictions of battle, murder and sudden death, their customary cartoons of performing skeletons and dead horses, their Russophobe warnings to John Bull, and their amiable platitudes about "strange and unexpected events in March," and "a feeling of great uneasiness at the end of the year." The Prophets, however, are provokingly silent about many important points in the future which we would fain have elucidated. For instance, *Mr. Punch*, and the public generally, would like to know what answer the stars are giving to the following questions:

When justice is going to be done in the miserable Dreyfus case, and how many more resignations and suicides are going to be caused by a twopenny-halfpenny *bordereau*, or a forged *petit bleu*.

How many wars will result from the Tsar's Peace manifesto.

When Great Britain is going to pre-empt Delagoa Bay and bring the Boers to their senses.

When Li Hung Chang is going to be finally deprived of his peacock feather.

What "graceful concession" the Government will make to Marchand to induce him to evacuate Fashoda.

When the Khalifa will return the Sirdar's call at Omdurman, and enjoy Her Majesty's hospitality.

When the muzzling order will be relaxed.

When the present Summer will end.

When the German Emperor will cease referring in his public speeches to his grandfather, who surely does not want any further advertisement.

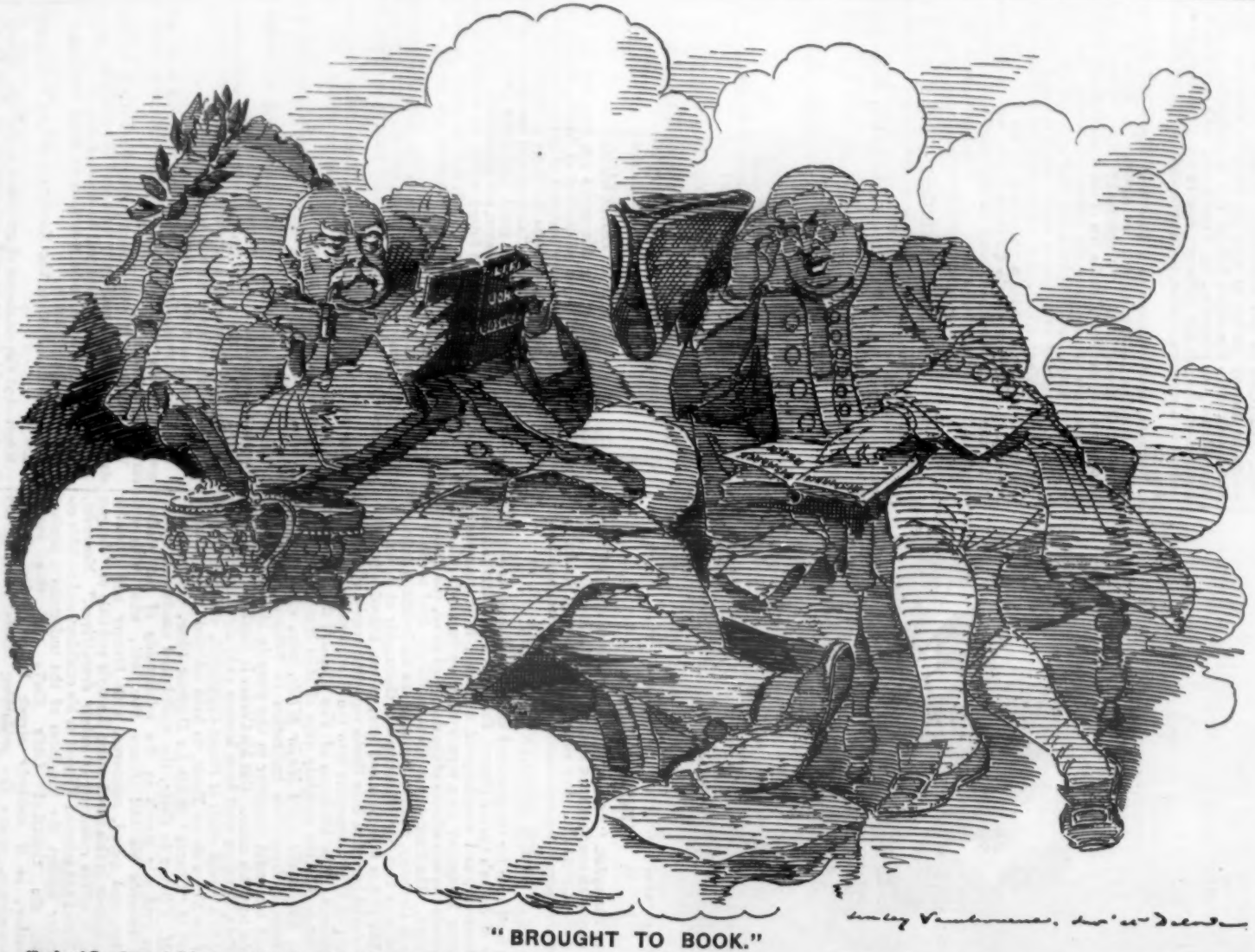
When London will even distantly resemble Paris in having its streets properly and uniformly built and illuminated.

When the British cabman will be satisfied with his exact fare.

When we shall cease to be reminded on every hoarding of the triumphs of the pill-trade.

When the Hooleys and the Hooligans will retire into private life.

When—but the catalogue of questions is endless. If only the Prophets would favour us with information on these points, we should be really obliged to them. These gentlemen have yet time to revise the future, as 1898 has still three more months to run.



"BROUGHT TO BOOK."

Shade of Dr. Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (*turning to* BISMARCK). "SIR, IT IS ALWAYS ENTERTAINING TO SEE GREAT MINDS REFLECTED THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF A MINUTE INTELLIGENCE."

Shade of Bismarck. "HERR DOCTOR, I AGREE WITH YOU. I FIND THIS WORK EXTREMELY AMUSING."

DREAM MUSIC.

Often, in slumber as I lie,
A solemn and mysterious strain
Of weird and wondrous melody
Thrills through my ear, and haunts my brain.

Its glorious notes, with throb and swell,
Across my drowsing senses sweep;
With rapturous joy I own its spell,
And with its anguish I must weep.

I strive (yet, ah! it may not be)
As from the chains of sleep I break,
To bring that melody with me,
Alas! I lose it when I wake.

At last I burst from slumber's grips
While yet its words impetuous ran
Out of my half-awakened lips:
"*Our Lodger's such a Nice Young Man.*"

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

IV.

No manual intended to assist the young author could be considered complete, unless it provided instruction in the art of writing the sporting story. It is possible that one or two trifling errors may be detected in the following example, but nevertheless it is the sort of thing which a magazine-editor jumps at.

LOLLIPOP'S LEGER.

Vast excitement reigned in the paddock at Sandown, where crowds of betting men were eagerly laying odds of thirty to forty against the field. The moment for the decision of the great race was fast approaching, and, until an hour before, *Lollipop* had been strong favourite—*Lollipop*, Clarence Plantagenet's pet horse, who so often carried his master in the Row, and who had won the Derby at Ascot in such gallant style, jumping every hurdle with consummate ease. But quite suddenly a wild rumour spread among the crowd that *Lollipop* had broken down. Many refused to believe it, especially those who on the previous afternoon had seen Clarence Plantagenet exercising the St. Leger favourite round Belgrave Square. Still the report gained strength, and it was positively asserted by well-informed persons that *Lollipop* had been unable to touch his breakfast—consisting, as usual, of carrots and sugar.

From the summit of the Grand Stand Clarence Plantagenet watched the seething crowd with an air of calm disdain. By his side stood the lovely Dorothea Vavasour, regarding him with anxiety.

"Oh, Clarence!" she exclaimed, "is *Lollipop* really all right? I heard some one say he wasn't fully wound up."

Clarence looked down at her with an inscrutable smile on his pale face. "Fear not, darling," he replied, tenderly. "I can answer for it that *Lollipop* is fully wound up. My victory is certain, and the prize is—yourself!"

"But you risk so much! Would it not be well to—to ditch?"

"To hedge," amended her lover. "No, Dorothea, that were cowardice. Let me see"—he drew a dainty betting-book from his pocket—"when *Lollipop* wins, I shall receive £85,769 14*s.* 7½*d.* And then your mercenary parents can object no longer, and I can claim you as my bride."

Unseen by the speakers, a man with most unprepossessing features was listening to their conversation. "Fools!" he muttered. "Contemptible fools! As sure as my name is Thomas Turfite, *Lollipop* will not win to-day. Disguised as a stable-boy, did I not myself administer a poisoned apple to him last night?" And stepping down among the crowd, he proceeded to stake thousands of pounds against the favourite.

At last came the time for the race. A murmur of astonishment was heard when the familiar figure of *Lollipop* appeared with the rest in the preliminary trot. True, his action seemed a little stiff, but he looked the picture of health. Beside him at the starting-post stood his owner, who placed his hand caressingly on his horse's neck.

The gun fired, and the horses started—in every sense. One need not describe the race; the St. Leger course, as every one knows, is fifteen times round Sandown. From the first *Lollipop* led, and finally, amid terrific cheers, won by about a mile.

Clarence Plantagenet lowered his glasses, and clasped Dorothea in his arms. "Did I not tell you so?" he said. "Thomas Turfite is foiled again! Last night, my Dorothea, the scoundrel gave poor *Lollipop* a poisoned apple."

"Good Heavens!" cried Dorothea. "But then, how did the poor horse——?"

"He died at 9 P.M.," said Clarence, solemnly. "But, determined not to be beaten, I had him stuffed immediately, and a clockwork motor arranged in his interior. So he was fully wound up, and we will be married immediately."

This is the history of *Lollipop's* Leger.



SUNDAY MORNING.

Cyclist (to rural policeman). "Nice Crowd out this M'rning!"

Rural Policeman (who has received a tip). "Yes, an' yer can't do with 'em! If yer 'ollers at 'em, they honly turns round and says, 'Pip, pip'!"



CUB HUNTING.

"Halloa! What's that old Hair Trunk the Master's on this morning?"
"Another Bargain. Picked him up somewhere down South. Says he's wonderful at Water."
"H'm—shouldn't wonder. Drew a Bathing Machine, I expect!"

EUROPEAN DISARMAMENT.

(By Mr. Punch's own Prophet.)

The year 1950 is destined to go down to history as the year of a great proposition. In that year the Tsar of All the Russias put forward a suggestion for a general European disarmament. The suggestion was received with respect by the press and the public, with enthusiasm by the various "Peace" Societies, and with scepticism by those in authority. Elderly men hinted that the same proposition had been made before and from the same quarter; statesmen shrugged their shoulders, and the *Times* sat—adroitly enough—upon a fence in a leading article.

And yet the condition of Europe at this date made the Tsar's proposals not untempting. For more than fifty years Germany, France, Italy, and the rest had been groaning under the blessings of peace. Military expenditure throughout Europe had grown enormously, and the burden of compulsory service had proportionately increased. It had been the beneficent province of science to invent weapons of destruction, so exquisite in their ingenuity, and so costly in manufacture that every nerve had to be strained by the Great Powers to pay the bill. Rifle succeeded rifle with bewildering rapidity, each more perfect and more expensive than the last, and each, of course, necessitating the withdrawal of the former one. The fashion in quick-firing guns altered even more quickly than those guns fired, and the new patterns were seldom in use a couple of years before—such was the "progress" of science—they were superseded. Every improvement in the guns required a new ammunition, and every improvement in the ammunition required a new type of gun. "Peace" seemed likely to produce universal national bankruptcy.

Taxation had increased by leaps and bounds in all the countries of Europe, and the National Debt of France reached the "record" figure of two thousand millions amid general rejoicings among all good Republicans. It really did seem as if, with all this expenditure upon the army of what was still called "the Republic," the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine was only a question of time. It is true the taxpayer was heard at times to complain that his burdens were getting beyond the limit of his capacity to bear them, but the shooting of a few small shopkeepers soon silenced these cavils, and every one agreed that the hated Bourgeoisie could not be permitted to dictate the policy of the country.

In Germany the pressure of militarism upon the population had not grown lighter with years. As weapons grew more scientific in their construction, and more delicate in their manipulation, the term of compulsory service for every citizen had steadily lengthened, until by now it had reached the truly magnificent term of five years, a term, curiously enough, identical with that of our English penal servitude. The five years of military training exacted from every citizen before he could begin the task of earning his own living, heavily handicapped the youth of the country in the struggle for existence, and caused a considerable reduction of the tax-paying population through emigration. Thus, with a rising expenditure and a sinking exchequer, the German Emperor found himself face to face with insolvency.

Such was the state of things then when the Tsar of that day promulgated his famous letter advocating total or partial disarmament, to the astonishment of the chancelleries of Europe. No one could understand how so eminently sane and civilised a proposal could have emanated from St. Petersburg, and thinking men noted it as remarkable that Western Europe had had to wait for the suggestion of the ruler of a half barbarous empire, before the idea of putting an end to a preposterous and intolerable system occurred to its mind. The statesmen of Europe, however, took a different view. They hinted at interested motives on the part of Russia (which was known to be in the last stages of indigence), pointed out the chimerical nature of the proposition, and the practical difficulties it involved, acknowledged the inconveniences of the present state of affairs, but deplored the impossibility of altering it.

And that was the state of things when our Prophet awoke out of the trance in which this vision of 1950 had plunged him.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A Little Dinner.

Ludwig. Ah, how go it, dear Mister Colleague? I regret myself very that I something belated am.

Auguste. In delay, dear Mister? Not of the all! Mr. Robinson is not yet arrived. But see there our friend. *Ah, mon cher* Robinson, *ça va bien?*

Robinson. Très-bien, merci. Ach, Herr Müller, wie geht's? Parlez-vous français, alors?

Lud. Ach nein! We speak ever English together.

Aug. For sure. And not so bad, is it not, Mr. Müller? We are very strong as philologues all the two. Eh well, if we were putting us to table? Wish you to sit you by there? It is that. Perfectly! The window is all great open. It is damage that in England one dines never in full air. In France——

Lud. And in Germany——

Aug. Perfectly. But recall you that our friend is English.

Rob. Don't mind me. Besides, you 're both right.

Aug. Ah, you are one cannot more amiable. But in effect, by a such hotness, when one would will to couch him at the fine star, one suffocates at the house, above all at London. At Paris, at the Wood, one can to dine in full air.

Lud. As in Berlin in the Beastgarden.

Aug. And however you have at London a park of the most superbs, who is absolutely desert the evening. What idea! And one can to drink there but some tea.

Lud. Or one "lemons-squashed." The Park is wonderbeautiful. *Groszartig!*

Aug. Delicious. But these insulars love not the habitudes of the stranger lands, of "the continent," as they say. Is it that they believe that the divers peoples of "the continent" are but one sole nation; the habitants of the Norway and of the Turkey, of the Spain and of the Russia? They speak also continually of the "Continental Sunday." *Sapristi!* That amuses me. Is it that it is the Sunday of Christiania, of Madrid, or of Petersburg? Or the Sunday of Constantinople, and that is not the Sunday of the all, but the Friday? Eh, my dear Robinson? But you are not insular as that yourself.

Rob. Not I!

Lud. The English cooking is not as the German——

Rob. Thank goodness!

Lud. Was ist das?

Rob. Ziemlich gut.

Lud. Ah so, that was I in the intention to say. The English cooking is seemly good. Over all can man ever enough eat, while the portions so great are. *Prachtvoll!*

Aug. Again some "chimmpinn." That is well that, the pronouncintion? All to fact as in English, is it not? Drink we then to the health of this good Robinson.

Lud. Prosit!

Aug. Comment?

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. You desire some bitter beer, some beer of Prosit? You drink not some "chimmpinn"?

Lud. Yes well!

Aug. But you desire some beer with?

Lud. Ach himmel! No!

Aug. A la bonne heure! To the health of *Mr. Punch* and of his compatriots. *Quant à Fashoda, ah bah! Ca, c'est la diplomatie.* Live the England!

Lud. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

Aug. Mon Dieu! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? You are ill, dear Mister? You have bad at the throat?

Rob. C'est tout simplement "hurrah" *en allemand.*

Aug. Quelle langue! Robinson, you take some tea?

Rob. Jamais de la vie!

Aug. Ah, you are not insular! Then some coffee and some liquors. A fine "chimmpinn," perhaps? Will you a cigar?

Lud. Thank beautiful. *Mahlzeit!*

Aug. I have not of those cigars there.

Lud. Ah no! I say *Mahlzeit.* That is "mealtime."

Aug. Comment donc! Il a bon appetit, ce monsieur. Encore un repas? Ah ça, que faire? C'est donc le souper allemand?

Rob. Pas du tout! C'est la politesse allemande.

Lud. What say you?

Rob. I was telling him that *Mahlzeit* is not a sort of cigar.

Aug. Mr. Müller desires not to eat of new?

Rob. Not yet, anyhow. He only meant he had enjoyed his dinner. *C'est une façon de faire un compliment, voilà tout.*

Aug. Tiens! Quelle langue! Enchanted, dear Mr. Müller! In attending the coffee, take then a cigar, and one other glass of "chimmpinn."



— "WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

Tommy. "Father, what means it 'to have Indigestion'?"

A VERY DIFFICULT PROFESSION.

If Mr. Justice Darling's recent example of sentencing a French prisoner in his own language becomes the rule, then a German culprit will have to be sentenced in German, an Italian in Italian, a Spaniard in Spanish, and so on. But why the sentence only? Why not the entire trial, which is of even greater importance, in the prisoner's own language? All candidates for the Bar will have to pass a thoroughly practical *vivâ voce* examination by examiners of various nationalities, and the legal textbooks will require translating into every known language. And how about the jurymen? Will they have to "cram" for certain trials in French, German, Italian, Spanish, or modern Greek, as the case may be? If so, they will require time for the process, and the prisoner will have to wait until judge, barristers and jury are quite *au fait* at the language, whatever it may be. Then the Bar will indeed be a "Learned Profession"! Or the proceedings might be simplified by establishing various Courts as in an Exhibition, *e.g.*, the French Court, the German Court, and so forth. But perhaps after all, our own Darling was only just "airing his French" for practice. He may have either just returned from Boulogne-sur-Mer, or, intending to spend a few days at this favourite French bathing-place, his lordship may have recently completed his first course in "Ollendorf," and felt that a trial of his own linguistic capabilities, in public, would be of the greatest service to him. Over the door of Mr. Justice Darling's Court should be written the announcement, "*Ici on parle Français.*"

"A new suffering bishop," said the dear old lady to her companion, who was reading aloud of the appointment of the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Lyttelton to be Bishop Suffragan of Southampton. "And what 's the poor dear man suffering from?"

New Adaptation of an old Proverb (*apparently acted upon by some company directors*).—"*Corruptio Pressimi optima.*"



Temperance Orator. "HO, PAUSE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, PAUSE!"
A Voice. "YE 'RE RIGHT, OLE MAN, *THEY ARE!*"

ALFRED ON CÆDMON.

["The Poet Laureate unveiled the memorial... He (CÆDMON) was the half-inarticulate father of English poets yet to be, and it was not only to the lisping ancestor, but to all his full-voiced descendants that this cross was erected. ... To be wise rather than euridite (*sic, Daily Chronicle*) being the supreme mark and mission of the poet, very little learning equipped the greatest of English poets for universal apprehension."—*Daily Chronicle*]

ANGLES and Saxons! We are here
To rectify an old omission,
And do our primal chanticleer
A tardy act of recognition;
Whether his *C* is soft, like *cit*,
Or hard as nails like that in *capers*,
I neither know nor care a bit;
You 'd better write and ask the papers.

Twelve teeming centuries have gone
Since that acknowledged master filled a
Vulgar but useful office on
The promontory of St. Hilda;
Immersed in feeding local swine
He got a sudden inspiration,
And launching on another line
Gave off an epic on *Creation*.

The hour has come, long waited for,
Here where his herd was wont to wallow,
To boom our lisping ancestor
And likewise all the bards that follow;
He failed, of course, where we succeed;
His art was young: don't let us scorn it;
He whistled down a shaking reed,
We blow, full-mouthed, a mighty cornet!

And I, who broadly represent
In poetry the last achievement—
My voice, as Laureate, is lent
To mourn the nation's rude bereavement;
But Canon RAWNSLEY too shall get
Full credit for his work upon it;
(I never knew a subject yet
On which he didn't do a sonnet).

As one who has the vested right,
I want to weigh our Whitby hero;
I own he wasn't erudite,
His knowledge as a fact was zero;
What then? He chose the better part;
He did not need, like us, to cumber
His open mind with rules of art
And other literary lumber.

Here from this headland so sublime
He watched the gulls, etc., go it;
He heard the waves that seldom rhyme
And yet distinctly touch a poet;
Speaking with Nature face to face
In pious terms, like Mr. KEBLE,
He melts us with his artless grace,
Despite the spelling, which is feeble.

Here still we have the moorland view
Where furrowing becks debouch in ocean;
The sea-mews wail, the sea-whales mew,
The billows still retain their motion;
Yonder the same old eagles screech,
Nothing disturbs the ancient feeling,
Save where you sniff from Whitby beach
The fume of bloaters faintly stealing.

You 'll note the cross which I propose
To offer our lamented brother;
One side presents an English rose,
An apple-tree relieves the other;
This, emblematically done,
Means Eden lost through lack of morals;
That stands for Paradise regained
By him and us who wear his laurels.

These facts, which you are free to share,
I owe to curious skill in botany,
Claiming a great advantage there
Over deceased, who hadn't got any;
More points like this might be rehearsed
In proof of my contention that your
Last poet overlooks the first,
However slight the modern's stature.

Conclusion. Let me then unveil
Our rather pleasing crucial beacon
For educated tars to hail
And thoughtful kine to rub their cheek on;
KÆDMON! (or SÆDMON?) please to take
This stone—I now remove its jacket;
And oh! for ALFRED'S honour's sake
I trust the tripper may not hack it!

At the Sea-side.

Paterfamilias (*inspecting bill, to landlady*). I thought you said, Mrs. BUGGINS, when I took these apartments, that there were no extras, but here I find boots, lights, cruets, fire, table-linen, sheets, blankets and kitchen fire charged.

Mrs. Buggins. Lor' bless you, Sir, they 're not extras, but necessaries.

Paterfamilias. What then do you consider extras?

Mrs. Buggins. Well, Sir, that 's a difficult question to answer, but I should suggest salad oil, fly-papers, and turtle soup.

[*Paterfamilias drops the subject and pays his account.*

A DEAL WHICH JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM COULD READILY SETTLE, NOTWITHSTANDING COUSIN FRITZ.—Behring furs in exchange for Philip-pines.



BUSINESS RESUMED.

WHERE IS HE?

["The whereabouts of Major Esterhazy seems likely to become as great a puzzle as that of M. Zola recently was."—*Echo.*]



Was it the Major who was seen yesterday in Piccadilly wearing a high hat and Inverness cape?

Or was he the individual who was wearing a long coat and sombrero in Leicester Square?

Or has he gone to Scotland disguised as above?

Or to China, with this "make-up"?

Or to Turkey — disguised as a Grand Vizier?

Or has he taken a cheap excursion, say, to Klondike or the North Pole?

OXFORD IN THE VAC.

Sweet are the haunts I haunted once,
And sweet to wander back
With my old self, a careless dunce,
To Oxford in the Vac.
Sweet is the peace on every hand
As down the Broad I laze,
When Proctors cease from progging, and
The Bull-dogs light their clays.

There 's the Sheldonian, where I
Had taken my degree
Had I been comprehended by
The fool that *viva*'d me.
And there 's the Martyrs' Monument—
We used to think at John's
The martyrs were the freshmen, sent
To listen to the dons.

And here 's old Johnnie's! Here 's the gate
To which, when I had dined,
My rambles, by a ruthless fate,
So often were confined.
There is the window where I read
My *Pickwick*, and, ye gods!
That 's where I used to see the Head,
When ploughed again in mods.

And over there, across the street,
Cool in the sunblind's shade,
Still stands the shop where I would eat
Ices that Fanny made.
Sweet Fanny! 'Twas not worthy you,
Though common sense, no doubt,
To jilt poor me, without a sou,
For my more favoured scout.

Yet I forgive you, and am glad
The world has used you well,
Nor do I grudge your eldest lad
His new-fledged B.C.L.
But though I envy not your bays,
How sweetly all comes back,
In golden visions, as I laze
Round Oxford in the Vac.

A General and most Commendable Legal Aspiration.—To get a lift at the Law Courts.

Musical Mem.—It is stated that Madame Albani used a specially built State carriage during the Gloucester Musical Festival. Of course, the vehicle was hung upon "top C" springs.



DOWN IN HIS LUCK.

THE LAW OF CHANCE.

["In a paper at the British Association Professor Weldon declared that even pitch-and-toss could not be regarded as a game of chance, the results being really due to undoubted law."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*]

There 's law in games o' chance, I 've heard,
But gin the truth be spoken,
For aince it 's kept, I 'll gie ma word,
A score o' times it 's broken.
There is but ane haulds guid, ye see—
Whatever game ye 're choosin',
But play it fairly an' ye 'll be
Invariably loosin'.

I 've studied ilka game o' chance,
I 've reckoned combinations
Until my very brain would dance
Wi' weary calculations.
An' what 's the net result of a'?—
It drives me fair dementit
Tae think what punds I 've flung awa'
On systems I 've inventit.

An' noo, Sir, after years o' thocht
An' muckle fond delusion,
Experience at last has brocht
Me roun' tae this conclusion—
However guid your system be,
It 's bound tae be exploded
Unless ye tak' guid care tae see
Your wee bit dice are loaded.

But that 's against the rules? No fair?
Weel, mark ye this, guid brither,
This is the law by which I 'll swear
Until ye find anither.
Meanwhile I 'll say, howe'er adept
The gentleman that 's spoken,
I doot the law will no be kept
Unless the law be broken.

Query by Darby Jones.—Why was not the Ayr Race Meeting held in the Isle of Skye?

The most wonderful Floral Acrobat (*invented by our own Irrepressible One*).—The gymnasturtium.

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



HORATIO HERBERT, 1ST VISCOUNT KITCHENER OF OMDURMAN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a series of cataracts neatly and punctually surmounted while you wait; 2nd, a gallic cock marchant in chicane and emergent theatrical in advance collared in trespass and (we trust) given the chucque proper; 3rd, a british lion radiant in his glory sheathing an avenging sword rusted with age but trenchant to the full; 4th, several stars of journalism rampant and purpure with fury incontinently ordered to Cairo. *Crest:* On a mount urgent with the hump a caliph proper of the soudan imbrued gory to the last, dropping in his flight on a ground sable sundry spouses reluctant puffy without mules. *Supporters:* Dexter, an egyptian soldier drilled armed and furnished with a backbone made in England, crowned with laurels and bearing in his right hand the black banner of the Khalifa; sinister, a british trooper in triumph similarly charged and wreathed with laurels in augmentation, holding in his left hand a lance and in the right a return ticket proper to Khartoum available for a month. *Second motto:* "Dwell as if about to depart"—ahem! proper.

* "Stops if necessary at Fashoda to take up foreign passengers."

DARBY JONES ON NEWMARKET.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more we are back at the Metropolis of Racing, where the Jockey Club rules the Roost with all the Cock-suredness possessed by the Herald of the Morn. There is a very select air about Newmarket, which baffles the pen of the most consistent Descriptive Writer, as the unfortunate Reporter is called to his face by the Energetic Managing Editors of the Leading Daily Papers. In so far as I have been able to discover, all the Apprentices in the several Racing Stables are treated in a way which would cause Mirth and Gladness in the High Class Seminaries known as Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby. These embryo ARCHERS, CUSTANCES and CANNONS have their Morals so well looked after that no one could possibly suspect them of Betting, Card-playing, or Pitch-and-Toss proclivities. They sing in choirs, and doubtless shudder when they hear of a Jockey being deprived of his Riding Certificate for exercising the Long and Strong Pull of the Nefarious Horseman. It appears to me that the life of a Neophyte at Newmarket is one continuous exemplification of the Racing Pilgrim's Progress. Evil creatures, known as Touts, are constantly endeavouring to discover important Stable Secrets; worse tempters, in the shape of Unprincipled Trainers, in other parts of the Kingdom, beset their paths, and yet these lads go to bed with the Chickens and arise with the Lark, who is so silly as to inhabit a "watery nest." The amiable Wives of the Newmarket Trainers, to say nothing of their beauteous Daughters and Nieces, are never weary of providing for the Comfort and Refinement of the Apprentices.

It may seem strange to you, honoured Sir, that I should have cast my optics on these Youngsters, but just as the Momentous Battle of Waterloo was won in the Playing-Fields of Eton College, so are nearly all the Derbys, St. Legers, and Autumn Handicaps predestined in this Town of comfortable cobs and succulent East Country Meat; for be it known that Newmarket is not only renowned in certain circles for horseflesh, but also for the carcases of the more nourishing Bullock and Sheep. My attention was specially drawn to the Newmarket Apprentice by Captain KRITERION, who pointed out to me how greatly the Turf was benefited by the Attention and Care bestowed on these youngsters, who, by dint of steady application to Business, might, by the time we had changed Centuries, become the Idols of the Public, possessing Valets to hasten to their beck and call, displaying Jewelled Pins in their costly scarves, and generally have developed into Personages deserving of having their Portraits limned in the Illustrated Papers.

Nowadays the Aristocratic Parent is at a loss to know how he can provide for his (often too numerous) Progeny. He has so far relaxed his Obsolete Prejudices as to permit his son, or even daughter, to loll about the Stage in a Comedy of Society, at a Salary which would not be sneezed at by an Under-Secretary of State; but he has not, in so far as I am aware, ever turned his attention to the wonderful Opportunities for Fame and Fortune opened up by the Jockeyian Profession. Had I a son, honoured Sir, I would nourish him on Gin, like a Yorkshire Terrier meant for Show purposes, and place him in a Racing Stable when he attained to Years of Indiscretion. In the Gloaming of my Existence his Valet would probably be varnishing my Patent Leather Boots, while his Master would be Hob and Nob with the Highest and Wealthiest in the Land.

A Wretched Clerk in the Uncivil Service of the QUEEN may by the Sweat of his brow, when his Head is a Skating-Rink for Flies and his whiskers blanched as Almonds, command a paltry income of £500 a year from the Taxpayers of Great Britain, but the Jockey of Nerve and Resolution, at an age when he would scarcely be returned to Parliament by a Responsible Constituency, is intrusted by the Best of the Best, Millionaires and Senators with the Safeguarding of Thousands of Sovereigns. If he be not A1 in the saddle, he can always gain about twice as much as he is worth in France, Belgium, or Germany. So when any one asks me, "What shall I do with my boy?" I invariably reply, "Apprentice him to a Training Stable or a Ready Money Bookmaker. Of the two choose the Trainer, for the Bookie may go broke, the other *never*."

The Jockey Club Stakes ought to be one of the most popular contests of the Season, and so it probably would be were it run at any other Racing *Rendezvous* than Newmarket. But the Jockey Club doesn't encourage the British Public, and the B. P. doesn't encourage the Jockey Club. I honestly believe that the B. P. prefers the City and Suburban, or the Chester Cup, to this Big Back-end Fixture, and, indeed, if the "Seizerwitch" and Cambridgeshire were disputed at Kempton Park, they would attract more Patronage than they ever do alongside the Ditch. Those who bet on these events, for the most part breakfast at home on Training Reports, and lunch at their Clubs on S. P. betting over the Tape. However, having borrowed a Pony (I mean a quadruped, not a five-legged bank-note) from my friend the Honourable FLIFLATT of Oxford College, I must send my Muse to the Post, and, as a Preliminary canter, give the following to those who enjoy going straight (like ladies) for the gloves:—

Let her go has a chance, I admit.
Will her stable companion go?
We Nine I don't fancy a bit;
But the *Chronicles* may make a show.
But, of all who face COVENTRY'S flag,
Sell any should be mid the three
Whom I take to be pick of the bag—
The *Godgift* and *Painter* for me!

Yours devotedly, DARBY JONES.



AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.

Novice (to Host, after walking for two hours under a brilliant sun without seeing a single Bird). "Grand day, isn't it?"

[*N.B.—He only meant to lighten the general depression, but he wasn't invited again.*

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

IV.

After an hour's rest, stroll out to sands. Sea-air good for shaken nerves. Feel better. Small crowd round donkey-stand. Stroll up to see cause of excitement. Paralysed at finding Max and donkey-boy fighting, whilst Tommy shouts "Go it, Max! Lam him well! Cop him in the eye!" Push through people, who are enthusiastically cheering on combatants, and peremptorily order Max to desist at once. Max very disappointed. "Rather rough, just when a fellow 's enjoying himself, that some one must always interfere," he grumbles, dragging on his coat. Then he brightens up a little as he says, "Uncle, you *should* have seen! I caught him such a 'one-er' on his boko." Dislike expression "boko," but feel too shattered to do anything except hurry my dreadful nephews away from this disgraceful scene. "Why did you fight?" I ask, severely. "Why, because that little beast cheeked me, of course! He said 'Yah!' as I passed, and—well, I wasn't going to stand *that*, you know; not likely." I cannot throw cold water on British pluck; and, on consideration, donkey-boy equally plucky.

Sigh, and cast about for some less exhilarating form of entertainment than fighting donkey-drivers. Bathing? Capital! Obtain at ticket-office three diminutive packets of so-called towels about size of pocket-handkerchiefs, and also bathing-garments. Tommy holds his up, and says, "Oh! these be blowed! I ain't going to wear——" Silence him and insist. Boys clamber into one machine and I into next. They must have literally fallen out of their clothes, so quickly are they ready. Take observations from my window, and see Tommy cautiously emerge. Tries temperature of water with one toe; shivers, tries again; this time descends two steps; wave breaks in and he retreats shrieking. Good gracious! is wearing towel instead of bathing-drawers! Open my door and step outside (clad only in shirt, eye-glass and straw hat) to reprove him, when, to my horror, Divinity rows her old father slowly past! Dash into machine again, trembling. *Has* she seen me in this most unbecoming and draughty attire? Quite unnerved. Ready at last, and into sea, gingerly; hate getting too wet all at once. It is cold. Insist upon nephews ducking their heads. Feel as if I had done my duty, and retreat hastily to machine. Enjoy bathing—when it 's over. Dress. Call the boys to come in. "Oh! let 's stay a bit longer, Uncle." Wait ten minutes. Call again. Same reply. Go and stand on shore. Call again, getting desperate and shivering with cold, "Come in at once!" A marine loafer, in loose trousers, spits meditatively on sand, and then observes, "Looks jest like a old 'en a corlin' of a pair o' ducklins, don't 'e?" Pretend not to hear. Tommy, however, enjoys joke at my expense hugely, and guffaws. So rude! Get boys back to hotel at last.

After luncheon, take them for drive to old ruins. Both so interested that they fall asleep. Thank goodness! Somnolence continues and (again thank goodness!) continues till bedtime.

AT THE BAR.

["After a case recently tried in Johannesburg, which resulted in the acquittal of the defendant, he entertained the jury to a repast in honour of the event."—*Daily Paper.*]

In the days of Pope and Gay
(Golden age of honest Ketches),
That the judge might dine, they say,
Promptly he would hang poor wretches.

Nowadays (a course at least
To our kinder age more fitted),
So that jurymen may feast
The defendant goes acquitted.

Aeronautical Drama at the Lane.

Dear Mr. Punch,—In view of the animated discussion with regard to balloons on the stage, may I point out that some eighteen or nineteen years ago a little extravaganza entitled *Balloonacy* held the stage of the Royalty Theatre for some 150 nights? The chief incident was the escape of the beset proprietor of a tea-garden, with his wife and the Strong Man, in a balloon, in which they were transported, escaping from bailiffs, to "regions unknown." I only record this fact in order to show that Great Dramatists often follow even to the skies little burlesquewrights.

Your obedient servant,
Peter the Pittite.

Turfiana.—At Kempton Park recently a mare called *Miss Tailor* won the Autumn Handicap. As she won easily, she must also have been Miss Fit.



"By Jove, I 'm awfully glad to see you here, Miss Brown! When I first came in, I felt quite Nervous—everybody looked so awfully Clever!"

"LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED HERE."

To Dick.

My eyes were not entirely blind!—
To get the London papers down
Is quite the day's event, I find,
When I am staying out of town.
I put the *Times* unheeded by,
That *Mr. Punch* I might digest;
A funny notice caught my eye—
That "letters might be there addressed"!

* * * * *

"To Nancy"! Well, upon my word!
Forget-me-nots suggest a clue—
That day at Henley! How absurd!
Of course the writer *can't* be—you.
I should of course, you may believe,
Be very angry and distressed,
If I should happen to receive—
From you—a letter so addressed!

"You 'd tell me, might you only write,
That London now is no more gay,
But dull and empty of delight,
Since—every one has gone away.
You 'd tell me how you oft recall
Your pleasant friends, both old and now"—
Oh, Dick! Of course, I see it all!
Of course the writer *must* be you!

If I might send you a reply,
I 'd tell you such a lot of news,
I 'd tell you of my triumphs—I
Have had two curates to refuse!
I 'd tell you all I 've done and seen,
And all I hope to see and do,
I 'd tell you where—with whom—I 've been,
If I could write a line to you.

I 'd tell you how next week I go
Up North, according to my wont;
I 'd tell you that I 'm glad to know
You don't forget—or say you don't!
I 'd tell you, that they may not cloy,
To make your pretty speeches few!
I 'd tell you—you 're a foolish boy,
If I could write a line to you.

If I could write a line to you,
I 'd tell you something rather sweet,
I 'd tell you, Dick—— I won't! Adieu!
Perhaps I 'll tell you when we meet.

P.S.—You might have dared to send
Those flowers—just a tiny bunch!—

* * * * *

The Effect of Habit.

The MacTavish (reading the account of the dearth of water in the East End). A penny for a glass of *aqua pura!* 'Deed, mon, but they 'd do well to add anither bawbee and defy these scoundrelly water companies wi' a goblet o' *aqua fortis!*

[*Illustrates his advice.*

LE SPORT.

["The French sportawoman is not ardent, but just now *Le Sport* is the thing."—*Daily Paper.*]

Ze leetle bairds zat fly ze air
I vish zem not ze 'arms—
Zat is not vy ze gun I bear
So *bravement* in mine arms;
'Tis not zat I vould kill—*Ah! non!*
It is zat I adore
Ze noble *institution*
Ve call in France *Le Sport.*

And zen ze costume! Ah! ze 'at!
Ze gaitares! Vot more sweet
For ze young female-chaser zat
Do 'ave ze leetle feet?
Ze gun?—I fear 'im much, and oh!
'E makes my shouldare sore,
But yet I do 'im bear to show
'Ow much I love *Le Sport.*

Ze leetle partridge 'e may lay
'Is pretty leetle eggs,
Ze leetle peasant 'op away
Upon 'is leetle legs,
Ze leetle 'are zat run *si vite*
I do not vish 'is gore—
But vile mine ankles zey are neat
I 'll cry, "*Ah! Vive le Sport!*"

Hay ho! he 's gone!

[Colonel Hay, late U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, sailed on the *Teutonic* (to take up his position as Secretary of State at Washington) on Wednesday, September 14, 1898.]

Adieu, Colonel Hay!
We speed you "Good-day,"
And in office the pleasantest lines,
With the motto reversed
That may you be the first
To show sunlight is where the Hay shines!



IN THE "DEAD SEASON."

(*Disappointment of an Old Favourite.*)

The Great Sea-Serpent (with biting sarcasm). "So many *canards* flying about this year, that I—the never-failing friend of the Dead Season—am forgotten!"

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

Peptonized Cocoa and Milk
MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS AND REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON
IN TINS 2/6 HALF TINS (SAMPLE) 1/6

MACGREGOR'S
FAMOUS
WHISKY.
'The Spirit of the Age.'
PALATABLE.
PURE.
PERFECT.
Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.
Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.
Net Cash Carriage Paid.
MACGREGOR & TURNER,
(ESTABLISHED 1850.)
34 & 36, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

TYPHOID FEVER.
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—
"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."
Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

BUCHANAN BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY
AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.
And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.
Rowntree's "EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.
A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.
Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World.

TO SECURE THE GENUINE BB BRIAR PIPE, LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE BRAND.
B BB
Registered Trade Mark.

"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND"
THEN BEGIN AT ONCE BY SMOKING ONLY
PLAYERS NAVY CUT





MAKE ROOM FOR MONKEY BRAND!

WON'T WASH CLOTHES. BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP. WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR

KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, October 1, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"Every reader will confess that he has rarely been so interested as in this absorbing picture of his own times and the great men who have played such prominent parts therein."—*Literature*.

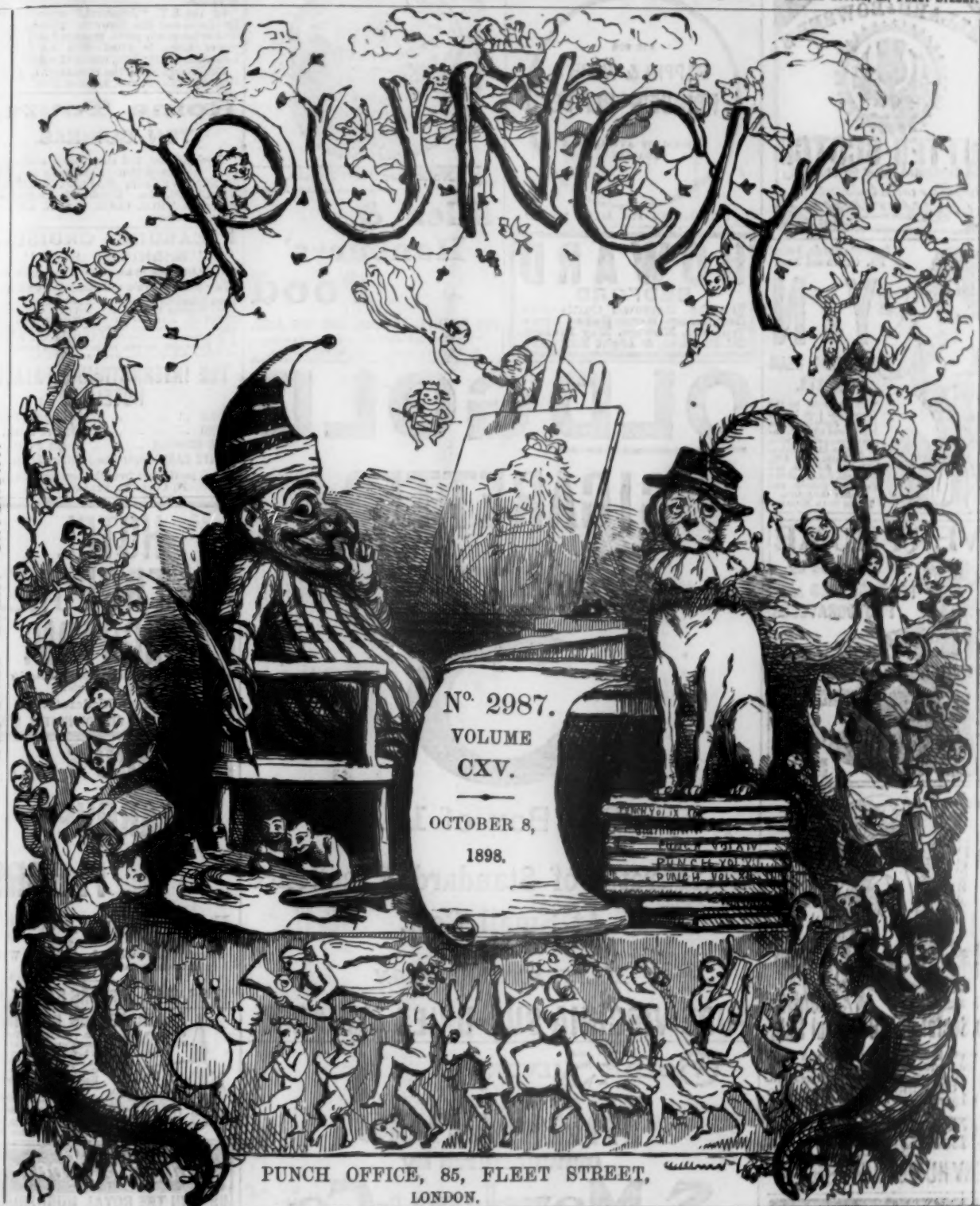
"The Cartoons, as in a mirror, reflect the mood of the nation at the moment, and their value is incontestable."—*Standard*.

Nos. 1 *to* 4, *of the New Issue of* **The Political Life of The Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE,**

A History. *Illustrated with Cartoons and Sketches from "PUNCH," are now published. From all Booksellers and Bookstalls. Price One Shilling each.* [Punch Office, 85, Fleet Street.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



N°. 2987.
VOLUME CXV.
OCTOBER 8, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

Mr. Merriman's New Novel.
At all Booksellers' and Libraries. Crown 8vo, 6s.
RODEN'S CORNER. By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers," "With Edged Tools," "In Kedar's Tents," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery" Lancet



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.
THE Y & N
DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.
Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.
Three Gold Medals.

EVERY HOME
is beautified by
PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES
AFTER
CELEBRATED PICTURES.
Illustrated Catalogue 1/-
BERLIN PHOTO CO., 133, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.



The Secret of a Beautiful Skin
Soft, white hands, shapely nails, and luxuriant hair, with clean, wholesome scalp, is found in the perfect action of the Pores, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world.
Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.
☞ "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin," free.
EVERY HUMOUR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by Cuticura Remedies.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON
DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."
ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Trade.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."
"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."



☞ "No Better Food Exists."
—London Medical Record.
Allen & Hanburys' Food
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
"Excellent in quality and flavour."—Lancet.
Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
3D
Per Box of 10.
A Cigarette of Standard Excellence
At Small Cost.
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

GOLD & SILVER
Inkstands
manufactured by
S. Mordan & Co.
The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M. & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark

£9 9s. CRUISE
(14 days) LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, AJACCIO, MARSEILLES. September 27th.
£26 5s. Palestine, Egypt, and Athens Cruise. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.
On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.
Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Rome Tours,
TEN GUINEAS.
Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days' accommodation. Extensions to FLORENCE, VENICE, NAPLES, POMPEII, VESUVIUS, &c. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

PLEASURE CRUISES,
"MIDNIGHT SUN,"
S.Y. of 3,178 tons, 3,500 horse-power. No upper berths.
Thirty Days' Cruises, Twenty-five Guineas.
From Marseilles November 17th and December 15th, 1898. Visiting EGYPT, PALESTINE, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, PALERMO, MALTA, &c. Special arrangements for Shore Excursions. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Sole Passenger Agents, Ludgate Circus, London, or to Albion S.S. Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.
Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."
Charges Moderate.
Proprietors: THE GORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From 3d. *per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS
of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.
Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.
W. COOPER, 704, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food



TENDER CARE (?)

Mrs. Slumley Smirk. "So, for the future, Mrs. Jinks, I shall be your District Visitor in this Yard. Now, I trust that—er—if any of you have any Illness about, you will at once let me know, as, in that case, I—er—should not wish to come near!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The first and abiding impression my Baronite gains from reading *John Splendid* (Blackwood), is, that Scotland enjoys exceedingly bad weather. Never did poor gentlemen go to wars, little or large, in worse weather than Mr. Neil Munro's fancy devises for *John Splendid* and his comrades. It blew, it rained, it hailed, it thundered, and whiles it snowed. Incidentally there are "town gibbets on which two corpses swung in the wind, like net bows on a drying pole, going from side to side making the woeful sough and clink of chains." This is not promising of cheerfulness. But so long as these Scottish gentry could get at each other's throats, with occasional bouts with the Irishry, they seem to have been cheerfully indifferent to the weather. Through the bristling, bustling picture of war and rapine runs the silken thread of the old, old story, love. *Elrigmore*, the young soldier of fortune, home from foreign fields to find his fill of fighting at home, is speedily enchained by the provost's daughter. Those about to marry will find a study of the history of the two interesting, inasmuch as it includes an episode of the first kiss between lovers, cunningly devised and daintily told. The book abounds in graphic touches descriptive of storm, whether of the elements or of man's devising.

A veritable *édition de luxe* is *Fashion in Paris*, showing "the various phases of feminine taste"—likewise masculine, to certain extent—"and æsthetics, by Octave Uzanne, translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd, with one hundred hand-coloured plates, and two hundred and fifty text illustrations, by François Courboin," and published in London by William Heinemann, of whom it may be said, in the language of Charles Dickens, when expressing his opinion of the capabilities of the Todgers' establishment, "Oh! Todgers' could do it when it chose! Mind that,"—and so can W. Heinemann. As a book of reference for the illustrator, for the author and dramatist, for stage-manager and theatrical costumier, this work is a most valuable authority on feminine costumes in France during a century of restlessness, when every change in political opinions seems to have also necessitated a rapid act of change in dress. A few "Dandies" are shown, and most uncomfortable they look whether in or out of uniform. There was no attempt at "ease"; but the struggle was to be "elegant," and very unsuccessful the struggle appears to have been. The "little patriots," boys about twelve or fourteen years of age, seem to have had the best of it as far as comfort goes. But the poor Dandies, in blue or brown high-shouldered, high-collared coats, frock or swallow-tailed, with baggy trousers, striped white and red, and tucked into high-low boots, reminding the Baron of some old pictures of Liston as *Paul Pry*, with any amount of linen cravat twisted round their throats, must have had a very bad time of it, if they were only a quarter as uncomfortable as their dress makes them appear. The colouring of these pictures is excellent. In 1836 the men were just a trifle more sensible, except in the matter of straps, pantaloons, and the tightest possible boots. The fashion for a lady *endimanchée* at the Tuileries in 1831 has, in a modified form, reappeared at the present day, so also has that of 1819 in the Gardens of the Tuileries, with the exception of the bonnet as worn at that period. The fashion of 1852 at the Opera is not so very far off that of 1898; and in 1868 the "gent a-blowin' of his bacca" in a bright blue frock coat, white waistcoat, black cravat, brownish-red check trousers, blue stockings, pumps, and a tall hat, while enjoying himself at the "Café de la Rotonde," is a thing of beauty not to be matched by any Londoner or Parisian of the present sober-coloured century. Only in the miserable period of the Commune do the ladies' dresses look as sad and as sombre as their faces. The book finishes with *Les Bicyclistes*; but of these the artist has not given us outrageous specimens. That the fashions of to-day show a great improvement *on* those of a hundred years ago, and a still greater on those of forty or fifty years since, is the decided opinion of

The Baron de B.-W.

Why must an auctioneer necessarily be sour-faced? Because he always looks for-bid-ding.



THE ARTFUL DOWAGER.

Empress-Dowager of China (to the Son of Heaven). "Reform, indeed! I'll peform you! Go and stand in the Corner till I tell you to come out!"

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

COMPETITION 934.

"How should we bear our Trials?"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Courage and a studied cheerfulness of demeanour provide the best cure for the troubles of daily life. A true lady will never give way to bad temper, but will be courteous to her inferiors, obedient and respectful to her superiors, and amiable to her equals. Our trials will be greatly mitigated if we cherish such qualities as tidiness, cleanliness, and punctuality, concerning which last-named virtue it has been aptly said that "procrastination is the thief of time." A remembrance of these golden truths will add to the pleasure and the usefulness of our lives. Yours faithfully,

DOROTHEA MARY HIGGINS (aged 9).

P.S.—Miss WIGGINS my guvernes tells me to ad that I rote orl this *quite* bi miself which is a li becos she made me copi it from a peace of paper Miss WIGGINS is my trile and I *cant* bear her she is orfle.—D. M. H.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Mother says that I am to tell you how I should bear my trials, but please I would rather tell you about my canary. It is a yellow canary and it lives in a cage and it sings. It can't sing real songs with words but only tunes. It is such a nice canary and mother says that if I am good I may bring it to see you some day, and I will let you give it a lump of sugar, and then you will know what a nice canary it is. My brother BOBBIE has a kitten, and the kitten loves my canary; it will sit for hours watching it in the most affectionate way. The kitten is black and white, and has a curly tail, and I have written all this myself except the spelling and the stops, so please send me the prize.

Your affectionate friend,

CLARA DICKINSON (aged 10).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You ask how we should bear our trials. I, alas, have many troubles to bear, and the worst of all is my father. I try to be a help to him, and give him good advice but I am afraid he has a hard heart. Only yesterday I told him how sad it was to see him smoking so much. I am certain, as I said, that it is injurious to his health; and how much better it would be if he would put the money he wastes on tobacco into my collecting-box! But, although I talked to him in the kindest way, and all for his own good, I am sorry to say that he was very rude indeed, and called me a little prig—an expression which no gentleman should use to a lady. Last Sunday we had gingerbread for tea. My younger sister EDITH has, I regret to say, a greedy nature. She is particularly fond of gingerbread, and has frequently made herself ill by eating too much of it. Simply to remove this danger from her, I ate all the gingerbread myself. Instead of thanking me for my noble unselfishness, my father actually called me a little pig! When he reads this account of his behaviour in print, I hope he will feel ashamed of himself. Patience, Mr. Editor, unlimited patience alone enables me to bear such trials as these. Yours truly,

LUCY PRIGLEY (aged 15).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I had a large-sized trial to-day—the lesson to write out in Latin and English—so this afternoon I've been trying to find out how best to bear it. Butterscotch is consoling, and nougat helps, but I think Turkish delight or chocolate creams strengthens one most. I haven't made up my mind yet between these two. Send me half-a-crown's worth of each, and I'll try again. Yours ever,

JONES *Minor*.



Pat (who has been acting as Guide, and has been pointing out the Devil's This and the Devil's That for the last two hours). "AN' *THAT'S* THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, YER ANNER."

Tourist. "THE DEVIL SEEMS TO OWN A GOOD DEAL OF PROPERTY ABOUT HERE, PAT!"

Pat. "YE 'RE ROIGHT, YER ANNER. BUT, LOIKE MOST AV THE OTHER LANDLORDS, HE SPINDS MOST AV HIS TOIME IN LONDON!"

Bowdlerised Abuse.

Miss Larkspur. I think that Mr. FLIBBET is the biggest kangaroo in the world!

Miss Honeypot. Biggest kangaroo! My dear LAURA, what do you mean?

Miss Larkspur. I should have said "bounder," only I know *you* hate slang.

Some People are Never Satisfied.

Squire Popjoy (*to* Farmer SCROGGS). Well, Mr. SCROGGS, you can't complain of the harvest weather this year.

Farmer Scroggs. No, Squire, the harvest were all right, but, dang it all! the zun has dried oop my pond, and the dooks be all a-perishin' for want o' water.

FROM OUR SUPERSTITIOUS CORRESPONDENT.—The appointment of M. CAMBON to the Court of St. James's is a distinct augury to the effect that Cambridge will win the Boat-Race next year.



Q. E. D.

À propos of the trials of Man-hunting by Bloodhounds taking place in Yorkshire, and their use in tracing crime, supposing Bloodhounds can run down criminals, where will the Policemen be?

VIVE LA VÉRITÉ!

"I'm a bit of a story-teller myself."—*Ancient Lyre.*

Hotel Ben Trovato, Rue Rupert, Londres.

CHER M. ROBINSON DE CRUSEMONT,—As another of the Great Misunderstood, I greet you with impressment. I have read your excellent *bordereau* in the *Fine and Large World Magazine;* and also many letters throwing painful doubt on your veracity, and demanding a *révision*. How it is true that fact has often a *soupçon* of I-know-not-what more strange than fiction. Is it not the motto, this, of Sir NEUNES, himself, limited?

Oh yes! I have perused your adventures written in a style the most flowing, and I have—how do you call it?—chortled at the versatility of him who, elevated to speak the language of my adopted France, has, in those thirty years of savage life, but perfected and polished his acquaintance with the tongue English. Yes, I have read of your shipwrecks, of your prolonged residence in the comparative seclusion of an insulated sand-bank, of your one-oared contention with sharks, of your pearls and rum; and, in fine, of the so delightful *soirées* which you name the *corroborees*. Ah! *mon ami*, to confirm your tale—forgive the little *jeu d'esprit*—what would you not now give for one of these same *corroborees?* Is it not that such a bird in the hand is worth two, or more, in the Bush?

And then I recall me how the spirit-voice came to you under the wamwam tree when you were very dry; and it said "*Coupe l'arbre*"; and how, like holy Moïse, your unveiled lady made the good bucketful to issue from its trunk. O yes! there was Truth at the bottom of that well. It leapt to the eyes. And to me also, who speak to you, came just such a voice saying "Cut it!" And I cut. Hence am I here, not less than you, in the great city of refuge where they publish only the *vraisemblable*, and the wild-duck never says himself.

Exhausted with the recollection of those scientific researches recorded only on the carnal tablets of your interior, the claims of the Britannic Association have, it may be, left you no leisure for the study of the "Affair Threefoot," in which, without boastfulness, it is permitted to say that I have played a not unworthy part. You, my friend, who know the misery to have your most sacred allegations called in question, you at least will believe me when I say, on my honour as a soldier, a gentleman and a foreign Count, that I am a forger. It is a distinguished officer, the Colonel du Pâté d'Huîtres, who would give me his moral support in saying that the end justifies the means.

You have lived in domiciles inaccessibly removed from the refinements of civilisation and diplomacy, and will admit that even the aborigine, black as he is, has embraced this elementary law. He desires, let us say, to lunch. Good. The end is natural and even pressing. He possesses a mother-in-law, let us say, who has the air of being succulent. He offers her a razor, secured—who knows?—from the toilette-table of a deceased missionary (for there is honour even among untutored thieves); but she remains blind to his humane suggestion. Impelled therefore to an unavoidable violence which jars against his better feelings, himself he renders her inanimate. Briefly she becomes chops. Now, judged by the moralist, his conduct is open to censure. Yet, to the statesman, to the diplomat, the imperious demand of his purpose, namely to lunch if possible on grilled woman, justifies the apparent crudity of the means adopted to attain that end. And how much more so, if she were an Israelite! *Conspuez les Hébreux!*

O yes! the end justifies the means; and, in turn, it is often the means that justify the end. Nay the two are sometimes indistinguishable, as with us, by example, you and me, *mon ami*, who have found each a confiding publisher to give us the means, that is to say, the vulgar wherewith; which, always apart from the love of Truth for Truth's sake, may be considered to be our end. But you, you have otherwise achieved *une belle réclame* not surpassed by the great travellers and scientists who have, some of them for the first time, made themselves remarked by contradicting you, over their signatures, in the Press. I have seen your stuffed figure in the Gallery of Heroes, Rue Marie-la-bonne, though I like better the *chevelure* of M. MCBETH at the Lycée, which is of a redness and originality more than imaginable.

And you are also in train to give the popular demonstration, not *entrée libre* as with the heathen *corrobores*, but where even the unbeliever shall pay heavily for his seat. Me, I have not the intention to shew myself upon the public rostrum; for, should the heat-billow return, then, as one says, it might be too warm for me. But, either in spirit, or *incognito*, I shall assist at your narration at the Hall of St. James (or is it of St George?). Meanwhile, *agréez*, &c., BUSTERHAZY.

P.S.—*Vive la vérité absolument nue!*

AN INTERESTING PAPYRUS.

(*Being a supposed lost Chapter of the Greek historian, Herodotus, to be discovered in an Egyptian tomb A.D.* 10,000, *with annotations and emendations by various learned Scholars of that date. It is characteristic of the period that the notes are considerably longer than the text.*)

"Moreover the Priests told me that after the Tourkoi (1) the Britannoi (2) held rule in Egypt. These men made the iron road (3) which crosses the Nubian desert going southward. They said that in the four thousand and ninth Olympiad (4) there arose a great General whom they called ὁ Χίρδαρ. This man, having been chief cook (5) to the Queen of that day, who was called Νίκη (6), led an expedition against the tribes of the desert, and defeated them with great slaughter, capturing their capital, which was called Omdurmania (7). For this victory this General was promoted to great honour, and was given the title of Κύριος or Lord. These things then were told me concerning the Britannoi."

(1) A tribe ruling in South-Eastern Europe, of whom little beyond the name is known. Tradition says that at one time they gave employment to what was called "The Concert of Europe," but the investigation of scholars has not revealed hitherto what this "concert" was.

(2) Nothing else is known of these Britannoi, and indeed the reading may be corrupt. Professor BONNE would read Berlinoi, and so connect them with a Germanic race in Western Europe, of which some traces are found in early records. Others suggest Belgikoi (for these are known to have ruled for a while near the river Congo), or Betersbourgoi (from the city of that name which once stood in Northern Europe).

(3) What this "iron road" was is much disputed. Some have held that it is merely the well-known "metalled" road of antiquity invented by MCADAM. Others are of opinion that it was really of iron, and was intended to reduce friction in mechanical traction.

(4) The date is almost certainly inexact. HERODOTUS can seldom be trusted for his figures, and moreover the copyists were notoriously careless in this respect.

(5) It is suggested by the learned BONNE that ὁ Χίρδαρ is really a title, and that "the chief cook" conceals the General's true name. It is certainly remarkable that any mere culinary artist should have been given the command of an army. BONNE suggests that the name may have been COOK, KITCHEN, or the like. This is ingenious, but by no means certain. The name "COOK" occurs frequently in the Egyptian records of this period.

(6) Νίκη, the Greek form of the Latin VICTORIA. This Queen is mentioned more than once in Egyptian inscriptions.

(7) The modern Kartûm, now a vast city, then a mere village.

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

COFFEE AND CIGARS.

Auguste. Ah, see there the coffee! I admire so many of things in England, but I admire not the coffee.

Robinson. Nor I, by Jove!

Ludwig. The beer is too strong and the coffee is too feeble. But at the littlest are you free in England. The civil is not with the sword of the lieutenant throughsticked. And here, while I not in the Fatherland am, dare I free to speak. *Glückliches England!* You have no majestysinsultingpunishment.

Aug. Oh la, la! Enfin c'est fini, ce mot-là? And in England, above all, you have not of Affair. *Ah, mon Dieu!* But speak we not of the Affair.

Rob. But we shall all have the small-pox soon. That's worse than *Majestätsbeleidigung*——

Lud. Ja wohl, gewisz!

Rob. Or even *l'Affaire* DREYFUS.

Aug. Pour sûr!

Rob. In your two countries there are no "graceful concessions," and you never heard of a "conscientious objector."

Lud. Ah no! What for a thing is that?

Aug. What is this that this is that that?

Rob. A conceited ass who prefers his own narrow-minded ignorance to the scientific opinions of a century. There's freedom for you!

Aug. Ah, la libre Angleterre!

Lud. So wish you all the small-pox to have? The sword of the lieutenant is perhaps better. At the littlest is it not so painful. You die immediately.



WHAT INDEED?

Mistress (*waylaying Maid-of-all-work, who will be so dressy*). "MARTHA, I 'M SURPRISED AT YOU! NOW, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY IF I WENT OUT ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN A PINK BLOUSE AND WHITE FEATHERS?"

Aug. The Affair herself should make you not as much of bad. The razor of HENRY is more expeditive.

Lud. Freedom and small-pox. Thank very! The Fatherland is better. We have military law, but vaccination therewith.

Aug. Liberté, Egalité, et faire périr son frère de la petite vérole. Merci bien! I prefer the France.

Lud. Remain you still longer in England, dear Mister Colleague, when it so dangerly is?

Aug. Not yet so dangerous. But perhaps more late all the world shall avoid the England. We shall go to see. But, my dear ROBINSON, why have you changed the law, you other English?

Rob. Don't ask me. Ask the strongest Government of modern times

Lud. The strongest? *Wirklich!* Ah, you joke!

Aug. It is a pleasantery of this good ROBINSON. But say we "Yes." That should be a "gracious concession," in the mode of his country. They are so amiable, of a so good natural, these brave English.

Lud. So very loveworthy.

Rob. Shut up!

Lud. Ach so! That is true. It become late. We must forthgo.

Aug. Already? Desolated! "When shall we meet all the three again?" as say the sorcerers of the *King Lear*.

Lud. Forgive you me. It are the three witches of *Hamlet*.

Aug. Perhaps. You go at foot? He makes beautiful? Ah yes, a magnificent time.

Rob. Good night. We've had a capital evening, *un dîner des plus agréables.*

Lud. Good evening. We have very good eated. Thank beats, dear Mr. Colleague. *Auf wiedersehen.*

Aug. Au revoir.

NOMENCLATURE.—"Messrs. STEEL AND PEACH," of Rotherham, is a remarkable combination of names. It could only be equalled by some firm entitled "Messrs. KISS AND TELL." This may exist—in Switzerland.



Old Gentleman (who has received a present of Butter from one of his Tenants). "AND HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER MAKE ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS ON THE PATS, MY DEAR?"
Messenger. "WIV OUR COMB, SIR!"

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

(*By one of them.*)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have doubtless read an article on the above subject in a contemporary organ of our enemy, Woman. Sir, that article gives so inadequate a picture of the miseries of our lot that I am moved to speak out of the bitterness of my own experience. Alas! I am a Distinguished Woman's Husband. Ask me not how it happened, how she lured me with specious promises from home, and dragged me, paralysed, hypnotised—what not?—to the altar. Between courtship and wedlock, what a gulf! When she was wooing me, I was to have all my little comforts—club, golf, cycling, theatre—she would deny me nothing. But when married——! First, she cut off the club: who was to look after the house when she was busy, dining out, lecturing, preaching Woman's Cause? Then, babies began to come, and for me a whole new world of duties. I did not even know how to rock a cradle, and as for feeding the things—*horresco referens*. Golf went the way of the club. My cycle—she changed it for a perambulator; and as for theatres, when a man is up all night with a bilious baby, he has little inclination for the play. Hitherto, when very wretched, I had sometimes sought consolation in a cigarette; but my wife now took it into her head that tobacco upset the baby, and henceforth no one was allowed to smoke in the house but herself.

When our first was being expected, it fell to my lot to prepare certain small garments, and my wife (who at this time could not find a tailor to her liking) seeing that I had a neat hand at "cutting out," suggested (*i.e.*, ordered) that I should make her a pair of bloomers. These unfortunately proved successful, and since then I have had to make all her clothes as well as my own and the children's. When in an amiable mood, she will sometimes come into the nursery, pipe in hand, and watching me as I sew a gusset, remark approvingly, "I like to see you busy, love. It is so much better for a man than smoking."

I have said enough, Sir,

Yours miserably,
AN UNDISTINGUISHED MAN.

TO CHARWOMEN.

A MOVEMENT having been started, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, to provide Technical Training for charwomen, it has been suggested that the new London University (when it comes into existence) should hold an examination in this subject and confer a degree of *Char. Bac.* The papers would run on the following lines:—

(1.) Show how to test for alcohol in a barrel of beer.

(2.) What is a "perk"? Mention any article that is not a perk.

(3.) An eminent authority has laid down the axiom, "Three drops of brandy on a lump of sugar is a certain cure for the spasms." Express the value of "three drops" in imperial pints and quarts.

(4.) (*a*) A is a charwoman, B a black bottle, and x an unknown quantity. At 10 a.m. the formula $A + (B + x)$ represents a vertical line. At 1 p.m. the formula $A + (B - x)$ represents a horizontal line. Deduce the value of x, and show that, in certain cases, $x = xx$.

(*b*) Assume that $x = xx = x^2$. Now, 1 is the only value of x that satisfies this equation: therefore, $x = 1$. Again, 1 is the specific gravity of water: therefore, x = water. Examine the validity of this argument.

(5.) What do you know of the properties of the liquid known as "cold tea"? What is the difference, if any, between its effects and alcoholic poisoning?

(6.) A lady, whom you are obliging at great personal inconvenience, asks you to wash up the dishes before you go home. How do you proceed under the circumstances?

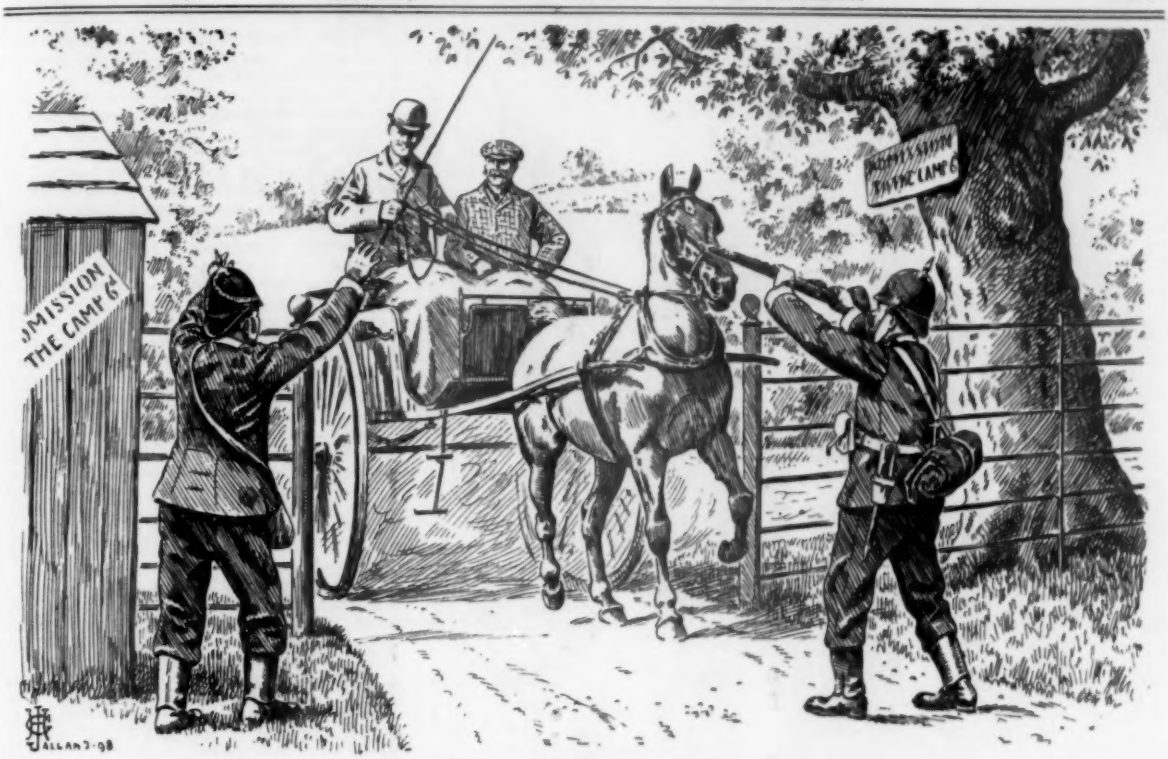
(7.) Explain the process by which you convert beef-steak into gutta percha. Mention any reason for adopting this course.

(8.) A charwoman, with a capacity of x gallons, starts scrubbing a floor of n square feet. When she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2}$ sq. ft. she drinks a pint of beer; when she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2} + \frac{n}{4}$ sq. ft. she drinks 2 pints of beer; when she has scrubbed $\frac{n}{2} + \frac{n}{4} + \frac{n}{8}$ sq. ft. she drinks 4 pints of beer, and so on in Geometrical Progression. Deduce from this (*a*) the capacity of the charwoman, (*b*) the number of days she will take to complete the job, and (*c*) her condition at the end of it.



MARCHEZ! MARCHAND!

General John Bull (*to* Major Marchand). "COME, PROFESSOR, YOU 'VE HAD A NICE LITTLE SCIENTIFIC TRIP! I 'VE SMASHED THE DERVISHES—LUCKILY FOR *YOU*—AND NOW I RECOMMEND YOU TO PACK UP YOUR FLAGS, AND GO HOME!!"



ON THE FREE LIST.

SCENE—*Entrance to private Park, where (by permission) the Northshire Volunteers are encamped.*

Gatekeeper. "HI! STOP! YOU HAVE TO PAY SIXPENCE EACH TO COME IN HERE!"
Driver of Cart. "NONSENSE, MAN. *I* DON'T PAY." *Gatekeeper.* "WHY! DO YOU BELONG TO THE ESTATE?"
Driver of Cart. "NO. BUT THE ESTATE BELONGS TO ME!"

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

Colney Hatch, September 30.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In accordance with your instructions, I have set myself to elucidate the mysterious doings of those in authority at Pekin, and to indite a clear summary of the situation. After seventeen hours of mental wrestling with the facts, my friends removed me to the above address for change of air. That change has worked wonders in me, and now I see everything quite clearly. The situation, putting it briefly, is this:—

For a long time past, WUN-LUNG, a Reformer and Progressive member of the S. Pekin and Tor-Kin County Council, has been plotting to upset the Manchu dynasty. This he seems to have accomplished and set up a Womanchu dynasty instead. KANG-WANG has made himself so unpopular that KIK-KIM has finally ousted him from office. Should FO-MENT raise a rebellion, SLI-WUN would fail in his plot to set FAT-UN THE SECOND on the throne, and thereby defeat the Empress Dowager. In that event, it is quite clear that Russian influence, or Russian influenza—forget for the moment which way you spell it: head aches, rather—as represented by General BOUNCIMORF, would triumph, and the Cantonese would—oh! I don't know—do something else, I suppose, and—But why these straws in my luxuriant locks? Why these attendants closing me in on every side? Will return and finish this article presently, but must really go out and smash some windows first. I'm all right, but head feels like a balloon. Ha, ha! Ta-ta!

A Delicate Distinction.

Cross-examining Counsel (to Fair Witness). And is your name really AURELIA JESSAMINE JONES?

Fair Witness (after a pause). No, Sir; but it ought to have been, only that my god-parents were so ill-chosen.



HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.

"Fair inquiry for maize."

ANGELINA TO EDWIN.

["In MRS. SARAH GRAND's opinion, young men's wives should be chosen for them by the young women who think that they would like to marry them."—*Daily Graphic.*]

O MY EDWIN! wilt thou love me?
By the faithful fires that shine
In the firmament above me,
I will be forever thine!
I will joyfully thy bread win,
I will toil and slave for thee—
Only whisper, gentle EDWIN,
That thou lovest, lovest me.

Sweet, no longer in the City
Thou shalt droop thy little head;
Thou shalt tend thy flowers, my Pretty,
In thy garden here instead;
Thou shalt warble like a starling
'Mid the roses on the wall—
Thou thyself, my coy, wee darling,
Fairest bloom among them all.

I will keep thee in cigars, love—
Nay, my EDWIN, wherefore groan?
By these ever constant stars, love,
Thou shalt always choose thine own.
Then, my darling, do not tremble,
Do not shrink from my caress!
Ah! thou lov'st me! Don't dissemble!
O my EDWIN! answer "Yes"!

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*apparently in difficulties*).—The most horrible form of modern torture: a respectable householder nailed with Income Tacks.

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



LOUIS, 1ST BARON ISLAND DE ROUGEMONT.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a thorough-bred riding-turtle naiant and ridden on the curb, thereon a swiss gentleman rouge-monté proper in nudity diligeant with the big toe; 2nd, a flight of wombats volant, soaring in desuetude on the wing across a setting sun; 3rd, under a chief nunes, adept and ubiquitous in réclame, several gulls of science landed and exploited proper ad nauseam; 4th, looking up a genealogical tree shady or insufficiently endorsed, an enquiring editor spectacled or (massingham) chronically reguardant in scepticism a series of travellers' tails artistically garnished and flaunted in the press. *Crest:* Emergent from a southern hemisphere, a lion of adventure jaded and fretty, charged in the mane with a hatchet of romance slung proper. *Supporters:* Dexter, a private of the Royal Marines, traditionally facile in credulity, gently closing the alternate eye proper; sinister, an australasian blackamoor rampant in cannibalism bearing a long bow drawn and flexed to the full.

GEMS AT DRURY LANE.

MANY Happy "Returns" to Messrs. RALEIGH and HAMILTON, authors of *The Great Ruby*, and to Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, managing director of Drury Lane, where this "new and original drama of modern life" is now running its successful course. The authors are excellent cooks, who know the public taste. Mr. COLLINS worthily upholds the great Druriolanian tradition of the Augustan-Harrisian Age, and admirably is he aided by Mr. GLOVER, who, when flourishing his *bâton*, as he sits in the orchestral conductor's seat, is the evident "living picture" of "The Arms and the Man,"—legs being invisible,—and by the three clever scenic artists, Messrs. PERKINS, CANEY, and BRUCE SMITH. Last, but not by any means least among the "talented assistants," comes the stage manager, Mr. FRANK DAMER, for whom there will be precious little rest, day or night, during the run of this piece and the preparations for the pantomime.

The scenic effects successfully rival anything hitherto attempted on the old Drury stage, "A Village Street" and "Lord's Cricket Ground" being respectively triumphs of stage illusion. How we trembled for the passengers crowded on to the coach and four, "tooled" on to the stage from "Right Fourth" entrance down almost to the "flote," on prompt side! How we didn't envy any one of them! And really, when one comes to think of it, this is the most sensational moment in the entire drama! Will that coach-load come safely across? Who is driving? However, neither the indefatigable Mrs. JOHN WOOD, the real heroine of the piece, nor Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN, as the thorough-paced villain, is among the passengers on the Drury Lane-stage coach: they are too old stagers for that. Truth to tell, Mrs. JOHN WOOD *is* the piece; and next to her comes Mr. ROBERT PATEMAN, with such a curiously fascinating "Johnnie-Tooley" look about him, that the strongest melodramatic situations in which he appears are robbed of more than half their significance by the ever-recurring thought, "Now, what would TOOLE have done in *this* situation?"

Mr. J. B. GORDON, as *Sir John Garnett*, and Mrs. WOOD as his gad-about, flighty, good-hearted, sleep-walking wife, have a capital little domestic drama all to themselves, and quite apart from the piece, in the second scene of the third act, which would be perfect in every detail if Mrs. WOOD would be content to simply play "*Home, Sweet Home*" on the piano, and not attempt to sing it. The old familiar melody, brought to an abrupt conclusion by the player's emotion, would touch the audience electrically; but the singing is very dangerous.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD walks in her sleep, like *Lady Macbeth;* she plays the part of an elderly *Lady Teazle* to a very commonplace *Sir Peter;* she has moments of pathos and of broad farce: she is so intimately and essentially mixed up with the melo-dramatically tragic interests of the piece, that it is a wonder how the authors, having dared so much, did not go just one step further, or higher, and send her up in the balloon with Johnnie-Toole-like PATEMAN hanging on by his eye-lids to the car, from inside of which Mrs. WOOD could safely have exclaimed, "Only room for one inside! *Where would you like me to drop you?*" And then, as she loosened his hold on the car and chucked him over, she could have exclaimed in her grandest manner, "Down, down to Hampstead Heath, and say I sent you thither!" Tableau! Up goes Mrs. WOOD in the balloon. Up goes the curtain several times, and Drury Lane vibrates for minutes with enthusiasm.

The balloon business is not precisely a novelty, either on the stage or in fiction, but never can the situation have been more effectively represented than in this Raleighistic-Hamiltonian drama.

The seventy persons engaged in this play, of which number twenty-six have speaking parts, do their lively level best. Mrs. RALEIGH is capitally suited with a character speaking broken English; and Miss BELLA PATEMAN makes the most of an elegant, hard-up "Society mother."

As a kind of "Ranji-Sinji" cricketing Indian Prince, with a lot of "local colour" on his face, and much uninteresting stuff to utter, but with plenty to do, Mr. LORAINE is very good; and Mr. LOWNE contributes his best to the comedy portion of the entertainment. The political opinions and social allusions in the dialogue appear to go for nothing, and, indeed, are quite out of place in a drama where all serious "talkee-talkee," "with a purpose," on extraneous matters, is rightly resented by the audience. By the way, the arrangement of the programme is irritating: the "characters in the drama" are in small type on the right hand side, where the names of the impersonators ought to be, and the names of the actors and actresses in large type on the left. Perhaps Druriolanus Imperator began it, and the present management may be nervous about departing even so much as by one hair's-breadth from the Druriolanian tradition.

Anyway, as a "good wine needs no bush," so "a good melodrama needs no push." Old Port-wine drinkers used to say, "Pass the ruby." Good: *The Great Ruby* is passed, stamped, and unanimously approved! But where would the ruby have been had not Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS secured that pearl of great price, that gem of a comedienne, and set their *Garnett* in WOOD?

IF to the benefit conferred (at last) upon the public by the electric lighting of Hyde Park there should be added a constable or two, then "Londoners over the border" (Bayswater or South Kensington border) might, in comparative safety, use the Park as a short cut. It is well to remember that there is "safety in numbers."

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

v.

Friday.—Appalling prospect! A wet day! What *am* I to do with the boys? They solve difficulty for themselves by bringing cricket ball and bat into sitting-room directly after breakfast. Max goes to the wickets (consisting of my two umbrellas and walking-stick), whilst Tommy bowls (last words reminiscent, somehow, of well-known Tory M.P.). Max insists on my standing "point." Off very first ball receive severe blow on waistcoat. Whilst gasping for breath, Tommy says in disappointed tone, "Oh! I say, Uncle Charley, fancy missing a catch like that! Wish I *had* missed it.

Retire to bedroom to read morning paper in peace. Hardly through money article, when crash of glass in sitting-room warns me to prepare for the worst. Rush in and find window suffering from brilliant hit to "square leg." Think difficulty will be to "square" landlord, myself. Forbid further cricket, and mournfully examine large pane of broken glass.

Waiter enters. "Beg par'n, Sir, the old gent on floor below, Sir, very touchy, Sir. His compliments, and *would* you be kind enough to leave orf chuckin' the furniture about and smashin' the winders?" Feel very depressed, and tell waiter to put broken window into the bill. "Yessir."

As waiter goes out, large-sized constable puts helmeted head into room. "S'cuse me, Sir, are you the gent as is in charge of the loonatticks 'ere, Sir? 'cos one of 'em 's bin a shyin' of cricket balls through the winder an' 'it a passin' fishmonger on the 'ead. 'E 's down in the 'otel 'all, Sir, and wants me to take your name and address, or" (dropping voice to mysterious whisper) "p'raps, Sir, you 'd like to make it all right with 'im, 'stead of being summonsed." Give constable half-crown, and brace up nerves to encounter irate fishmonger below. Find him uttering awful threats to manager, with at least a dozen of the people staying at hotel looking on amused. Am not feeling amused myself; rather faint. Feel like criminal as I descend stairs. Illusion the more realistic from constable following close behind. Overhear subdued murmur of "He 's got him!" Manager advances to explain. Wave him away feebly. Fish merchant bellicose and loud. Why loud? Threatens to "have the law" of me. Why me? Express sorrow at unfortunate occurrence. "Unfortnit ocurrants be busted!" So rude! "I shall 'ave to go to the 'orspital to 'ave my bloomin' 'ead bandaged, and sha'n't be able to do my bloomin' raound, and all the bloomin' fish 'll be spiled!" Brilliant idea; will buy up all his fish. I begin, "My good man, it strikes me——" when bloatered wretch—bloated wretch, I should say—interrupts, "Garn! it strikes *me*, you mean. 'Oo 's a-goin' to pay for——" Deprecate further show of wrath with wave of hand. "I will buy your stock. How much?" Seems mollified. "Hoh! well, guvner, if you 're on the straight racket——" Intimate that I *am* on straight racket, whatever that may mean. "Well, say a couple o' quid—*and* a drink." Produce two sovereigns, which I give to waiter to hand to purveyor of fish. Dislike close contact with fishy people. Purveyor so pleased, insists on shaking hands—ugh!—twice over, and says it makes him feel "quite friendly like" to deal with real gent. Shall smell of haddock all day after this terrible experience. Drop another shilling in his hand for the stipulated drink, and make hurriedly for stairs. "No, no, guvner! You must jine me in this 'ere drink, or it ain't a proper bargin." Protest I never drink before luncheon. No use, and am carried off to bar, where fish person orders "a rum shrub 'ot," and I toy with bottle lemonade. "Yer 'ealth, guvner!" and at that fearful moment, Divinity, dressed so daintily, white skirt, picture-hat, and carrying smart red parasol, passes through hall on way out. Shall never forget the raising of those daintily pencilled eyebrows as she sees me being pledged by beery fish disseminator. Agony too great to be borne.

Rush upstairs and into sitting-room, slamming door behind me. The last few days have brought me nothing but sorrow and humiliation, and all through these dreadful children. Address them in severe tones. "Boys, you have disgraced me for ever! We must leave here at once, if not before then. You have thrown plums at porters"—("Only one," murmurs Max, stolidly); "you have humiliated me in the sight of the manager, the waiters, and the guests of this hotel; you have damaged an old lady with your unutterably nasty dog; you have thrown things at the passers-by; you have turned your bedroom into a cross between an aquarium and a menagerie; you have fought with donkey-drivers"—("Only one," again from Max, with exasperating accuracy); "you have played cricket in this room; smashed the window; struck me in the stom—waistcoat; and hit an exceptionally unpleasant-smelling fishmonger on the head with a cricket ball, and I have had to pay the damages. We must leave here this very hour!" Swept majestically out of room, tripping over confounded door-mat as I went. Rose from floor again, just as Max muttered to Tommy, "Well, I don't much care; and we can make things hum for 'em at Uncle Charley's own place now. But I don't see why he should have made such a beastly fuss about it all. He was playing cricket with us himself; and as to the old fish Johnny" (and this was the unkindest cut of all), "why, they got quite pals together. They *must* have, 'cos after the row, I saw 'em with my own eyes *boozing together at the bar!*"

* * * * *

Never again with you, my boys. Never!



Village Dame. "They tells me as they do Dance on their Toes, nowadays. When I was young, we did dance on our whole Foot."

New Refrain for the "Marseillaise."

(A l'usage des Anglophobes.)

Marchand! Marchand!
Cœur noble et pur!
A bas perfide Albion!



"DON'T YOU THINK, JAMES, THAT THESE LONELY DINNERS AT THE CLUB DRIVE A NUMBER OF MEN TO MATRIMONY!"
"MAY BE, SIR; BUT NOT SO MANY AS MATRIMONY DRIVES TO THE CLUB!"

DARBY JONES ON TURF TOPICS.

I CAN claim, I think, Honoured Sir, Considerable Kudos (I don't know who Kudos was, but believe him to be an Ancient Realisation of the good genius of Lord KITCHENER) for having picked two out of the three Leading Champions in the Jockey Club Stakes. With many others I had a weakness for the claims of *Dieudonné*, but I did not forget either *Cyllene* or *Velasquez*. It is somewhat strange that Mr. C. D. ROSE, who, if I am not misinformed, in business turns his face to the West, should in matters of Yachting and Horse-racing exhibit his countenance (I speak from the New World point of view) to the (to him) more Encouraging East. And yet that terrible Man from over the Herring Pond, TOD SLOAN, is with us again, making Bookmakers and Backers alike tremble at his Science. Watching his Lightning-like Progress, the Casual Spectator is never certain whether he be picking a Stone out of his "Gee-gee's" Hind Leg or whispering Words of Encouragement into his Ear. In my opinion, this Transatlantic Equestrian is not only a Centaur, but a Pounder (you will twig my indifferent International Jest, gentle Sir), for when beaten on Lord DUNRAVEN'S *Kirschwasser* by SAM LOATES on *Mandoria*, he nevertheless managed to upset the verdict by an Objection. His magnanimity in riding for the Noble Owner of the ill-fated yacht *Valkyrie* was only equalled by the fact that his Objection was held to be perfectly just by the Stewards. SLOAN does not take any mean advantage, in fact, he is SLOAN Square.

Whenever I hear the cry of "Sweep!" I take off my Head-covering, sometimes in the form of the Gibus of uncertain method, sometimes in that of the Mountain Rambler, such as you, Sir, when wandering through the Netherlands with an Alpenstock, affect with such becoming grace, but I must record the Circumstance that I raised my Glengarry high when I learnt that the Jockey Club had carried *two* "sweeping" Resolutions, which, according to those learned in Turf Lore, should cleanse a few Augean Chimneys of Unnecessary Soot. The only thing is that it takes a Year or so of Sundays to comprehend perfectly the Exact Meaning of the following Precept:—

"At every meeting one-half of the total amount of added money advertised to be given shall be apportioned to races of a mile or over for three years or upwards only; and of this half, not less than a moiety shall be for races of a mile and a half or upwards."

I opine, as one feeling in the dark, that I know what this means, but does the British Public? The *Pronunciamento* of the Turf Parliament seems on all fours with the Edict of St. Stephen's Assembly on the subject of Vaccination. The B. P. is very foolish. It will ask, "Why is the Advertised Money to be appropriated for three years or upwards only?" (I am quoting my revered *D. T.*). Why not for a Century, or even until the Millennium?

Let me now turn from the Parliamentary Ditch to the more open Mead of Kempton Course. I venture to breathe the following Monody on the Duke of York Contest:

I 've no taste for the *Harbour* or *Creek*,
The *Bomb-and-Corn* doesn't please me;
While the *Mixture* will surely be weak
If the *Troubadour's* going be free.
The *Spouse* of the fair Jersey flower
Has a chance that is first in the field;
But beware of the Godgift, his p wer
To the foreign ruled *Empire* may yield!

"I wish to Prosper; I wish Every one to Prosper; only let Me Prosperous be first." Not my sentiment, but Captain KRITERION'S. I am, as ever, honoured Sir, your stricken but Sphinx-like helper,

DARBY JONES.



MONS. ROBINSON DE CRUSOE SECUNDUS (LIMITED).

HIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE.

After his escape from appalling dangers, Mons. Crusoe (*Secundus*) is attacked by some queer fish of the "Critic" species; who, finding him bound (in magazine form), squirt ink at him and try to destroy his tale.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

CARLTON RICHD. MATHEWS & Co. TRADE MARK WHISKEY

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland Small Stills.

22s. the Gall., 30s. the Dozen. Cash only.

Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICHD. MATHEWS & CO., 24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the COLONIES.

SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER

A Fragrant Bouquet of English Lavender Flowers and Choicest Perfumes.

STRAND, LONDON.

THE FAMOUS



"MAB" RAZOR

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 5/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

BLISS'S CELEBRATED ESTAB. 1746 CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS

For Hunting & Sporting wear

All their standard tweeds are stamped on back of every two yards with this trade mark

W. BLISS C. NORTON TRADE MARK

BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET

IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.

Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.

Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170. 1179. 291. 303. 431. 659. 1000.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited, 147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

GOLDEN HAIR ROBARE'S AUREOLINE.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Sold by Perfumers and Chemists.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, and all principal Patent Medicine Warehouses, London.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

ENCORE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers, T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.

Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S CRATEFUL—COMFORTING COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"ACARIC" SOCK SUSPENDER

Those who have worn other Suspenders do not know what real comfort is until they have tried the ACARIC. Insist on having the ACARIC. No other is as good, no matter what dealers say.

Those who have never worn Suspenders should try the ACARIC. The added comfort will astound them. After a month's use they'll never consent to be without them, and so kill another of life's little worries.



Prevents that fatal slipping down of the Sock!

Remember, the ACARIC has no rubber going round the leg to cause Varicose Veins; owing to its unique construction, whilst Perfect in Action it is imperceptible to the wearer. Also Remember, if the word ACARIC does not appear on the goods, you are not getting what you ask for—don't be misled.

Sold Everywhere, but if any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. to the F. Dept., Central Depot, 4, Philip Lane, London, E.C.

Price for ACARIC STOCKING SOCK { SUSPENDERS } 2s. 6d. per pair. 2s.

Or a pair of each for 4s. 8d., post free. But your regular Dealer can supply you cheaper.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY TRY THE FAMOUS

UAM-VAR SCOTCH WHISKY

And you will not be disappointed.

INNES & CRIEVE, LTD., EDINBURGH & LONDON.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

No Dark Room Required for changing the Films.

KODAKS

For Hand and Tripod use. For carrying in the Hand, the Pocket, or on the Bicycle.

KODAKS

Pocket, Folding Pocket, Falcon, Bull's-Eye, Bullet and Cartridge Kodaks.

£1. 1s. TO £7. 7s.

KODAKS

Illustrated Price Lists Free.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd., 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches—60, Cheapside, E.C. 115-117, Oxford Street, W. 171-173, Regent Street, W.

CIGARES de JOY (Joy's cigarettes)

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE

ASTHMA WHEEZING CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Box of 35 4/6 Post free from WILSON & Co. 83 Mortimer St. London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores.

SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP

'K' BOOTS

Crosse & Blackwell's "SOHO" SWEET PICKLE

In bottles with lever stoppers,

IS SOLD BY

LEADING GROCERS AND STORES.

Beware of Imitations.

LEA & PERRINS' The Original & Genuine Worcestershire SAUCE.

OBSERVE THE SIGNATURE ON THE WRAPPER AND LABEL.

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA FOOD

Cures

All disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, the Blood, the Nerves, Lungs, Liver, Voice, and Breath—such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Bronchitis, Influenza, Acidity, Heartburn, Phlegm, Flatulency, Feverish Breath, Nervous, Bilious, Pulmonary, Glandular, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Debility, Cough, Asthma, all Fevers, Spasms, Impurities and Poverty of the Blood, Ague; Rheumatism, Gout; Nausea and Vomiting; Eruptions, Sleeplessness, Atrophy, Wasting in Adults and Children. 50 years' invariable success with old and young, even in the most hopeless cases.

100,000 annual cures.

PRICES.—DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA suitably packed for all climates. In Tins of ½ lb. at 2s.; 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s.; 5 lb., 14s.; 12 lb., 32s.; 24 lb., 60s.; or about 2d. per meal. All Tins carriage free at home and in France. Also

DU BARRY'S TONIC REVALENTA BISCUITS ensure sleep and nervous energy to the most restless and enfeebled. In Tins, 1 lb., 3s. 6d.; 2 lb., 6s. DU BARRY AND CO. (Limited), 77, Regent Street, London, W.; 14, Rue de Castiglione, Paris; 59, Rue du Rhône, Geneva; and of all Grocers and Chemists in every part of the world.

COOKING DIFFICULT?

TRY

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

Note this Signature in BLUE on every Jar.

J. Liebig

AVOID INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 86, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 8, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

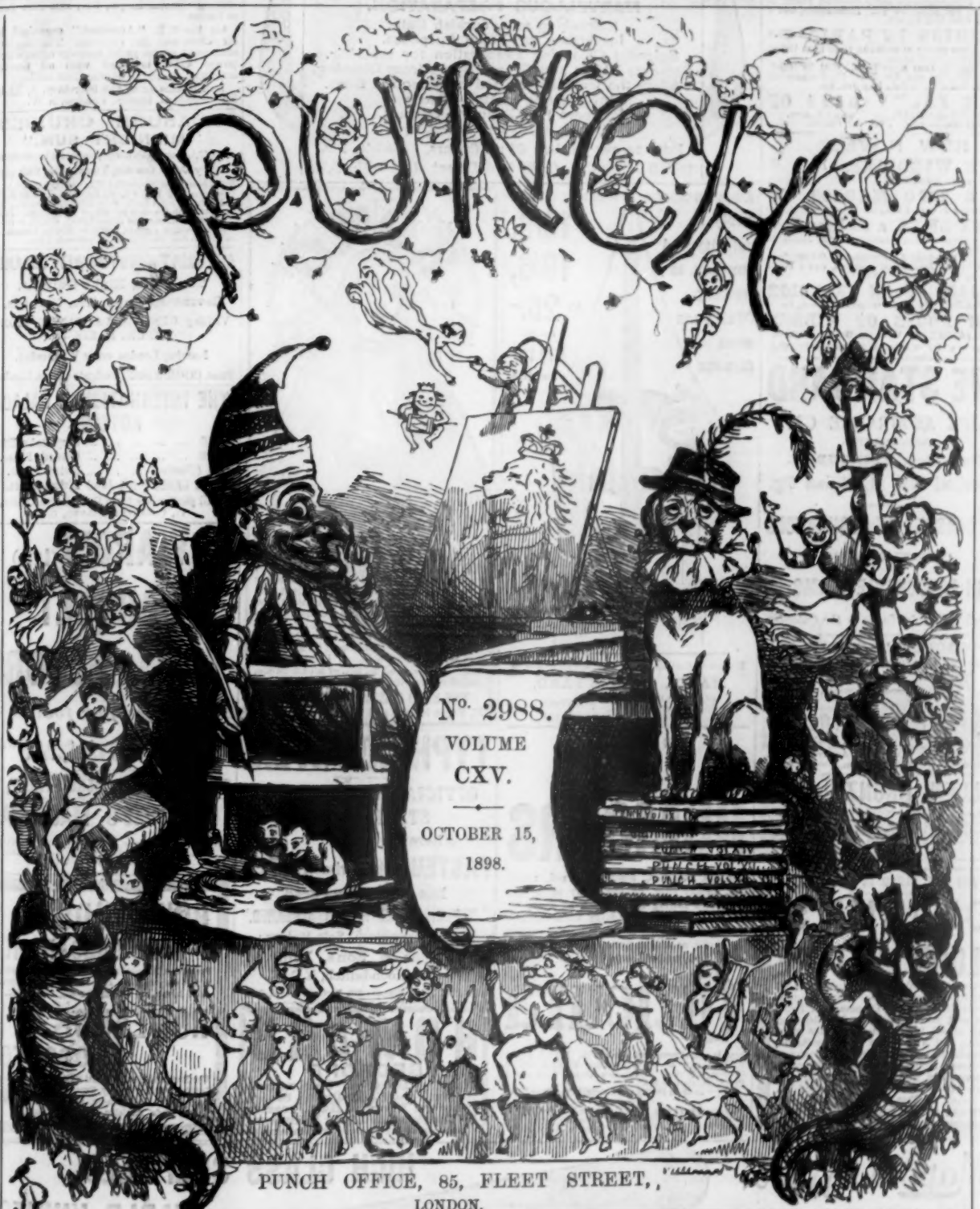
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HOTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



Nº. 2988.
VOLUME CXV.
OCTOBER 15, 1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS. Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

250 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"The richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S LIST.

IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND. An Account of a Journey in Thibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release. By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. With 1 Photogravure and 8 Coloured Plates, 80 Full-page and about 120 Text Illustrations, and a Map. 2 Vols., 8vo, 32s. net.

FASHION IN PARIS. The various phases of feminine taste from 1797 to 1897. By OCTAVE UZANNE. Translated by Lady MARY LOYD. With 100 Hand-coloured Plates and 250 Text Illustrations by François Courboin. 1 Vol., Imp. 8vo, 25s.

THE PALMY DAYS OF NANCE OLDFIELD. By EDWARD ROBINS. With 12 Illustrations. 1 Vol. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS.

THE WIDOWER. By W. E. NORRIS. 1 Vol., 6s.

THE TWO MAGICS. By HENRY JAMES. 1 Vol., 6s.

TONY DRUM, a Cockney Boy. By EDWIN PUGH, Author of "A Street in Suburbia." With 10 Full-page Illustrations in Colour from designs by the Beggarstaff Brothers, and a Cover Design by W. Nicholson. 1 Vol., 6s.

PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET. By ELLEN GLASGOW. 1 Vol., 6s.

THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE. By MAXWELL GRAY. 1 Vol., 6s.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

"COOPER" CYCLES.

From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £6 10s. Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £8. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.



WM. COOPER, 763, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Chestnut Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

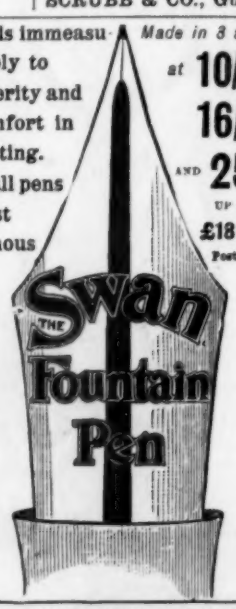
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous

Made in 8 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.



Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

FACE HUMOURS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Cuticura

Soap is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

☞ "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin," free.

EVERY HUMOUR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandriff, prevents hair from falling, is most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. The only preparation of its kind that has ever received a Royal Recommendation. 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from

THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,
16, BEVIS MARKS and 233, REGENT ST., W.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 205, Victoria Street, S.W.

HOWARD

BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

£9 9s. CRUISE

(14 days) LISBON, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, AJACCIO, MARSEILLES. September 27th.

£26 5s. Palestine, Egypt, and Athens Cruise. Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.

Full details from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

PLEASURE CRUISES, "MIDNIGHT SUN."

S.Y. of 3,178 tons, 3,000 horse-power. No upper berths.

Thirty Days' Cruises, Twenty-five Guineas.

From Marseilles November 17th and December 13th, 1898. Visiting EGYPT, PALESTINE, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, PALERMO, MALTA, &c. Special arrangements for Shore Excursions. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Sole Passenger Agents, Ludgate Circus, London, or to Albion S.S. Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

AUTUMN TOURS TO SWITZERLAND.

Ten Days, Eight Guineas.

Seventeen Days, Ten Guineas.

Visiting GENEVA, LAUSANNE, MONTREUX, PARIS, &c.

Leaving London every Wednesday.

THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.

Mappin & Webb,

158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. } LONDON.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



HE DIDN'T MEAN TO LOSE THAT.

"Miffins, the book-keeper tells me that you have lost the Key of the Safe, and he cannot get at the Books."

"Yes, Sir, one of them. You gave me two, you remember."

"Yes; I had duplicates made in case of accident. And the other?"

"Oh, Sir, I took care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, Sir. I put it where there was no danger of it being lost. It is in the Safe, Sir!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The current month's volume of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works (Smith, Elder), being the sixth, is compact of the novelist's contributions to *Punch*. "Much of my father's best work," Mrs. Ritchie writes, in the always interesting introduction, "will be associated with the name of the friendly and supernatural being, *Mr. Punch*." Thackeray's first contribution, "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lectures on English History," was avowedly not a success, a conclusion that does not surprise, in consideration of its somewhat elaborate and heavy fun. It did not prevent his being invited to join the staff of *Punch*, a step accomplished at Christmas time, 1843. Mrs. Ritchie writes, he "took his seat at the *Punch* table as a successor to Albert Smith." That is a mistake. Albert Smith never advanced beyond the position of an outside contributor, and never dined at the table. In the next year Thackeray made a distinct hit with "The Fat Contributor's Notes of Travel." Then came the immortal *Jeames* writing from "Buckley Square." The Book of Snobs, and a series of imitations of novels by eminent hands followed in due course. By a letter written half a century ago to Mrs. Procter, my Baronite observes that in these early days *Mr. Punch* and his Young Men used to dine on a Monday* "at five o'clock sharp." Thackeray not only wrote but drew for *Punch*, his sketches being estimated to reach close upon four hundred. Through ten years he sat weekly at the Old Mahogany Tree, where his initials, engraved in firm hand, are to this day seen among the signatures of others who have gone, and some who have come.

Life is but short. When we are gone, | Let them sing on Round the old Tree.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant and entertaining to have in the compendious form of this volume contributions of one eminent among the old boys.

If you want to go to Cuba, you had better "take your Davey," which is not a brief form of legal oath, but is meant as a piece of sound advice to those who are interested, as so many of us are just now, in *The Story of Cuba* (Chapman and Hall), as it is told by the descriptive writer whose surname is given above, and whose Christian name is Richard. What delightful travelling! Jungles and virgin forests, through which you must cut a passage with a hatchet (does the artful explorer merely imply that you must "axe your way?"), or set fire to the impenetrable tangle and issue forth in a blaze of triumph. Then when our daring "*Mas'r Davey* Bo" ("for which overhaul *David Copperfield*, and when found, make a note of"), hot and weary, was longing for a bath in cool, pellucid lakes, he was informed by his guide that to take such a plunge would be fatal, as the bed (of the river, not the traveller's) was alive with snakes big enough to take down Mr. Davey, as a succulent morsel, at one gulp. So, as the sun declined, Mr. Davey followed this brilliant luminary's example, and also declined—to bathe. His account of the secret societies that brought about the rebellion is most interesting. Astonishing, too, is the impotence of President Cleveland to stop the filibusters who were doing such serious injury not only to Spanish interests, but to all chance of peaceable government. To all we recommend Mr. Richard Davey's recently-published work.

Frank Lockwood was happy in his life. After his death, he has been fortunate in that Mr. Augustine Birrell undertook to write a record of his too brief career. *A Biographical Sketch* Mr. Birrell modestly, and in the main accurately, calls the work which Smith, Elder publish. It is slightly built, but perfectly proportioned, based on intimate personal knowledge of the subject, with keen appreciation of his ever bubbling, sometimes boyish, humour. Those who did not know Frank Lockwood in the flesh will here get bright glimpses of his character, and will, at least in part, understand what a delight was his companionship, how precious his friendship. Lord Rosebery contributes to the book a simple yet glowing tribute to the memory of a lost friend. Not the least charming, because the most characteristic, touches in the book are the brief letters written by Lockwood to his young daughters, with sketches illustrating passages in the quaintly-fabled lives of the wicked Moses and the guileless Aunt Maria.

Mrs. Brodrick's *Ananias* (Methuen & Co.) is in no way related to the "stock of Barabbas," in which Miss Marie Corelli some time ago invested. Which of the two liars in this story the authoress intends for *Ananias*, the Baron is at a loss to determine. The essential plot of the tale is neither particularly pleasant nor startlingly new, "yet 'twill serve" any novel-devourer whose taste is as yet unjaded. The loveless man and plain woman agreeing to marry only for mutual pecuniary advantage under a will, and the man subsequently falling in love with a talented and pretty girl, are not materials so entirely fresh as they might have been. The finish is probable, but too commonplace for any reader in search of a sensation. The style of the writer pleasantly imposes on the reader "old lamps for new," and it is not until he has gone too far not to advance to the end that the experienced peruser, being aggrieved, says to himself, "I rather think I've heard something like this before."

To find an amusing story, a story that, by its whimsicality, really makes you laugh, is so rare, nowadays, that the Baron is delighted at having the chance of recommending such an one to his friends in *The Duke and the Damsel*, written by Richard Marsh, and published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. Any one reading this book on the Baron's recommendation, will agree with him in wishing that the wicked, vulgar old mother had been ultimately shown to be in no way related to the two charming girls, of whom one is the heroine of the story. It may be, on the whole, a trifle too exaggerated, and the conversations unduly spun out: but here comes in the fine art of the practised novel-reader who knows how to skip, and the judicious skipper will be rewarded.

The Baron de B.-W.

* "'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter." By the way, although Thackeray ceased his regular weekly contributions to *Punch*, he retained his seat as one of the Staff at "the Table," and occasionally took part in the discussion on topics of the day.—Ed.

THE PALL MALL PUZZLE.

Straight may be right: Wright may be straight:
Conversely, crooked ways are wrong.
Truth will prevail, for truth is great,
Let 's hope "we sha'n't be long."

Wright seems in straits if Straight is right:
The straighter writer, who shall say?
If Straight 's astray, 'tis Wright who might
Be righted straightaway.

Un Mot, S.V.P.!

Cher M. Ponche,—Permettez! Comment voulez-vous qu'un Marchand, tout seul, s'oppose à une "Nation de Marchands!" Allez! Tout à vous, Pied de Nez.



COOK'S CRUSADER.

Imperial Knight-Templar (the German Emperor—to SALADIN). "*WHAT!!* THE CHRISTIAN POWERS PUTTING PRESSURE UPON *YOU*, MY DEAR FRIEND!! HORRIBLE! I CAN'T THINK HOW PEOPLE CAN DO SUCH THINGS!"

PHILOSEMEIOTISISCOMISTOGRAPHISTS.

["A French stamp-collector is dissatisfied at being called a philatelist. Stamp-collectors, he considers, have a right to be called philosemeiotisiscomistographists."—*The Globe.*]

Descend, ye Nine! Descend and sing!
Without your best assistance
I can't so much as name this thing
That 's come into existence.
Descend, Urania! Descend,
Melpomene and Clio!
Pronounce this word-without-an-end,
Pronounce Philosemeio——

In vain! Not all your arts, ye Nine,
Can work through half the letters,
And I must even seek the shrine
Of them that are your betters.
Ye Gods! to you my prayer I raise!
Put forth your best devices,
And help me when I try to praise
Philosemeiotisis——

What! Have not even ye availed?
Then is our case distressful,
For when the very Gods have failed
Who else may be successful?
Ah! there is yet one hope—yes, thee,
I call on thee, Mephisto,
Come! help me sing of Philosé-
-meiotisiscomisto——

Ah! cruel, cruel! Foiled again,
When I'd all but succeeded!
Can any mortal lungs contain
One half the breath that 's needed?
If Muses, Gods, and D—— too,
Can get it no corrector,
I think 'twould be as well, don't you,
To stick to "Stamp-collector."

DARBY JONES ON RACING CONTRASTS AND THE CESAREWITCH.

Honoured Sir,

From Leicester to Kempton is quite a Shock to the Racing System. I should imagine that no greater Contrast could exist than that between the Battlefields of Leicester and Kempton, unless it be that separating Waterloo from Omdurman. In the Midlands it is all Business without much Pleasure; in the South it is Pleasure with Business tacked on like an Extra Lace Flounce to a Duchess's Court Gown. Kempton is the most enjoyable of meetings, because, as my patron the Hon. Fliflatt (about to leave Oxford College) observed on Friday, after securing a handsome Souvenir, thanks to the prescience of a Fortune-teller, who shall be as *Incognito* as the Heir Apparent when he travels abroad, "At Kempton," he said, "there 's no beastly crushing. It 's like racing in your own back garden." And so it is. Note the Programme: "Going—Cab to Waterloo; Train to Kempton; Under Cover to Stand. Returning—Under Cover from Stand; Train to Waterloo; Cab Home." What could be more perfect?

Far different is the state of things at Newmarket. Monsieur Louis de Rougemont might pitch his tent in a secluded corner of the "blasted Heath" for several weeks without being disturbed; but when the rush did come, he would probably be ridden over and pulverized by the tread of Cobs, Ponies, and other small Equine Deer; for whereas at Kempton Locomotion by Rail is the Great Incentive to Racing, at Newmarket it is perambulation on Four-legs which makes Everybody move. But the Jockey Club Metropolis is over-built. Bricks and Mortar do not create Inhabitants, and one of these days that Sprightly Sportsman, Sir Edward Lawson, may, like Monsieur Louis de Rougemont, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or Sir Edward Seaward, find himself Monarch of all he surveys.

Meantime, let me turn on the Pierian tap, which is cheaper to you, honoured Sir, than Water in the East-End, and far more refreshing, I humbly trust, to your readers. Plunging my spurs into Pegasus, I finish for the Anglo-Muscovite Contest with these lines which have no reference to difficulties in the Far East. Remembering the great struggle last year between *Merman* and *Rush*, I chortle with all confidence:

Let her go and the *Party who 's hot*
With the *Aster Girl* may show the way,
And the *Beaver* be nigh on the spot
When the *Ermine* the course cannot stay.
Duke's Order I'll take for a shop,
And also the *Man of the Sea*;
While I cannot see what is to stop
Rook Monarch as first out of three!

Trusting that some Winter Provender may be supplied for my numerous Patrons, I remain, honoured Sir, with a particularly slender purse, your pheasantless (despite the season) but faithful follower,

Darby Jones.



Lady of the House (to Bore, who generally calls just as she is about to go sho ping). "Won't you let me ring for a little Refreshment for you?"
Bore. "I think I 'll take a little something just before I go."
Lady of the House. "Oh, then, do have it now!"

"Bust up!"—Mr. Dan Leno's, at "Rule's," Maiden Lane, unveiled by Mr. Herbert Campbell, Wednesday, October 5. A great day for England! Just the place for it, Rule's well-known Oyster-shop, where a living presentment of the side-splitting and original comedian will "astonish the natives."

Ugh!—It was generally reported in the daily papers that the Khedive of Egypt, on arriving at Constantinople, was received at the station, on behalf of H.M. the Sultan, by "Beheddin Bey." *Absit omen!* Of course, "What 's in a name?"—but, for all that, not exactly pleasant for the Khedive.



Excited Scotchman (who has just hooked a fish). "I'M DASHED FEARED I'LL LOOSE MY HALF-CROWN FLEE!"

GULLIVER THE SECOND.

PERSONALLY, I have never doubted the fact of my existence. Many persons are sceptical because I cannot quote exact time and place of my birth, but I would remind these that it is not unusual to forget the precise circumstances of one's arrival in the world. Passionately fond of adventure, I was a mere boy when I sailed in the schooner —— of —— (no good filling in the blanks, because people only turn up registers and pretend that such ships don't exist), in search of Treasure Island. Having found this (I am no scientist, and cannot fix lat. and long.), we took on board a cargo of Bank of England notes, rejecting the gold on account of its weight and bulk, and set out homeward bound. Had we been content with less, we should have secured more, for we had so laden the schooner with notes, that at the very first breeze we met she shipped a sea and sank like a stone. All hands perished except myself. I luckily caught hold of a frightened dolphin, and although a little upset at the loss of our treasure, determined to continue my course for London, where I knew I should have no difficulty in starting a syndicate to recover it.

At first my progress was slow, and slightly jerky, but having caught a passing shark, I dismissed the dolphin, and harnessed my new acquisition to a spar—*Dum spiro spero!*—guiding it by means of a bit which providentially I happened to have in my pocket. This greatly increased my speed, and now I made, as I reckoned, twenty-five to thirty knots an hour. I sighted a white line which I took to be the cliffs of Dover. I soon discovered my mistake, for on going up to what I fancied was the Customs House, in place of the customary savage official, I was greeted by a courtly cannibal, who expressed in the most gentlemanly manner his desire to kill and eat me. But no one need come to harm if he knows how to make a certain sign which is understood by savages the wide world over. Placing my right thumb to the point of my nose, I extended the fingers straight out towards the cannibal. The effect was instantaneous.

As soon as he had mastered his feelings, he hurried me off to be introduced to his relatives, who, on learning that I had made the sign of their tribe, the Guttarbhoys, greeted me with effusive affection. They asked a thousand questions in their guttural tongue, for which I had ready answers. The Guttarbhoys listened with wonder and awed delight. (Savages are so much more reasonable than civilised men; they do not expect you to prove the truth of every word you utter, nor do they set able Editors upon you to try and catch you tripping.) I was their hero, and they could not do enough for me. The Elders of the tribe brought such of their wives as they most honoured, and insisted on my accepting the female crowd as a present. Now the wives they most honour are those who will never see fifty again. There were more than a hundred of them. If I did not accept, it would have been considered an insult, and I should have been roasted whole. So I accepted, escaped roasting, and in the dark night, I fled, swimming in the direction of Greenwich.* * * Safe!!

[The distinguished traveller who has written the above most interesting article, wishes it to be distinctly understood that, as far as his memory serves him, he has never once during his wanderings had the good luck to meet M. DE ROUGEMONT. No doubt it is a pleasure to come. "Why, one of these days," adds our esteemed correspondent, "he and I might be in the very same jungle without knowing it!"



"Lay thy sweet hand in mine, and trust in me." *Tennyson.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The same (more or less) trusted correspondent who wrote in our columns last week upon the Chinese situation—dating his communication from Colney Hatch—has sent us the following. We endeavoured to read it in the ordinary manner, first; then sideways, and finally, upside down. All, however, in vain, and we submit it (with great misgivings) to the public, in the fervent hope that what appears dark to us, may—or may not—seem sense to them. He writes thus:—

"From diligent enquiries made on the spot, it seems that in regard to the present great mysteries of Paris (no connection with Eugene Sue), M. Drumont, after calling for a *petit bleu* and a small soda, commenced his attack on Dreyfus in the *Libre Parole*. The attack was hazy—almost Esterhazy—but still, clear enough to denote that the Jews were the objects aimed at. Being re-jews—beg pardon, reduced to this expedient, the Minister of War consulted with the Bordereau (don't quite know what a Bordereau is, but should fancy it is a sort of law officer of the Republic), and came to the conclusion that a revision was inevitable. Public opinion, in the name of France, demanded it—"ask for it and see you get it," as the posters say—Colonel Pâté de Foies-Gras will now be tried by the Court of Cassation for complicity in—— Oh, very well, then, I'll come quietly, if it's exercise time in the back-yard. Sorry, dear Editor, to break off so abruptly, but these big, rough attendants worry one so, and they will not be denied. Only yesterday I heard one of them saying to another that "He" (meaning me) "is not likely to be violent, but is certainly a bit balmy about the crumpet." Now, Sir, I ask you, what did those mystic words mean?

Tout à vous sous la Lune,

P.S.—Most curious thing. I have forgotten my own name. Must ask my keeper what it is before I can sign this.

WAITING.

Waiter, who serenely waitest
With a napkin in thy hand,
While my 'bus (and 'tis the latest)
Rumbles nearer down the Strand;
Tell me, waiter, does it never
Strike thy transcendental brow,
'Buses will not wait forever
Quite as patiently as thou?

Dost thou think thine Art the greatest
That thou'dst teach it to a few?
I wait, waiter, whilst thou waitest,
And my chop is waiting, too.
All things wait except my "Putney"—
There! it's past—I saw it then!
And as yet I've naught but Chutney,
And a little red Cayenne.

I've a picture, wrought in copper,
Of "Victoria D. G.,"
And, when thou shouldst bring my topper,
I had destined it for thee.
But—my wrath grows great and greater,
Thinking of the walk from town—
Now thou'lt wait till Doomsday, waiter,
Ere thou get my dusty brown.

"But me no Butts."—Wednesday, October 5. Leeds. Sir Arthur lifts his *bâton*. Strike up! *Elijah* is about to begin. The first violinist looks up beseechingly. Sir Arthur pauses, *bâton* raised. "But," whispers to him the violinist in a tremolo voice. Sir Arthur cuts him short. "There is *no* Butt," says he, sternly, and whack goes the stick. Then, subsequently, Miss Clara Butt wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*, and explained how it was that, though always perfectly in tune, on this occasion only she, quite unconsciously, did not keep time.

The City of Rome.—In the *Times* report of the doings of the Court of Common Council, we read:—"Replying to Mr. Rome, who asked what steps were to be taken to abate the smoke nuisance in the City, Mr. Deputy White said," &c. Well, it doesn't matter what Deputy White said; that's not the point. But how comes it that there can be any discussion after Ro has spoken? "*Roma locuta: causa finita*": Mr. Rome ha spoken, and there's an end. In future, let us hope that Rome will simply deliver himself oracularly, and so act up to his ancient and glorious name.



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND (?)

"Which Department, please, Madam?" "*Corsets.*"

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BIRD!"—*Old Song.*

Some most interesting information by Mr. Walter Rothschild, well known as a skilled naturalist and collector of rarest specimens, written in a delightfully natural style, is given in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. He entitles it, "Rough Notes on the Birds of the Bass Rock and Neighbouring Shores." The notes, however, are not at all rough on the birds, for he handles his feathered friends as Izaak Walton recommends his pupils to handle the gentles, "as tho' he loved them"; and he does. The name of "Bass Rock" sounds most refreshing. From its position, it would of course be a Draughty Bass Rock, not Bottled. What a chance for the sea birds! Here the Solan Goose plays his Bass solo; and a wise or Solon Goose he is, making the Bass Rock his Philosopher's Stone. Here the Gannets lay a solitary egg: sporting birds they are, evidently, laying one to two on The Rock. But, *à propos* of "The Rock," perhaps at some future time Mr. Walter Rothschild will tell us something about that Gigantic Roc that flew away with *Sinbad the Sailor* and kindly dropped him *en route*. A delightful place of resort is this Bass Rock! Here there are pretty little Ducks—bless 'em—and, of course, plenty of geese. In the evening, without any dancing or spirit license, they enjoy the music of the Sand-piper and the dainty entertainment provided (very occasionally) by the Humming-bird, while the red-throated Diver, coming up as fresh as a Lark, sings, "How happy could I be with eider!" Verily 'tis a Birds' Paradise.

Advice.—M. Unlimited Lou-is de Rougemont, after reading his *Daily Chronicle* of Friday, October 7, will apply to himself the somewhat cold comfort suggested by his own name, *i.e.*, "'*Grin' and bear it.*" He could bring out his lectures under the title of "Grin's Goblins, and other Fairy Tales."

"A Hand to Mouth Existence."—The dentist's. Only it's his own hand and somebody else's mouth.



Mother. "BOBBY, IT 'S VERY NAUGHTY OF YOU TO GO OFF BIRDS'-NESTING WITHOUT TELLING ME. I 'M QUITE SURPRISED AT YOU!"

Bobby (ingenuously). "YES, MOTHER I 'M REALLY QUITE SURPRISED AT MYSELF!"

THE SON OF HEAVEN DISCUSSES HIS AUNT.

["The Emperor of CHINA's proposed reforms included the introduction of Christianity and the abolition of pig-tails."

"Peking is in a state of riot."

LATER.

"Sixty foreign devils, consisting of thirty British Marines and thirty Russian Cossacks, have arrived at Peking."

"Absolute peace reigns in the capital."

"The Emperor's death would not in any way affect the political situation."—*Daily Press.*]

WHO took me from my little throne,
Trotting me off to gaol alone
With language very rude in tone?
My Aunt!

Who ran to smack me when I fell,
And wished the Son of Heaven in H-ll,
Till I was really quite unwell?
My Aunt!

Who was it, when I urged reform,
Came at me like a thunderstorm,
And made the place extremely warm?
My Aunt!

Who, when I ventured to embrace
The principles of Christian grace,
Just flung CONFUCIUS in my face?
My Aunt!

And when I feebly dared to state
That piggy-tails were out of date,
Who nearly scalped her nephew's pate?
My Aunt!

And who revives the ancient gang
Headed by hoary LI HUNG CHANG,
While my reformers go and hang?
My Aunt!

Who talks of stepping in to use
My rather dainty pair of shoes,
And never once consults my views?
My Aunt!

Who tells the journals every day
That I shall shortly pass away,
Having the seeds of sure decay?
My Aunt!

Who says that if I die or not
It won't affect the case a jot,
Since anyhow *she's* on the spot?
My Aunt!

Who sends to summon *ventre à terre*
Each native doctor from his lair,
A class of men I cannot bear?
My Aunt!

Who hints that in my shocking pride
I will not let them touch my hide,
But mean to do a suicide?
My Aunt!

Whom is it needless to remind
That I am not that way inclined,
And shall do nothing of the kind?
My Aunt!

Ah! gallant Colonel PICQUART, you
Are in a tightish corner too!
But mine is worse: *you never knew*
My Aunt!

"There is much Virchow in 'if.'"

DEAR PROFESSOR PUNCH,—Do you happen to know whether your *confrère* Professor VIRCHOW is a pessimist? Why do I ask? Because I am informed that in his recent Huxleian lecture he told his audience that "Life is a sell." Sad, very!

Yours, NILLIE D'ESPERANDUM.

P.S.—No matter. Virchow is his own reward.

TO A SCION OF THE "SWISS FAMILY R."-OUGEMONT.

FROM month to month the tale unfurled
Of marvels in the wide, wide world
Your mysteries unravels:
Of cruises in the Southern Seas,
Grim feasts in the Antipodes,
Strange sojournings and travels.

We trace the boomerang's slant flight
(At least you guide your boom aright)
After the quarry hurtle;
We see your dusky southern bride,
We watch you as you sit astride
The fiery untamed turtle.

Across the setting sun in herds
The wombats flit—unlikely birds!—
Before the "Second Crusoe";
Yet who will venture to deny
That haply humble wombats fly,
When pigs, you know, might do so?

With wondrous tales already known
The sceptic then compares your own,
As out he seeks to bowl them;
He sneers at each discrepancy,
While if the incidents agree
He holds that proves you stole them.

Careless if aimed with truth or guile,
At shift and shaft alike we smile—
(Sure never long-bow shot so)—
While we at least this moral glean,
Though possibly your name is "Green,"
Yet you yourself are not so.



SOLD!

Oom Paul (*disgusted*). "WHY, I CAN'T GET TO THE SEA AT ALL!"



Cycle Millionaire (acquiring accomplishments). "Hi! Stop him! Stop him! I've lost that confounded left Pedal again!"

PUT TO THE TEST.

In consequence of the many cycle accidents that have occurred of late in London, it has been suggested that the authorities should adopt the German system of permitting those cyclists only to ride who can pass a satisfactory examination. Although the decision has not yet been made public, it has been already settled that such an examination shall be instituted. Part of it will be practical, and every rider, to gain his certificate of proficiency, will have to give an exhibition of his skill in Battersea Park. In addition to this, he will have to satisfy the examiners by written answers to a paper of questions. *Mr. Punch* has managed to secure an advance-copy of the first examination-paper, with which every cyclist will shortly be confronted. It reads as follows:—

1. Conjugate the verb "to sideslip." If a rider A, on a bicycle B, meets two parallel tram-lines CD on a muddy day, prove that the meeting of AB and CD will probably result in the equation: $AB = A - \frac{B}{2}$

2. "Force is indestructible" (Joule's law). Does this hold good in the case of the Police Force? If a cycle A coincide with a policeman PC at any given point, calculate the amount of heat generated by the violent impact of A on PC. According to your experience, does PC + LSD = PC²?

3. Solve the following problem. In a narrow street, a large waggon is travelling at the rate of 1 mile an hour. Behind the waggon, a cyclist is travelling at the rate of 5 miles an hour. Behind the cyclist, a butcher's cart is travelling at the rate of 12 miles an hour. All are moving in the same direction, and there is not room for the cyclist to pass the waggon. What should the cyclist do? Show that if he is killed his death is entirely due to his "furious riding."

4. Translate into English, where possible, and give suitable answers to the following remarks:—

(*a*) "Take yer bloomin' pram. out of my 'osses' way, can't yer?"
(*b*) "Why donjer ring yer bell?"
(*c*) "Stop that blessed alarum!"
(*d*) "'Igher up there, stoopid!"
(*e*) "Who 're yer talkin' to young man if I likes to stand in the middle of the road what business is it of yourn which if I did my dooty I'd summons yer that I would dratted imperence!"

When all the above sentences are being addressed simultaneously to a cyclist, what should he reply?

5. Give the derivation of the verb "to scorch." What pace per hour, in your opinion, constitutes "scorching"? Prove by example that the mean velocity of any given cyclist varies directly with the imagination of the nearest policeman.

6. Comment on this recently-discovered fragment from the works of Socrates:—

. . . . "Wherefore of all accusations, oh judges, this is surely the most unreasonable. For my progress indeed was not due to any strength of horses, but to severe labour with my feet, the pedals also revolving by the same means. Therefore I, journeying by means of my feet, am wholly guiltless of wrongdoing in that I rode along the footpath, the name itself showing that it was designed for this very end. Yet, by Zeus, these my accusers would exact from me forty drachmai and costs, alleging some byelaw as their plea. But they who disobey byelaws, it seems, contribute to the public revenue, than which no act more clearly marks the good citizen. Hence it is evident that he who breaks most byelaws is the best citizen, and yet is he dragged before you, ye judges, as a wrongdoer, rather than, as is fitting, accorded public honour. Next, as touching the watercart" . . . . .

Not exactly a Theatrical Manager's Guiding Motto.—"Piece at any price."

History Repeats Itself.—"The Guards at Waterloo" (Station).



NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

If the Battle of Waterloo was won at Eton, the Battle of Omdurman was won *at the bootmakers'!*

["Many of the Grenadiers spoke in the heartiest terms of the way in which their boots had worn. If one asked them what was the distinguishing feature of the campaign, the answer was 'Boots.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette, October 6.*]



PREHISTORIC FASHODA.

There was an eccentric "tribe" in those days who had a most ludicrous little way of creeping in and squatting on other people's property; the more untenable the ground the more they gloated over their bravery and sagacity in getting there. They relied on the charity of the invaded tribe for food and clothing, and the means of communicating with their friends. It was a transient joy, but afforded them exquisite pleasure while it lasted.



First Bluejacket. "Well, Matey, wot 'appened?"
Second Bluejacket. "Lieutenant, 'e reports as 'ow I were dirty, an' my 'ammick weren't clean, an' Captin, 'e ses, 'Wash 'is bloomin' Neck, scrub 'is bloomin' Face, an' cut 'is bloomin' 'air, every Ten Minnits!'"

BLOSSOMS AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Why aren't Mr. and Mrs. Kendal "always with us" when they have such a piece as *The Elder Miss Blossom*, by Messrs. Hendrie and Wood, to fill the St. James's, nightly, and to make their audiences smile, laugh heartily, struggle hysterically with tears, and, in a general way, thoroughly enjoy themselves? Granting the play's rather improbable premises, the plot is cleverly managed, and the embroglio is that of genuine comedy. The only fault in the writing is that the "asides" are too pronounced in the stagey old-fashioned way, and are inartistically introduced. They might have been entirely avoided, and the piece would have been dramatically improved. Occasionally the diction in Mr. Kendal's part is too high falutin', and not at all the sort of thing that *Mr. Andrew Quick, F.S.A.*, the rough-and-ready traveller, modest and eccentric, would have said. Such defects as these above-mentioned are but slight, and do not in the least affect the acting, which is admirable throughout.

It is a real treat to see Mrs. Kendal as *Dorothy Blossom*, and not only a treat, but a study to all who love the histrionic art at its very best in comedy. It is thoroughly natural, never in any one instance overdone. Her reading of the somewhat questionable paragraph in the newspaper is a triumph, as also is her breaking down utterly as the curtain falls on the sorrow of poor *Miss Dorothy* at the end of the second act.

Mr. Kendal is the character to the life: wide-awake to the humour of the situations, and thoroughly in earnest. Mr. Charles Groves, too, is admirable; with him, *ars est celare artem*, and for the moment you cannot conceive of him as being at any time anybody else than "*Christopher Blossom*, a country gentleman," in whose individuality, that of Mr. Charles Groves, the comedian, is completely merged. Mr. Percy Ames, as the stuttering valet, has a most difficult part, and acquits himself to perfection. In a melodrama, any one would have suspected him of murder, and so no wonder the servants are all afraid of him, and that the cook imprisons him in an outhouse. Miss Nellie Campbell enters thoroughly into the pathos and humour of *Sophia Blossom*; and Mr. Rudge Harding is a typical young golf-playing rector or curate, with no very strong views as to the celibacy of the clergy. Altogether a success well-merited alike by authors and actors.

MR. PUNCH'S DREYFUS DICTIONARY.

Drefuse, to (verb active), *i.e.*, the verb to refuse, with the intensive prefix D—, equivalent to refusing strenuously, more particularly of refusing justice to any one or refusing to reopen a case. Sometimes spelt dreyfuse.

Du-paty-de-clamber, to (verb neuter), an intensive form of the verb to clamber, usually, in a contemptuous sense, equivalent to clambering into any office or position by objectionable practices. Hence a du-paty-de-climber is equivalent to one who climbs in this manner. The verb du-paty-de-climb is also found.

Esterhazy (adjective), a superlative of hazy, *i.e.*, dark, dubious, and disreputable. The degrees of comparison are hazy, more hazy, esterhazy. This superlative prefix will be found very useful when joined to other adjectives. Thus an "esterhorsey" man is equivalent to a man very much devoted to horses or, in a bad sense, a shady frequenter of race-courses, a welsher. It is sometimes prefixed to substantives. Thus an estersleeper is a very sound sleeper, a sluggard.

Juger (from the French), to juggle. Hence *chose jugée*, equivalent to an affair in which some juggling has taken place.

Picquart (adjective), a stronger form of the older word piquant. Thus, when an incident, for example, in a court of justice, is more than usually startling or sensational it is said to be picquart.

Picquart, to (verb active), to imprison without form of trial. To pique a man is to cause him annoyance. To picquart him is to continue to annoy him long after he has been proved to be in the right.

Schwartzkoppen, an irregular past participle passive in -en (*cf.* broken, taken), from the obsolete verb schwartzkop. To cop (or kop) is to catch, and a copper (or kopper), vulgarly, means a policeman. Hence, to schwartzkop is to detect or expose, and when a story is shown to be false and ridiculous, it is said to be schwartzkoppen. The word is of German origin.

What game is the Duc d'Orleans playing? Is he going Nap?



It is Podgson's opinion that, if you want to be fit by November, there 's nothing like doing a bit of October Cub-hunting on foot. You can take the Youngsters with you too.

TRIALS OF A BLOODHOUND.

Wakened unconscionably early and dragged out of warm bed into raw, foggy morning. Kennel-Boy unusually energetic; brushes me till the sparks fly. Growl remonstrance, whereupon he cracks me on the nose. Painful, very. Wonder how he 'd like it.

Off to station. Kennel-Boy goes into refreshment-room. Don't offer me anything though. Lots of sporting gents at bar, and general odour of whisky. Notice Nervous Old Gentleman drinking rum and milk. "Nothing like it for keeping the cold out. He takes a purely scientific interest in the development of the olfactory powers of the—— Suddenly catches sight of me, turns pale and drops tumbler. Am hurried off by K.-B. and shoved into dog-box—dark, dirty hole, not fit to put K.-B. in, let alone a dog.

Yorkshire moor. Great crowd of sportsmen, and smell of whisky stronger than ever. Evidently something up. Wonder what? Other dogs about; decent chaps, seemingly, but opportunities of smelling very limited. Just getting into conversation with a fellow when I am led out before crowd. Crowd stare and look at me through field-glasses. Embarrassing, very. Don't know what to do, so wag tail amiably and try not to look foolish. K.-B. holds out something. Hope it 's eatable, but no, disappointed; only an old rag. Smell it. Crowd watch intently. Seems the right thing to do, so smell it again. Don't smell very nice, but try to look as if I appreciate it. Among other odours, seem to detect faint smell of rum. Crowd growing impatient. Tired of watching me smell rag; must think of something else to amuse them. Sniff about for rummy smells, but among so much whisky can't find it. Get on trail, at last. Crowd cheer—evidently pleased. Bark, to encourage them; crowd cheer again and back me freely. Scent grows stronger. Rush on, barking and smelling. Exhausting, very—have you ever tried it?—but clearly correct thing to do. Suddenly hear shouts of laughter from crowd. Look up and find Nervous Old Gentleman just ahead of me, running for all he is worth.

Delighted to see him; looks nice, harmless old chap, so run up to him, wagging tail hard. N. O. G. terrified. Try to reassure him; jump up and put paws on his shoulders. N. O. G. collapses. Must be ill, or is it the rum? Lick his face. He shrieks "Help! Murder!" and continues kicking till K.-B. comes up and hauls me off.

Tremendous applause. Am led back in triumph, veritably, the "*cynosure* of every eye." Judges award me first prize for something or other. Wonder why?

TO BRIGHTON IN AN HOUR.

Sir,—It is prodigious! In my time, *Mr. Punch*, four hours even for the fastest chaise would have been monstrous quick. My barouche never did it in less. And now these railways of yours carry down the Londoners in a quarter of the time. Gad, Sir, it would have taken my breath away!

I go up to Brighton sometimes from here (I date from the Elysian Fields), and float about for a time over the Steine and the King's Road. There are some monstrous fine women there still, take my word for it, but none of them like Fitzherbert. You never saw her, more 's the pity. What d'ye think they 've done with her house and the next one? They 've turned one into a "Young Men's Christian Association," and the other into a School Board Office. Gad, Sir, what d'ye think of that? And they 've made my Pavilion a place for concerts, and there 's never a prize-fight in the town. But the whole country 's going to the dogs. I used to think a man who drank claret was a poor, effeminate creature, but he was a downright, good, three-bottle man compared to your tee-totalers, your three-teapot men, or whatever you call 'em.

But Brighton is not what it was. It has grown monstrous large. In my time the sky was always clear, and now there 's a devilish quantity of smoke. But the people seem to like that, for the worst smoke of all—with the most devilish fumes and smells—comes day and night from some chimneys belonging to the Town Council. One of them is where they make that new-fangled electric light. Light, by George! Why, the smoke makes the town as murky and gloomy as Hades. Fact, Sir!

However, you all like coal-smoke now, even in London, for you do nothing to diminish it. When you go travelling you have a puffing, smoking machine in front of you, and you seem to prefer it to four good horses in a barouche, which was vastly agreeable, I assure you.

This brings me back to what I started with. I went to Brighton by the first railway train which travelled there in an hour. Gad, Sir, we went like the deuce! I paid nothing, for of course no one saw me. Even your Psychical Society would not have noticed me, but then they are the last people in the world to see any of *us*, when we come back again. So I tried those coaches called Pullman, which come from the old American Colonies. Gad, Sir, it 's a pity my father was so injudicious with the colonists! He absolutely would not make those what d'ye call 'em concessions—those "graceful concessions"—even to our own people. Damme, Sir, now you do nothing but make "graceful concessions" to foreigners, and to anti-vaccination fools and other fools at home! You 'll all be sorry for it some day. Gad, Sir, it will cost you more than I did, and my debts were certainly large, devilish large!

But you don't make other things graceful now. With all your cleverness you have made no new street as good as my Regent Street. As for Brighton, they have put up some statues near my Pavilion, which, if you should see them, would make you hurry to the railway station and come home in an hour, or faster if it were possible. Damme, Sir, with their statues and their smoke, they will be the ruin of Brighton! George, R.

P.S.—I still use my old signature, though it is now inaccurate.

A Musical Note.—We regret to hear that Mr. Edward Lloyd, the distinguished tenor, is about to retire. Why? "Lloyd 's weakly" cannot be the reason, as he is a *tenore robustissimo*, and going strong on his farewell *tour de force*. Perhaps he will take another tour, and "turn again," like Whittington, in order to give that tone to musical society which will be lost when he no longer adorns it. We may yet hope to hear that when our excellent tenor talked about permanently retiring he was not sticking to the exact truth, but that "he Lloyd to us." Edward Lloyd has always been a retiring tenor, never over-puffed and over-advertised. So why not remain with us and be, as heretofore, invariably "retiring"?

Moral Teaching of the Dinner given to Professor Virchow.—"Be Virchowous and you 'll be happy."

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

ROPER FRÈRES'

FIRST QUALITY

CHAMPAGNE.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

The Best Liqueur.

No Camera is a KODAK unless made by the EASTMAN Co.

PHOTOGRAPHY

can now be mastered by anyone. The Cartridge Film System has

SIMPLIFIED

this fascinating art and dispensed with the necessity for a dark room.

KODAKS

Loaded in daylight. All sorts and sizes

FROM **£1 1s.** *TO* **£7 7s.**

Illustrated Price Lists free.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.

43 Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C

Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside. E.C.; 115 117 Oxford St., W.; & 171-173 Regent St., W

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be The Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

The CYCLING SENSATION of 1899 will be the improved patterns of

DUNLOP TYRES

First in 1888, Foremost ever since.

Upon receipt of a post-card we will register your address, and forward our illustrated descriptive booklet immediately upon its completion.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,

160—166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Peptonized Cocoa and Milk

MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS AND REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON

IN TINS 2/6 HALF TINS (SAMPLES) 1/6

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.

Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF

SQUIRE & SONS,

Her Majesty's Chemists,

413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.

No. 931, as illustration, **£2 12s. 0d.**

Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.

Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 32, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING



Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in
Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 15s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

"Shaver's Kit and Outfit." *Post Free.*

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

GOLD & SILVER

Pencil cases

with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark

S. Mordan & Co

can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

BUCHANAN BLEND

SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

MARIANI WINE

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

Testimonials from

His Holiness the POPE,
President MACKINLEY,
and 8,000 PHYSICIANS.

UNRIVALLED AS A TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.

WILCOX & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., & all Chemists & Stores. 4/- bottle, 45/- per doz.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

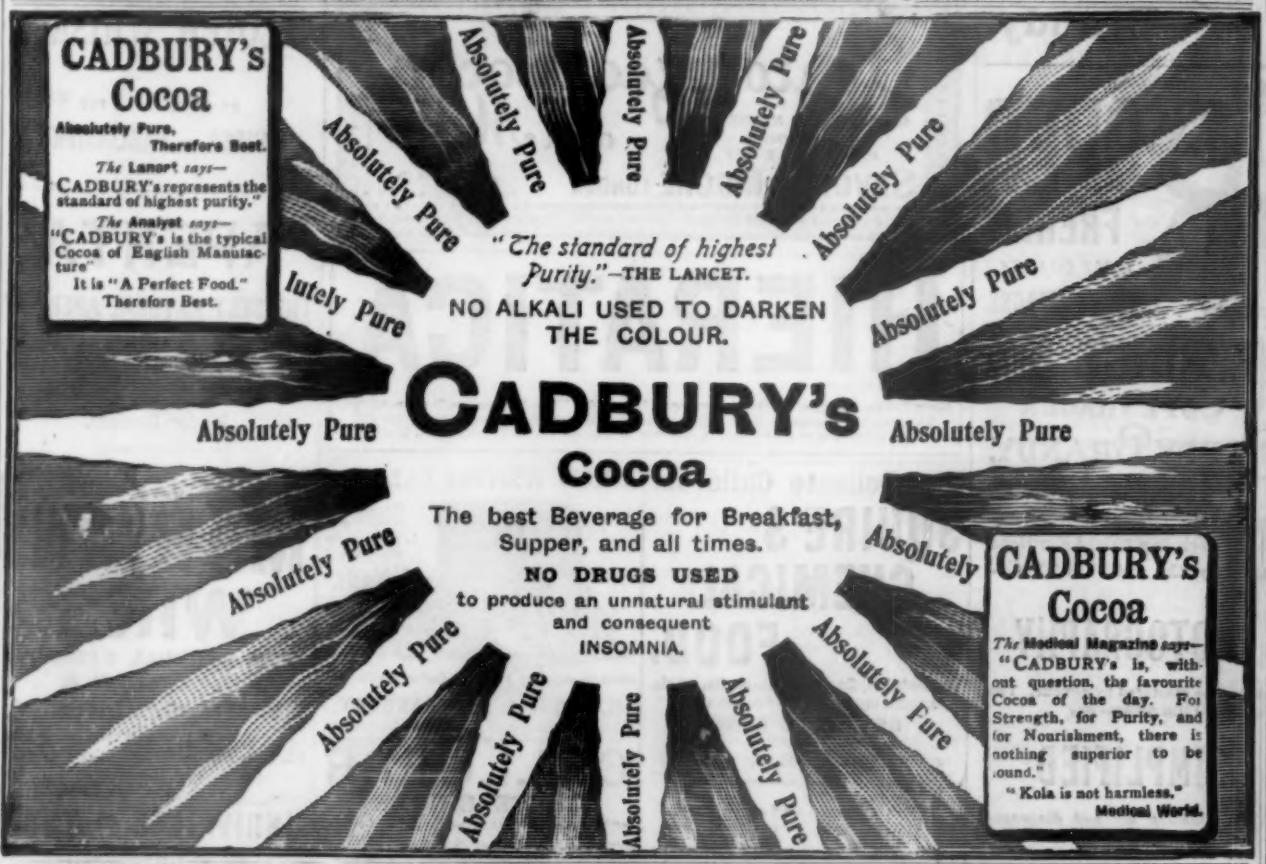
BENGER'S

BENGER'S Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "'Benger's Food' has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

FOOD FOR INFANTS

INVALIDS AND THE AGED



C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

HOLDERS OF TWENTY-ONE WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT And Patronised by the Rank and Fashion of the World.

Egerton Burnett's Royal Welsh Serges

The "EGERTON" PERMANENT DYE

For LADIES, CHILDREN, AND GENTLEMEN, PURE WOOL, to suit all Purses, all Climates, at all Seasons; and IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS, Cycling Tweeds, &c., comprising a vast variety of shades and prices in very beautiful and fashionable weavings. Ladies Tailor-made Skirts (from 10s.), Gentlemen's Suits, &c., MADE TO MEASURE. NEW PATTERNS, with Self-Measurement Forms and Price Lists, Post Free. Any length Sold. Carriage Paid on orders of 20s. and above to Railway Stations in United Kingdom. Special rates for Foreign Parts. Kindly mention this Paper. No Agents.

EGERTON BURNETT, LTD., Royal Serge Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, Eng.

FORGING AHEAD!

Pattisons'

WHISKY

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

Sold Everywhere.

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND LEADING CLUBS.

SUPERIOR TO AND CHEAPER THAN ANY OF THE FOREIGN MINERAL WATERS.

St. Ronan's

THE SCOTTISH NATURAL MINERAL TABLE WATER.

In Splits, Pints, & Quarts.

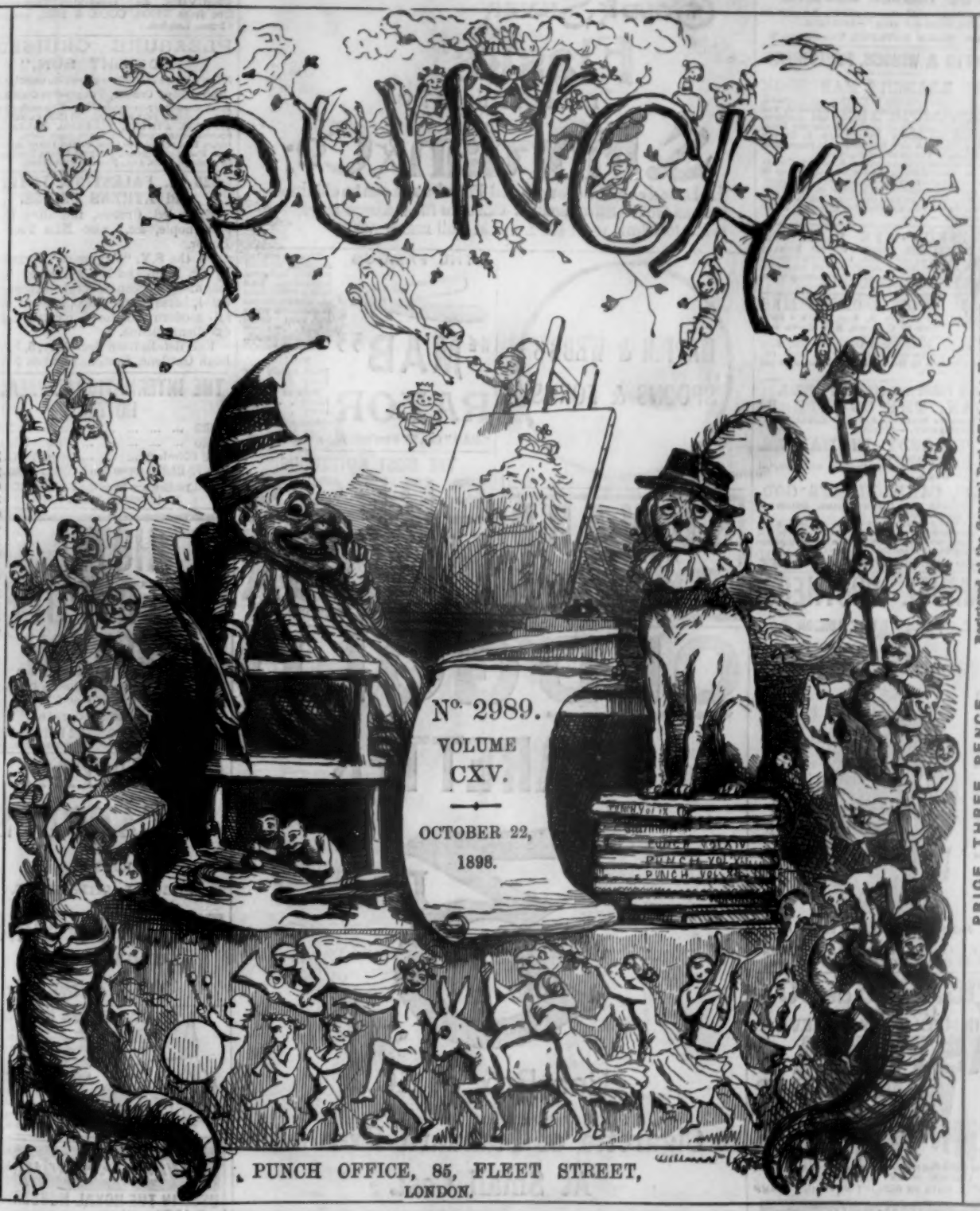
PROPRIETORS— The "St. Ronan's Wells" & Mineral Water Co., Ltd., INNERLEITHEN, SCOTLAND.

London Depot— 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 15, 1898.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Photographs of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

Nº 2989.

VOLUME CXV.

OCTOBER 22, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

A TALE OF THE CONSULATE.

THE
ADVENTURES OF A GOLDSMITH.

By M. H. BOURCHIER, Author of "The C Major of Life." Crown 8vo, 6s. SECOND EDITION.

"The story is good reading, and the dialogues are invariably bright and witty."—ATHENÆUM.

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, Vigo Street, W.

CHATTO & WINDUS, PUBLISHERS.

THE READER'S HANDBOOK of FAMOUS NAMES in FICTION, ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PROVERBS, PLOTS, STORIES, and POEMS. Together with an English and American Bibliography, and a List of the Authors and Dates of Dramas and Operas. By the Rev. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D. A New Edition revised throughout and enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

"A wonderfully comprehensive dictionary of references to matters which are always cropping up in conversation and in every day life, and writers generally will have reason to feel grateful to the author for a most handy volume, supplementing in a hundred ways their own knowledge or ignorance, as the case may be."—TIMES.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PICTURESQUE INDIA. By Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"A charming book. Altogether an agreeable volume, by an author who can chat pleasantly about subjects which he knows well."—TIMES.

ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME. By GEORGE R. SIMS. With 8 Full-page Illustrations by C. Green, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth decorated, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

"A kindly, old-fashioned Christmas tale, with comic and sentimental interludes. . . Some excellent drawings by Mr. C. Green add charm to the book."—ACADEMY.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.

JOAN, THE CURATE By FLORENCE WARDEN. SECOND EDITION.

"A stirring story."—WORLD.

A TRAGEDY IN MARBLE. By ADAM LILBURN.

"A pathetic little tale, instinct with life."—LITERARY WORLD.

MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODDESS. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Saint Mungo's City."

"Miss Tytler keeps her old vigour, and in this last tale, while there is all the good Scotch grit of her early work, there is also a firmer and a more philosophical grasp of character."—BOOKMAN.

CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

SCHOOL OUTFITS



"Eton."
Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 6 in., 20s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s. 9d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

CIGARES de JOY
(Joy's cigarettes)
IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE
ASTHMA
WHEEZING
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS
Box of 35 2/6 Post free from Wilcox & Co. 85 Mortimer St. London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores
SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON
DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

GOLD & SILVER
Flasks
manufactured by
S. Mordan & Co.
The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
SPOONS & FORKS

THE FAMOUS



"MAB"
RAZOR

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
FAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs. Harrows. Cultivators. Haymakers. Horse Rakes. Straw Trussers. Mowers. Hay Presses. Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
CRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
3D
Per Box of 10.
A Cigarette of Standard Excellence
At Small Cost.
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

Rome Tours,
TEN GUINEAS.

Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days' accommodation. Extensions to FLORENCE, VENICE, NAPLES, POMPEII, VESUVIUS, &c. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

PLEASURE CRUISES,
"MIDNIGHT SUN,"

S.Y. of 3,178 tons, 3,500 horse-power. No upper berths.

Thirty Days' Cruises, Twenty-five Guineas.

From Marseilles November 17th and December 16th, 1898. Visiting EGYPT, PALESTINE, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, PALERMO, MALTA, &c. Special arrangements for Shore Excursions. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Sole Passenger Agents, Ludgate Circus, London, or to Albion S.S. Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

£26 5s. PALESTINE, EGYPT, and ATHENS CRUISE.

Extended Cruises, including Constantinople, &c.; also Nile Tour to Luxor.

On the S.Y. "Argonaut," organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne. This magnificent ocean steam yacht, tonnage 3,254, horse-power 4,000, is fitted with all modern comforts, electric light, excellent cuisine.

Full details from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

LISTS OF
SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.

TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Catalogue.



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c. *Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.*

W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food



WE HAVE NO DOUBT THE UNDERPAID CLERK, AUTHOR, ARTIST, AND BARRISTER WILL RESPOND TO THE INVITATION, AND A CLASS FOR TEACHING BRICKLAYING IN A FORTNIGHT, UNDER DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS, OUGHT TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS.

["The invitation to learn bricklaying might be extended to any able bodied man who is *underpaid*. Any ordinary man could learn bricklaying in a fortnight."—*Surveyor's letter in Daily Telegraph.*]

MISÉRICORDE!

(*À Monsieur Punch.*)

MONSIEUR,—J'étouffe! C'est trop fort! On nous mande du Caire que mes illustres compatriotes à Fashoda, ces hommes si dignes, si nobles—ah, je pleure encore! Mais soyons calmes! On nous mande, je répète, qu'ils sont nourris—juste ciel!—par les Anglais. Une nourriture anglaise! Sacré nom de nom de DU PATY DE CLAM! Mieux vaut les fusiller, que de les faire mourir lentement à la suite des congestions, des dyspepsies—enfin des plats de votre pays! Soyez généreux! N'imitez pas les supplices du moyen âge! Mon Dieu! Mais soyons calmes! Figurez-vous le martyre d'un Français nourri de cette façon!

Carte du Jour.

Biftea. Porrige.
Beild Places. Perriwinckles. Cockles.
Rosbif, avec Yorckpouding.
Bifsteck.
Porckchops.
Little Peas, at the english.
Cabbige, at the water.
Lettice. Waterscres.
Plompouding.
Ricepouding. Domplingspoudings.
Minced Pies.
Mufins. Teacacks. Bunns.
Kew Cumber.
Chester Chese.
Tosted Chese, avec Crumpetts.
Apples.
Gin. Rhum. Thée.

Figurez-vous——! Mais les larmes me serrent la gorge! Je ne peux plus! Veuillez agréer, &c.,

ISIDORE DE MILLETONNERRES.



NUISANCES IN LONDON.

["No person shall in any street, or on any land adjoining or near thereto, use or play, or cause to be played, any steam organ."—*New L. C. C. Rule.*]

Mr. Bilks (*Proprietor of Bilks' Roundabout*). "Wot, no Steam Orgins! Well, they always said England wasn't a musical nation, and now I believe it!"

A Question for Diplomacy.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It seems to be forgotten that the Emperor of AUSTRIA is titular King of Jerusalem. Does not the fact of the invasion of his dominions in Palestine by the GERMAN EMPEROR with an escort of armed retainers constitute a case of Preferential War? I pause for a reply, even if the Northern KAISER will not, and remain

Yours obediently, PAUL PROTOCOL.

A Disputed Domicile.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The *St. James's Budget* discusses and gives an illustration of DICK TURPIN'S house in Wych Street, now being restored. I appeal to the shade of HARRISON AINSWORTH to determine whether the North Road Cavalier, or myself, or the late lamented Mr. WOOD, carpenter, has better claim to the edifice in question? I cannot possibly escape from where I am, and so must protest by the new Styx-Thames telephone.

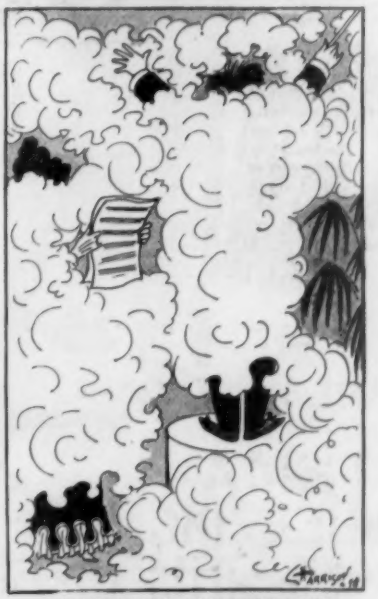
Yours indignantly, JACK SHEPPARD.

At the Book-stall.

Blasé Traveller. Have you a paper which doesn't mention DREYFUS, the East End Water Supply, Fashoda, or Crete? If so, I shall be glad to give *any* price for it.

Book-stall Clerk. No, Sir, I 'm afraid not, but I can sell you a pack of playing-cards or a railway rug.

B. T. No, thanks. Give me a pencil and a note-book, and I 'll write a letter to the *Times* on Vaccination.



PROMENADE CONCERTS AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Portraits of the Conductor and Principal Vocalist.
N.B.—Smoking is permitted.



HARD TERMS!

Uncle Sam (to Spain). "See here! If you 'll only take back Cuba, I 'll agree to anything!"



THE JOYS OF HOUSE-HUNTING.

"CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT MADE THE FELLOW SEND ME TO LOOK AT IT! VERY CHARMING PLACE, CERTAINLY; BUT, HANG IT ALL, THERE WAS A PUBLIC-HOUSE CLOSE BY ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WAY!"

"WELL, YOU CAN'T *ALWAYS* HAVE IT YOUR SIDE!"

DARBY JONES ON RACING CONTRASTS.

HONOURED SIR,—At the Back-end of the Season it seems, to paraphrase a well-known Gallic Aphorism, *toujours* Newmarket. There is no getting away from the Headquarters of the Jockey Club. We may make excursions to Nottingham, Leicester, or Kempton Park, but back we come again to the Ditch, like the Epicurean House-fly to the Domestic Sugar-basin. The changes from the above-mentioned Annexes of Sport to the Centre of the Racing World are those which only the Beau Brummells of the Turf can appreciate. At Nottingham, for example, the first Autumn Meeting coincides with the Annual Goose-fair, and the Bipeds who saved Rome are equal favourites with the modern representatives of Bucephalus.

If it be any Augury of the Advent of the Millennium, I may remark that the Nottingham Lambs lie down with the Geese of the Neighbourhood in most amicable style. Indeed, the whole town reeks with the fragrance of Sage and Onions. From the Lace-making Locality we probably derive the famous but ill-rhymed Ballad commencing,

"Goosey, Goosey Gander, whither do you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber!"

The poet who put "wander" and "chamber" in apposition may rank high as a Bard, but his remarks about the Gander are certainly applicable to Nottingham during the Fair. The Gander wanders everywhere. In fact, I marvel that he has not entered for some of the Turf Contests, for he would have many Friends among the Backers.

As to Leicester, I have never been able to determine whether its celebrity rests on Hosiery, Stilton Cheeses, Melton Mowbray Pies, or the death of Cardinal WOLSEY. Personally I am in favour of the Cheese.

A Ripe and Properly Trained Stilton can give weight for age to the Luscious Camembert, the Suspicious Gorgonzola, the Bomb-like Dutch, the Difficult Roquefort, and the Oleaginous Gruyère.

But alas! honoured Sir, I am in no mood for Frivolity after the Disasters of the Cesarewitch. I only trust that you and my other Patrons saved themselves, as recommended, by a Place Investment on *Merman*. You will not see me at Sandown. I must lie "doggo" till the Cambridgeshire, the more so as a Fair Correspondent signing herself NEURASTHENIA (I don't know what this means), who by her Large Fist evidently takes "Eights" in gloves, advises my Incarceration in Colney Hatch. Possibly she can recommend the Refuge from Personal Experience. If so, a word from her to the Chief Warder would be highly appreciated by your devoted, despondent dependent, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—My Muse will chortle, so here she goes in brief:—

At Sandown *We Nine* don't forget,
Sell Any by him being upset.
No matter who the Gee-gee guides,
Back all the nags the Yankee rides.

Fare Well.—D. J.

RESOLUTIONS.

THE Long—alas! the Long is done,
So are my shillings—every one!
But not my books—ah me! no, none,
Nor any other duty.
Smalls loom ahead gigantic—but
Old Euclid keeps his pages shut,
Plato is still unread, uncut,
And so's *De Senectute*.

When last I left my father's halls,
He vowed, if I were ploughed in Smalls,
That there would follow what he calls
In his coarse way, a "beano":
Since, therefore, I am back at John's,
I'll seek to satisfy the dons
About the *asinorum pons*,
Apology and *Meno*.

Dons are so dense—yet I'll essay
To prove my props. in such a way
That, spite their dulness, even they
Will have to understand 'em;
I'll draw the pictures too, I'll spare
No pains, and I will take good care
To pepper letters everywhere—
Whole alphabets at random.

All sports, all pleasures I'll forego;
I'll be teetotal till I know
The parts of *elμι*, I will go,
And—— CHARLIE! *you*, old chappie?
Yes, I was feeling bluish—what?
Engaged to-night? Well, no, I'm not.
Come out and dine? Yes, like a shot,
And once again be happy.

SUITABLE PLACE OF RESIDENCE FOR A POPULAR JOCKEY.—Sloan Square.



TURF REFORMS. A SUGGESTION.

"How dangerous! Really, I think Horses should not be allowed in the Paddock!"

THE INDIAN RISING IN THE U. S. A.

Our roving contributor, freshly released from Colney Hatch, who, according to his own account, has been everywhere, and done everything (and apparently everybody), sends us, *à propos* of the present Pawnee Indian rising, the following highly-coloured sketch of his own experiences with the same tribe. *Mr. Punch* ventures to think that his correspondent, to say the least of it, handles the truth somewhat carelessly. However, in these days of tales by a De Rougebinson Crusoe, what does it matter? Here is the account.

"Some time ago—I cannot pledge myself* to the exact date—my wild, adventurous spirit induced me to turn my back upon civilisation and all its hollow falseness—I hate any thing hollow or false: even my hollow or false teeth I am never on good terms with—and go forth (I could not go third, as all the trains of prairie travellers were first-class ones) with a caravan of settlers. And they were 'settlers,' too, these fellows! I soon tired of them. May be, too, they tired of me, for, one morning, I saw several of them eyeing first me and then a tall tree, around an overhanging branch of which they had slung a rope noose. Of course it would not have been noose—news, I mean—to me to find that I was 'up a tree'; but, nevertheless, I left—and in a hurry. To do this I had to borrow a pony (the four-legged variety, not £25), and I borrowed it when the owner was not looking. Then I rode—ah, how I rode! For four days and nights I never drew rein as I galloped across the rolling prairie. I supported myself upon ham sandwiches (cut thin, with plenty of mustard), as I sped along. At the end of this time the pony began to get hungry, so I rested him for ten minutes; then on again until, without any warning, I suddenly dashed onto the war-path of a band of Pawnee Indians. Wishing to impress them at first sight, I allowed my pony to knock over a *tepee* and two old squaws; then I jerked the bit out of his mouth and fell over his tail on to the ground behind. The chief advanced to meet me. I put out my hand; he placed his to his nose and extended his fingers—it was the cabalistic sign! we were to be brothers. I addressed them in their own figurative language thus:—

"'Listen to the li—— words of the paleface, and though his face is pale, his heart is red (ditto his nose). Since two moons I have sought the wigwams of the Pawnees. They are the bravest of all warriors—("Waugh! it is well said!")—and I would dwell amongst them for ever. (*Murmurs of mild disapproval.*) Speak, Big Bear! speak, Spotted Sapolio! speak, Cold-in-the-Head! Is it peace or war between us? If the latter, I will leave without any unnecessary delay.'

"My simple eloquence touched them. For a year I dwelt in their *tepees* and rode in their 'happy hunting grounds.' I shot their bison, their buffalo, and finally, their chief, for a trifling loan. This last transaction, unfortunately, caused a coolness between Potted-Meat and myself. I determined to escape—but he and I had a split wigwam between us, and it was difficult. Waiting until the chief had indulged largely in the fire-water of the paleface ('V.S.O.' warranted to kill at forty paces), I leaped upon a tame bison, shook my rifle defiantly at the redskins, dodged a brick, and went straight out into the wide world again."

[We take this opportunity of saying that we have *not* made inquiries and satisfied ourselves of the truth of this exciting narrative. On the contrary, we should describe it, from end to end, as a stately lie.—Ed.]

* No; or we might be quite sure you would have done so at the nearest pawnbroker's, long since.—Ed.

A GRIEVANCE TAKING RANK.

Mr. Punch,—Sir,—I see that complaint has been made that Major Marchand, of the French Army, has been referred to in official dispatches as "Monsieur," and consequently deprived of his military title. I regret to see that Lord Salisbury, an officer himself (for he is entitled to wear a sword, and a naval uniform, as Warden of the Cinque Ports), is responsible for this breach of politeness.

Mr. Punch, Sir. When I say breach of politeness—hang me—I put it very mildly. But what is done over here? I am an old Militiaman of some twenty or thirty years' standing, and yet my most intimate friends and the public generally ignore my rank! It is disgraceful in both cases! Yours indignantly,

One of the Old Constitutional Force.

P.S.—My only consolation is that I am still called "Major," in addition to my ticket number at the Stores.

Latest Edition.—"'Who's Who' in 1898," by Louis de Rougemont.

THE UMBRELLA-MAKER AND THE BAROMETER.

A Fable.

There was once an umbrella-maker, who kept and ill-treated a harmless barometer. On one occasion, when not a drop of rain had fallen for many weeks, and the English people, beneath a cloudless sky, had almost forgotten how to use his wares, ruin stared him in the face and prompted him to still greater violence. Every morning he looked out upon the parched earth and the rainless heavens, and then, and at intervals during the day, he cursed, and struck, and shook the innocent instrument, as though its indications were the cause of the depression in his trade. But the gentle barometer bore it all without complaint, and steadfastly pointed to the truth.

"Miserable thing!" shouted the frenzied manufacturer, "you are worse even than the barometer of the Swiss hotels, which likewise always points to *Set-Fair*, for nobody ever troubles to look at it, as every one knows that it never points to anything else. You, however, with your priggish virtue, force even the inconstant English climate to support your ridiculous assertions.'

The wretched man became indifferent to everything; he cared not for the latest news from Africa; he only remarked that even in the Soudan it rained sometimes. His friends, in a vain effort to cheer him, had taken him to see pictures of grey skies and wet days in various exhibitions, but he had become only more depressed when he saw nothing but walking-sticks left in the entrance-halls. He mentioned mournfully that it had been cloudless at Henley, and that the Botanic Gardens had been watered on the occasion of a *fête*.

At last, however, the sunshine recorder at Westminster rested after the long period of overwork, the soft south wind sighed once more, and the umbrella-maker left off sighing altogether.

"Ha, ha!" he cried to the barometer, which moved slowly to *Fair*, to *Change*, "deceptive instrument, made to mislead mankind, confess that I have conquered! Your lies are at an end, your shameful pride will have a fall, you are going down. I told you so." And he swore yet again.

"Yes," answered the barometer—at least, so says the umbrella-maker, "I am going down. A barometer, like a camera or like George Washington, cannot tell a lie. What a fool you were not to turn your attention to parasols!"

In Æsop's time, when men, of more heroic mould, displayed a calm indifference to phenomenal remarks from dumb beasts and even from inanimate objects, these words would have caused no surprise. But at the end of the nineteenth century, such observations are obsolete and absurd. The plain wits of the umbrella-maker, already enfeebled by anxiety, gave way beneath the shock, and, when at last the gentle rain came down and umbrellas went up, he was trying to persuade the other inmates of the lunatic asylum that barometers can speak.

Moral.—Never swear, even at the weather or at scientific instruments, and never pursue any avocation that depends upon the English climate, whether it be cricket or the manufacture of umbrellas, unless you can hedge by combining the two.

CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE À LA MODE.

[Social Scientists of the advanced school teach us that Society and not the criminal is responsible for crime. In justice, therefore, it is Society and not the criminal who should suffer the punishment.]

Scene—*The Westminster Police-Court.* Time—*Any time in the distant future.*

Magistrate. Well, my good woman, what have you to complain of?

Good Woman (*who is adorned with a black eye*). Please, your Worship, my husband came home late last night intoxicated, and because I called him a drunken swine he gave me this.

[*Points to damaged eye.*

Mag. Disgraceful, perfectly disgraceful. Where do you live?

G. W. George Street, your Worship.

Mag (*to* Police Superintendent). Who was the constable on that beat last night?

Superintendent. A 121. He is in Court, your Worship.

Mag. Put him in the dock. (Police-constable A 121 *is put in the dock.*) What have you to say in answer to this?

A 121 (*in a frightened voice*). Nothing, your Worship. I know nothing about it.

Mag. (*with virtuous indignation*). But you ought to know about it. Society is responsible for the misdeeds of the criminal classes. Society is bound to reform those classes, or it is not doing its duty. You represent Society on his beat; you are responsible for this woman's black eye. You must be punished for it.



THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Mother. "Oh, Dicky, what terrible Things you do keep in your Pockets! Fancy, a Dead Crab!"

Dicky. "Well, Mother, it wasn't Dead when I put it there!"

A 121. I hope you will deal leniently with me, your Worship. I have a wife and children to support. (*Tearfully.*)

Mag. (*severely*). You will be bound over to keep the peace for six months. Call the next case.

Next Case.

Respectable Old Lady. I have to complain of the constant bad language which I hear in my street. I live in Great College Street.

Mag. (*indignantly*). Where's the Police-Court Missionary?

Superintendent. Here, your Worship.

[*The* Police-Court Missionary *enters the dock, trembling.*

Mag. Do you hear this lady's complaint?

P.-C. M. Yes, your Worship.

Mag. Society is responsible for the blasphemous language which is used in this district. You represent Society on the religious and moral side: you are, therefore, responsible for this language. You have committed an indictable offence. You will be fined twenty shillings or a month. Next case.

The next Case is a Slightly Battered Gentleman of forty.

S. B. G. I was crossing Smith's Square, yesterday morning, when a band of young roughs set upon me, your Worship. They knocked me down, stole my watch and chain, kicked me in the ribs, and knocked out four of my teeth.

Mag. An aggravated assault. Robbery with violence. This must be put a stop to. I shall not deal with this case here. I shall send it for trial to the Central Criminal Court.

* * * * * *

Scene—*The Central Criminal Court. Two months later. The Chief of Police in the Dock.*

The Judge (*summing up*). This is a most painful case. A serious assault, accompanied by murderous violence in broad daylight, takes place in Westminster. What is Society about? Such a state of things is dangerous and intolerable. If Society did its duty, there would be no criminal class to commit these crimes. The Chief of Police represents Society in serious offences of this kind. (*The* Chief of Police *quails beneath the glance of the learned judge as he glares at the occupant of the dock.*) I am not sure whether, in so disgraceful a case, it is not my duty to order a flogging. (*The* Chief of Police *trembles.*) Nothing else seems effectual to put a stop to these homicidal assaults. I will, however, give you one more chance. You will go to prison for twelve months.

[*The* Chief of Police *is removed to the cells weeping.*

A Bedfordshire Bull.—"Temporarily insane all his life." Such was the verdict of a coroner's jury, not an Irish one this time. "I know those men, they come from Bedfordshire."



MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME.

(*With Apologies to "Pierre Loti."*)

THE MARCHAND REPORT.

(*La Détonation de M. Marchand.*)

[Since the following verses were written, "certain evidence has come to light which causes us to publicly state that we do not vouch for the truth of this story, although portions of it are admittedly based upon real experiences." Still, as it has been written for the Organ of Truth, and paid for, we may as well let the public have it.—Sir GEORGE NEWNES' *little printed slip* (*adapted*).]

DEAR FOREIGN MINISTER,—I am
Enchanted by your telegram;
A fellah, on a noble prancer,
Is kindly waiting for the answer.

You will, no doubt, have roughly heard
That things have recently occurred;
To put it tersely into rhyme,
I've had a doosid awkward time.

First, in my efforts to arrive,
I only just remained alive;
The walking here is very warm,
Especially in uniform.

By day the Dervish on our rear
Would prod us with his beastly spear:
By night I lay awake in bed
With lizards humming round my head.

Enormous gnats, by way of chaff
Kept browsing on my turgid calf;
And alligators used to bite
Great chunks of our theodolite.

Twice I remarked a panther's cub
Wading across my morning tub;
And once a lion combed his mane
Just underneath my counterpane.

When these disputed my advance,
I floored them with the flag of France;
Or captured here and there a few
To figure in my tropic Zoo.

After miraculous escapes
From death in most unlikely shapes,
I entered, feeling very dry,
This putrid caravanserai.

Forth from my damaged dressing-bag
I fetched the lately-mentioned flag,
Unfurled it with a silent wink,
And called for something cool to drink.

Hélas! the Dervishes had come
And lifted all the local rum,
And would be soon returning, drunk,
To mutilate my headless trunk!

A trifle parched about the throat,
I now observed a foreign boat;
And though I hit it in the side
Unfortunately no-one died.

Just then the SIRDAR'S little plan
Came nicely off at Omdurman;
And if the SIRDAR hadn't won
I don't know *what* I should have done.

The barge in which I made a dent
Told him of my predicament,
And, fearing I should come a mucker,
He flew to my immediate succour.

He burst upon my horrid gloom
With "Major MARCHAND, I presume!"
"Sir KITCHENER!" I cried, and leapt
Into his arms and fairly wept!

Briefly, he asked me in to mess,
And you will very rightly guess
That, being hollow as a bell,
This suited me extremely well.

He talked, without the least defiance,
About the pioneers of Science,
And asked if I had ever seen
A party known as Truthful GREEN.

Egypt of old had known a lot,
And there on that Egyptian spot
He welcomed in the KHEDIVE'S name
A man of scientific aim.

If ever—this was by the way—
I cared to take a holiday,
Either in France or anywhere,
He 'd very gladly see me there.

Our conversation, for the rest,
Revolved around my medicine-chest;
And hoping I should find it handy
He sent me round a case of brandy.

And now Sir KITCHENER has gone!
I wish he could have lingered on:
He smiled in *such* a charming manner
On noticing my little banner!

We have, of course, the brandy neat,
But then there 's nothing here to eat:
And though, just now, we 're going strong,
The brandy cannot last for long.

Finding, in fact, my present site
Somewhat objectionably tight,
With your permission—*c'est à dire*,
French leave—I think I 'd better clear.

So, by the time this reaches you,
I and my doughty little crew
Propose to scuttle, if we may,
With British guides to show the way.

Picture us therefore in the act
Of bounding down a cataract,
Or all aboard the Cairo mail
Careering on the homeward trail.

EGYPTIAN DRINK FOR TOMMY ATKINS RETURNED FROM THE SOUDAN.—"Sirdar-and-B."



QUIT!—PRO QUO?

J. B. "GO AWAY! GO AWAY!!"
French Organ Grinder. "EH? WHAT YOU GIVE ME IF I GO?"
J. B. "I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING IF YOU DON'T!!"



ENGLISH DICTIONARY ILLUSTRATED. 2.

"Dissatisfy." To render Discontented, to Displease by frustrating wishes or expectations.

THE COMPLETE STORY WRITER.

V.

With the help of the valuable advice we have given him, the young author should now find no difficulty in writing stories which will be joyfully accepted by the leading magazines. Only one matter remains to be dealt with, namely, how to give these stories satisfactory conclusions. This is most important, because the effect of a tale depends so much upon its ending; indeed, the young author may be advised to write the last sentence first, and then to work backwards from it. The following examples are good, trustworthy conclusions of the most popular kind, which may be safely recommended for imitation.

1. *The Placid Ending.*—This is suitable for an old-fashioned love-story, and is much liked. It is usually preceded by a row of asterisks, and is written in the historic present:—

Two years have passed since that memorable day. They have left Marian unchanged, save for a grey hair shewing here and there amid her golden tresses. But to Jasper her beauty seems to increase as each month goes by, nor does his own handsome face bear any traces of that terrible night when, after three hundred pages of weary waiting, he met and finally overthrew the wicked villain. The past is dead, the present smiles upon them, and they await the future bravely, for they face it hand-in-hand.

2. *The Melodramatic Ending.*—Quite a contrast to the first example, but decidedly effective, and, if the story is to be illustrated, it gives the artist a better chance:—

"Your decision is fixed?" asked Margaret, quietly.

"Absolutely," said the other, a cruel smile playing about his lips. "Sir Richard is a base and unprincipled profligate. Therefore, as your wicked stepfather, tradition compels me to resolve that you shall marry him. Nothing that you can say will move me now."

"I have still one argument left," said the girl.

"You had better produce it quickly, then. We're on the last page, and there's only room for a few words more. What is your argument?"

"*This!*" cried Margaret, and snatching a richly-jewelled dagger from the table, she plunged it into her heart!

3. *The Historical Ending.*—This is the only way of finishing off a "romance." Its special merit, it will be perceived, is that it leaves an opening for a sequel, if your editor and the public will stand it:—

Thus, on the 13th day of May, in the year 1751, did I, John Gudgeon, bring my wanderings to a close. Of what befell Reuben and his wife beyond the seas, I must not here speak, having a shrewd eye for business, and the contract number of thousand words being fulfilled. But this much have I set down plainly, being a simple yeoman, with but little skill in penmanship. So, then, I kindle my pipe, with a flask of right Rhenish at my elbow for promoting greater thankfulness, and bid my reader farewell.

4. *The Indefinite Ending.*—Very popular at present, and perhaps the easiest of all to construct. Moreover, it will serve just as well for the beginning of a story as for its close. To the Philistine reader it may seem a trifle unsatisfactory, but he must console himself by remembering that it is truly "artistic":—

"You think he will consent?" the girl asked.

He sighed wearily. "I cannot tell. How strange it seems that we should sit here so calmly, when within a few minutes the words will be spoken that will decide the fate of our lives!"

"It is indeed strange!" she said, simply.

The moments passed in silence. The girl looked out of window, watching without interest the stream of traffic in the street below. The man nervously smoothed his hat. Then the clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, and he started to his feet.

"The hour has come," he murmured, and walking across the passage, tapped gently at the study-door.

"Come in!" said a voice.

THE END.

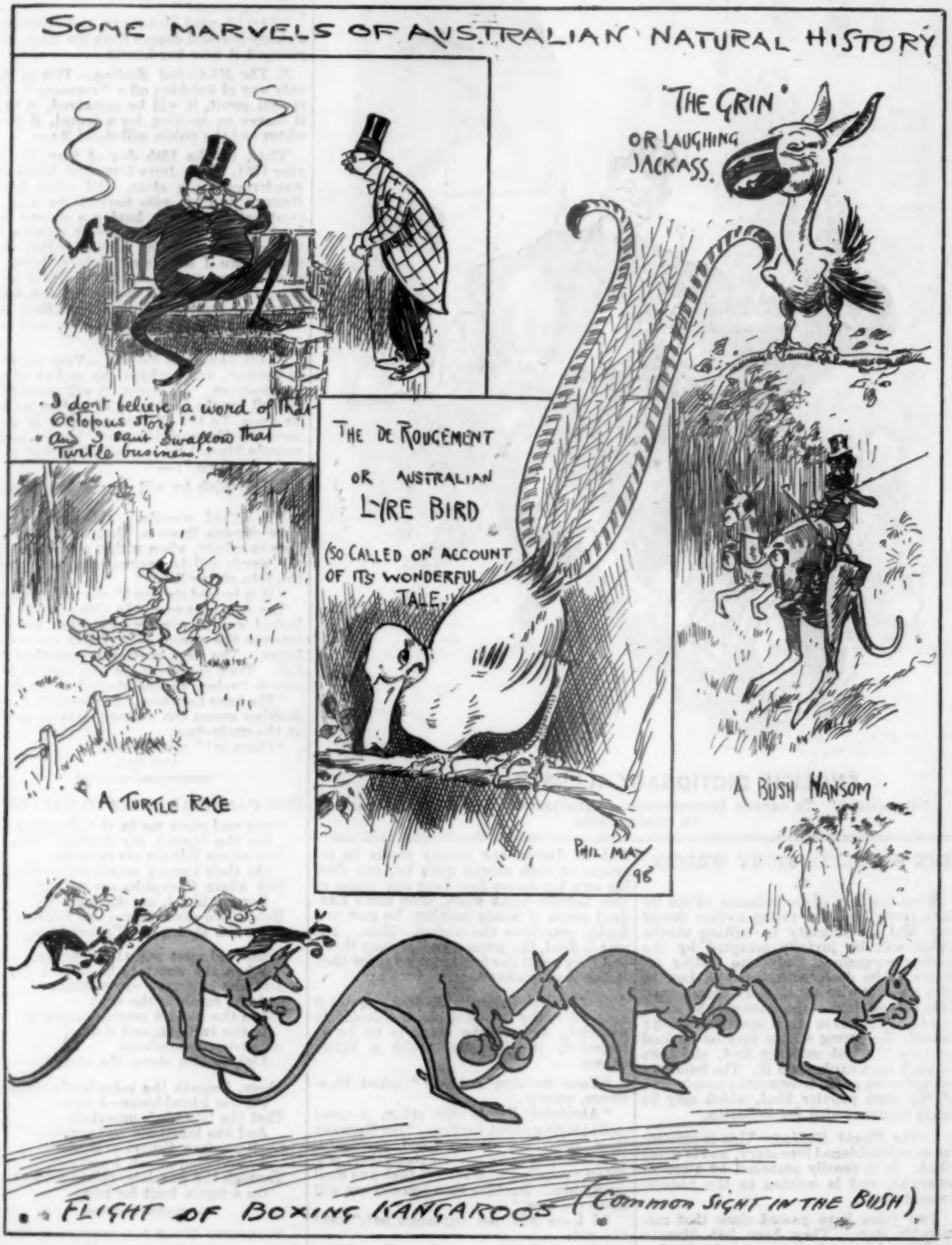
THE CANNIBAL CHIEF TO HIS LOVE.

Come and meet me in the gloaming
On the Strand, my darling—Nay,
Not where Editors are roaming
On their hungry search for prey;
Not where *Chronicles* are calling
For my blood, my darling—No,
But where silver waves are falling
On the shores of *Weissnichtwo*.

Come and meet me, O my dusky,
When the wombats homeward fly,
And the kangaroo grows husky
As he carols in the sky;
When the playful ostrich mocks us
In the twilight, and the or-
-nithorhyncoparadoxus
Lightly flits along the shore.

There, beneath the palm-tree's curtain,
On our island-home—I own
That the latitude's uncertain
And the longitude unknown—
Shall our love disport at random
As we swim, sweet, I and you,
Through the wavelets, riding tandem
On a turtle built for two.

Suggested Wood for supplying Biting Critics with Congenial Holders.—The asp-pen.


SOME MARVELS OF AUSTRALIAN NATURAL HISTORY
"I dont believe a word of that Octopus story!"
"And I cant swallow that Turtle business."
"THE GRIN"
OR LAUGHING JACKASS.
THE DE ROUGEMENT
OR AUSTRALIAN
LYRE BIRD
(SO CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF ITS WONDERFUL TALE.)
A TURTLE RACE
A BUSH HANSOM
PHIL MAY 98
FLIGHT OF BOXING KANGAROOS (COMMON SIGHT IN THE BUSH)



AN EXPERT.

'Arry (having accomplished (?) the trot). "TALK ABOUT RIDIN' ON 'ORSEBACK TAKIN' A LOT O' LEARNIN'—RIDICLUS. WHY, I DID IT IN LESS NOR A WEEK WHEN I WERE 'AVIN' MY 'OLYDAY AT SCARBOROUGH!"

THE RETURN.

(Arranged for the Stage by a Distinguished Foreign Dramatist.)

SCENE—*A house in disorder. The family sadly enter and sit upon their boxes in the hall.*

Father. We expected to be welcomed on our arrival. Did not the telegram reach?

Scullery Maid. No, it did not come.

Mother. Where are the servants?

S. M. They are away for the day. They are enjoying themselves. Yes, the servants are away.

F. They often enjoy themselves. It is very inconvenient. Still, they do so.

M. Is there nothing in the house?

S. M. Yes; the cat is in the house.

Daughter. Is our room ready?

S. M. It is not quite ready. It will be readier when the bed is made, and the carpet is "spread."

D. But the curtains are in their places?

S. M. No; and the chairs are on the wash-hand stand and the toilette-table.

M. And the great front bedroom, is that ready?

S. M. No; it is not quite ready. You ordered that it should be whitewashed.

F. Yes; I ordered it should be whitewashed, and that workmen should come here a month ago. Did they not come here a month ago?

S. M. No; they did not. The workmen came yesterday.

F. This is very inconvenient.

S. M. Yes; I said it was inconvenient. They came yesterday. To-day they have not come. They will come to-morrow. They have promised to come to-morrow.

M. But what is there in the larder?

S. M. There is nothing in the larder. There is really nothing in the larder.

M. Not even cold mutton.

S. M. No, nothing. Not even cold mutton. No, nothing at all.

D. This is very sad. We are hungry. We are very hungry. It is very sad.

S. M. Yes; it is very sad if you are so hungry. I am not hungry because I had some meat yesterday. We all had some meat yesterday. But then we are satisfied. It is on account of our board wages. We save our board wages.

F. Something had better be sent for. Here is money.

S. M. This is very sad. I can buy nothing with this money. It is foreign money. This is very sad.

F. I am sorry for you all. I am very sorry for you all. I think I shall go to the club. Yes, I am sure I shall go to the club.

[*Curtain.*

THE LAST SHIFT.

["An American doctor has raised a cry of warning against the common idea that it is only by internal application that the malevolent microbe propagates disease. Merely to touch it with the hand . . . . is, it seems, to risk the direst consequences."—*World.*]

MICROBE whom I long
Study to avoid,
By your power for wrong
Constantly annoyed;
Everywhere about
Your dread form I trace,
But to find you breaking out
In another place.

Food and drink you make
One and all taboo,
Dainties for your sake
Sighing I eschew;
Long I starved and pined,
Growing gaunt and pale,
Only now, alas! to find
All of no avail.

For by simple touch
If I chance to meet you,
You can hurt as much
As if one should eat you;
When we pull a bell,
When we knock a door,
Microbe, you are there as well,
Thirsting for our gore.

Ah! then, microbe, since
All you permeate,
Why repine or wince
At unerring fate?
Since 'tis useless pain
For mercy to implore you,
Only one device remains,
Microbe, I ignore you.

SPORTIANA.—A young sportswoman in the Highlands is reported to have shot "six fine stags through the heart." Must have been "young bucks." Of course, she used Cupid's bullets on her murderous career amid the harts.

THE LAND OF NOD.—An auction-room, which must be a rather savage kind of place, as so many persons present "have 'noddings' on."

LI HUNG CHANG'S AVERSION.—JOHN BULL in the China shop.



Noble Sportsman. "PEPPERED YOU IN THE HEAD, DID I? THEN, WHY THE BLAZES DIDN'T YOU POWER, SIR?"

THE 37TH FIELD BATTERY R. A. AT OMDURMAN.

(*By a Friendly.*)

ALL honour to the Lancers, I mean the Twenty-oneth,
Who slipped into the Dervishes and kiboshed them last month!
All honour to the Infantry who held the foe at bay!
But don't forget the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

The Gunners ain't the sort of coves to bluster or to brag
Of doing of their duty beneath the Red Cross rag,
But when they are a-doing it they stick to work and stay,
So don't forget the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

I saw the Woolwich Infants serve out their fearful hail
When the great white sea of horsemen swept like waves before a gale;
And the Infants didn't quiver—why, they might have been at play
At Omdurman, the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

It 's perhaps the fancy titles such as "Death or Glory Boys,"
Or "Diehards," or "Come, cut, cut agains" that make the biggest noise,
But a simple-numbered Battery may win a stubborn fray,
And that 's what they did, the Thirty-Seventh Battery R. A.!

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

Magistrate (*to* Casual). I understand that you distinctly refused to do the work given you by the Master of the Workhouse.

Casual. Quite true, yer Worship.

Magistrate. What was your reason?

Casual. Well, yer Worship, it was for conscience sake. In the fust place, I 've got a conscientious hobjection to work; in the second, I 've got a conscientious hobjection to the Master, and in the third, I 've got a cohscientious hobjection to you. And if my conscientious hobjections ain't better than those of a bloomin' hanti-waccinator, why, s'welp me! never ask me to take my dyin' hoath agin. [*The magistrate did not.*

CURIOUS CONTRADICTION.—A loafer is generally in want of bread.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"CAN'T do it," said the Buck. "Do try!" said the Ape. "*I* 've done it," said Mugger. "By 'mugging' over it," the Buck said, viciously. "KIPLING mocks his readers with new riddles." "Nay, but they are in his old form," said the Ape, laughing. The Yahoo Sahib, in a cheque-bank-of-the-Ganges suit, and an Earl's Court Exhibition turban, waved a book at him, and cried, "They are dam bore these Indian KIPLING stories" . . . . Then the Baron awoke. He had dropped off to sleep during a gallantly-sustained effort at reading RUDYARD KIPLING'S *The Day's Work* (MACMILLAN & Co.), and most naturally, after getting through as much of *The Day's Work* as possible, the Baron had yielded himself a captive to Sleep, Gentle Sleep! Quoth the Baron to himself, "I 've tried five stories out of thirteen. The remainder will perhaps be the better for keeping until I have much leisure and am in a Kiplingish humour. Till then—to your place on my book-shelf, O KIPLING, blithe and merry! *Et bon soir la compagnie!* THE BARON DE B.-W.

TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

["The Great Sea-Serpent has been seen off the Scottish Coast." *Daily Telegraph.*]

AT last, my dear old friend, at last,
The silly season 's nearly past,
When correspondents air their views
In columns which were meant for news,
We heard about a whale or two,
But not a single word of you.

The gooseberry of monstrous size,
Which somehow fails to win a prize,
Because it chooses to appear
At the wrong season of the year,
Came not this Autumn, we could do
Without it, but we longed for you.

Each day the papers we would scan
In vain, until a Fisherman,
Awakened from his nightly nap,
Was having just "a *puir wee drap*,"
When lo! a monster came in view,
Which, needless to remark, was you.

The joyful news then quickly spread,
And in the papers soon we read
Descriptions of your shape and length,
With suppositions on your strength—
The boat you might have bitten thro',
But did not—that was so like you.

REASONS À LA MODE DE FRANCE.

BECAUSE the army is the pride of the nation, and revision a word unknown to soldiers.

Because innocence is impossible when guilt has not been proved.

Because forgery is a proof of patriotism, and the centre of civilisation must not be disturbed.

Because he is there, and those who rest must, according to the national programme, ever remain.

Because it is pardonable for Justice to make mistakes, and mistakes are not crimes, but merely oversights.

Because there can be one cry which must overwhelm all other shouts, "Long live France!"

Because, for the sake of the national defence, black may be justly assumed to be white, and white for the same cause black.

Because all colours and all reasons are the same when the tricolour is unfurled, and the luminous city is flooded with light.

More Correct.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The members of the Municipality of Paris have unanimously resolved to bestow the name of Fashoda on a street. Surely, in all common sense, the title should have been given to an *impasse!* Suggesting that Major MARCHAND would be an enormous attraction at the Exhibition of 1900, I am,

Yours faithfully, CORNELIUS P. LIGGINTON (U. S.).

Hôtel Belle Alliance, Paris.

At the New Thames Yacht Club.

Anthony. Wonderful thing that cruise of NOAH'S.

Jack. Can't make out how the provisions lasted.

Anthony. Why, of course, there was always a Ham on board.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENCE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

FOR

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

CONSTIPATION, Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.

London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY

TRY THE FAMOUS

UAM-VAR

SCOTCH WHISKY

And you will not be disappointed.

INNES & GRIEVE, Ltd., EDINBURGH & LONDON.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

Really wholesome Confectionery. *Lancet*

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET

PRICE 2/6.

ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX

PRICE 1/-



EVERY HOME

is beautified by

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES

AFTER CELEBRATED PICTURES.

Illustrated Catalogue 1/-



BELL'S PHOTOCO., 123, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

PHOTOGRAPHY SIMPLIFIED.

A Small Camera and Handsome Pictures.

FOLDING POCKET KODAK

Size of Picture, 3¼ × 2½ Inches.

Price £2 2s.

For Cyclists, Ladies, and all Holiday Makers

NO DARK ROOM REQUIRED.

LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

Handsome Enlargements can be made from Folding Pocket Kodak Negatives. The pictures taken with this Camera are so sharp and clear that they can be increased to 100 times their original size.

Kodaks to suit all requirements, from £1 1s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co. Ld.

43 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115-117 Oxford St.; 171-173 Regent St., W.

There is no Kodak but the EASTMAN KODAK.

SLEEP & REST

For Skin-Tortured

BABIES

And Tired

MOTHERS

In One Application of



Cuticura

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, and a single anointing with Cuticura, purest of emollient skin cures, mean instant and grateful relief in the most distressing of burning, scaly rashes, irritations and eczemas, mean comfort and rest for parent as well as child, are pure, sweet, safe, speedy, and economical.

Sold everywhere. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.

No. 931, as illustration, £2 12s. 0d.

Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.

Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel,

EXCORE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers, T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.

Ask for "Excore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

THE MOST PERFECT Briar Pipes ARE THOSE MADE IN LONDON AND BRANDED

B BB

OWN MAKE

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the

PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER

has been introduced

"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,

147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West End Show Rooms: 208, Victoria Street, S.W.

"No Better Food Exists."

—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—Lancet.

Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX & ILLNESS

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

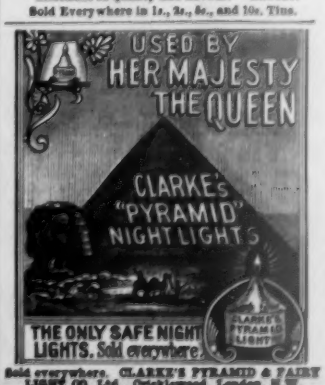
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP IN THE MEDICAL JOURNAL

MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES — LANCET

IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL FACULTY



Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

FOR SENSITIVE SKINS. 4D.



4D. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FOR THE NURSERY. 4D.

4D. CREAMY. BLAND. EMOLLIENT.



MILD IN RED Packets and Tins.

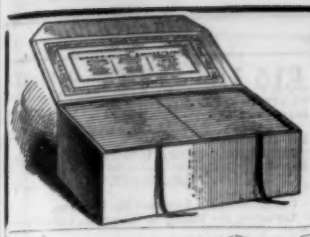
See that you get

PLAYER'S

MEDIUM IN BLUE Packets and Tins.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 3, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published [illegible] at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, October 22, 1898.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS IN SEPARATE VOLUMES. EACH WITH A GLOSSARY.



The Handy-Volume Shakspeare

Will be issued Next Week, in 39 little Volumes, bound in limp cloth, with the edges coloured, enclosed in an attractive Cloth Case. Each Volume containing a single Play and a Glossary of Words and Phrases. The Case measures only 10 inches in width and 5 inches in depth. Price 25/-. [BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LTD., 8, 9, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH

Nº. 2990.

VOLUME CXV.

OCTOBER 29, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

The CYCLING SENSATION of 1899 will be the improved patterns of

First in 1888, Foremost ever since.

DUNLOP TYRES

Upon receipt of a post-card we will register your address, and forward our illustrated descriptive booklet immediately upon its completion.

The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., Alma Street, Coventry.

A TALE OF THE CONSULATE.

THE
ADVENTURES OF A COLDSMITH.

By M. H. BOURCHIER, Author of "The C Major of Life." Crown 8vo, 6s. SECOND EDITION.

"The story is good reading, and the dialogues are invariably bright and witty."—ATHENÆUM.

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, Vigo Street, W.

New Novel by EDNA LYALL.

HOPE, THE HERMIT:

A ROMANCE OF BORROWDALE.

By EDNA LYALL. Crown 8vo, 6s.

New Novel by MRS. WALFORD.

THE INTRUDERS.

By L. B. WALFORD,
Author of "Mr. Smith," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.
London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.

No. 931, as illustration,

£2 12s. 0d.

Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.

Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World.

DON'T RUN AWAY

with the idea that Photography must any longer be a difficult, messy pursuit. With the daylight loading Cartridge System

KODAKS

anyone can learn in a few minutes to take home portraits and excellent pictures of holiday scenes, street views, interiors, flowers, bric-a-brac, &c., by merely learning to point the camera, touch a button, and wind a key.

NO DARK ROOM IS REQUIRED.

The films are inserted in and removed from the Kodak in daylight. No staining of fingers or waste of time. The rolls of exposed film can be posted to any dealer, or to the Company, for developing and printing.

KODAKS from £1 1s.

Illustrated Price Lists free.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,
43 Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.
Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115-117 Oxford St.; 171-173 Regent St., W.

There is no Kodak but the EASTMAN KODAK.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.



Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street. Lambeth, S.E.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Regd.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

"Really wholesome Confectionery."—*Lancet*

HOWARD
BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.



Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 21s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET
"Shaver's Kit and Outfit," *Post Free.*
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's
"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 205, Victoria Street, S.W.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 5th.

4TH CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.

EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, Haifa, for Nazareth, &c.

On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,334; h.p. 4,000.

Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.

The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.

Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise

by their Steamship

"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,

To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA. Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."

Fares from 75 Guineas.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PLEASURE CRUISES, "MIDNIGHT SUN."

S.Y. of 3,178 tons, 3,500 horse-power. No upper berths.

Thirty Days' Cruises, Twenty-five Guineas.

From Marseilles November 17th and December 15th, 1898. Visiting EGYPT, PALESTINE, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, PALERMO, MALTA, &c. Special arrangements for Shore Excursions. Illustrated Programme free from THOS. COOK & SON, Sole Passenger Agents, Ludgate Circus, London, or to Albion S.S. Co. Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

AUTUMN TOURS TO SWITZERLAND.

Ten Days, Eight Guineas.

Seventeen Days, Ten Guineas.

Visiting GENEVA, LAUSANNE, MONTREUX, PARIS, &c.

Leaving London every Wednesday.

THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d. per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

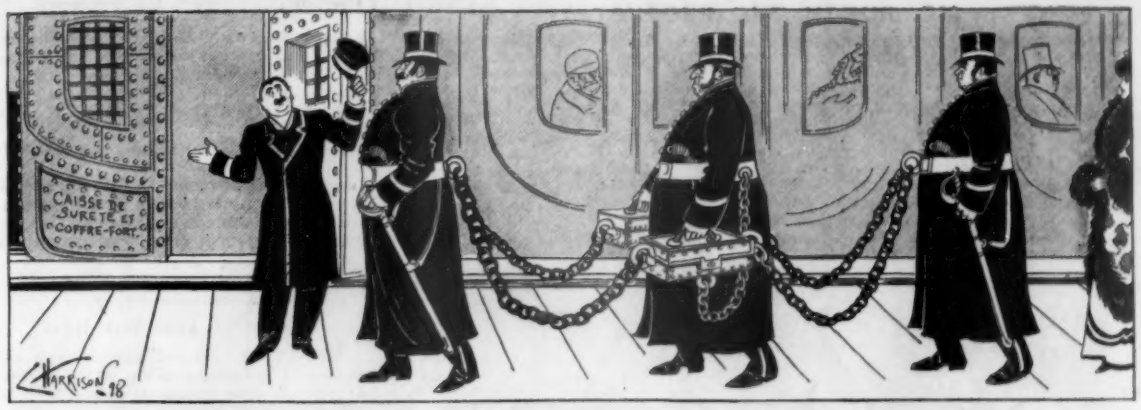
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE SAFETY TRANSIT OF JEWELS BETWEEN THE CONTINENT AND ENGLAND.

[A Little Expensive, perhaps—but Cheaper in the Long Run.

HOW TO "RUN" EGYPT.

Proposal for a syndicate to purchase the whole country and transfer it to

A Public Company.

An adventurous commercial correspondent sends us the following ideas on how to "run" the land of the Pharaohs on paying terms. Even the Desert is to be exploited. He says there is lots of grit in it—and we agree with him in this. Lack of enterprise can certainly not be attributed to this gentleman. In fact, with luck, we confidently look forward to his taking a front place (in the dock), and ultimately obtaining a Government appointment for at least seven years. Sooner or later we feel sure he will accomplish this feat. These are the leading features in his scheme:—

1. That a company be forthwith formed of which *Mr. Punch* shall be Chairman.*

2. That a large and commodious hotel, a music-hall, a railway station, and an open Stock Exchange be at once established at Omdurman.

3. That a co-operative store be started on the banks of the Nile and close to Omdurman.

4. A small piece of the Mahdi's tomb will be given away with every pound of the company's one-and-tenpenny tea. A large prophet—profit, I mean—will probably be realised from this source.

5. Permission to fish for crocodiles will be granted on strictly moderate terms, and Dervish live-bait provided free of charge.

6. Wednesday in each week will be fixed as the Early Closing Day. On these occasions cheap trips up the Nile will be run, all boats calling at Fashoda.

7. Special advantages will be offered to shareholders on these occasions, such as permission to lunch in the Khalifa's library, and to use the late potentate's brush and comb.

8. The Alligator-riding department will be under the experienced personal direction of Monsieur Louis de Widewold, who will be prepared to give lessons in the noble art at three-and-sixpence an hour, including use of quiet alligator.

9. Subscribers for shares to the amount of £10 and upwards will be allowed the privilege of poking the tame Dervishes up with a stick, between the hours of 10 and 4 each day (Saturdays 10 till 2).

10. A French *café* has already been established at Fashoda: this the English company will take over without delay. The present manager, Monsieur Marchand, is leaving.

11. The Khalifa may join the Board after allotment. It is impossible to speak with any certainty of this, however, as he is at present on a flying expedition, and left Omdurman in too great a hurry to do anything but kindle the fire in a Kitchener.

* *Mr. Punch* promptly declines, and warns the writer that he is now treading on Hooley ground.

A GOOD MANY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

(*An End-of-the-Century Sequel to the "Three Musketeers," by the shade of* Alexandre Dumas, *Père.*)

"But there are eight of us," said one of the D'Artagnans, putting his hand to his brow and looking perplexed. "Four too many."

"And yet I am also Buckingham," replied his double.

"You say 'Buckingham'?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"When I am playing at Her Majesty's."

Then the two Porthos (in the plural), and the two Aramis (in the plural), and the two Athos (in the plural) regarded one another.

"We tarive at the Haymarket."

"And we at the Globe."

And then they embraced.

"My friends, my dear friends," said the first D'Artagnan, "this is not right. You should not fraternise. I must get an injunction."

"Why an injunction?"

"Because it is necessary."

"Yes."

"No."

Then "Miladi" interposed, and said that she was not bound to either band. She would do what she pleased in the future.

"But are we not musketeers? Are we not three musketeers doubled?"

They all cried "Yes" together.

"Well, then, to remain brothers we must separate. There is not room for all of us in London. It is a sad thing for London."

"Yes," they cried again, altogether; "a very sad thing."

"But it must be done to preserve the peace."

"You mean the piece."

"Yes, the piece."

Then they embraced once more, and, leaving the Metropolis behind them, they sought adventure (in different directions) in the Provinces.

HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



"Cane sugar and beet firm."

Swimming Champions at Westminster.—The Diva of the Divers seems, judging by a picture in the *Daily Graphic*, to have been "Miss Finney"—clearly a most appropriate name for a swimming and diving mermaiden.

Mrs. Tripper (*examining official notice on the walls of Boulogne*). What's that mean, Tripper, "Pas de Calais"?

Tripper (*who is proud of his superior acquaintance with a foreign language*). It means—"Nothing to do with Calais," my dear. These rival ports are dreadfully jealous of one another!

Epitaph on a Champion Billiard Player.—"Taken his long rest."

MR. PUNCH THE PROPHET.

*** *This Cartoon and the Lines following appeared in the Number dated April* 13, 1895.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF; OR, THE MODERN ORACLE OF AMMON.

"The people (the Libyans) deeming themselves not Egyptians, and being discontented with the institutions, sent to the Oracle of Ammon, saying that they had no relation to the Egyptians. The god, however, said, 'that all the country which the Nile irrigated was Egypt.'"
Herodotus, II., 15. B.C. 452.

"I stated that, in consequence of these claims of ours and the claims of Egypt in the Nile Valley, the British sphere of influence covered the whole of the Nile waterway."—*Sir E. Grey in House of Commons*, A.D. 1895.

John Bull. "You see, Nilus, the Father of History and I are of the same way of thinking. So you 're all right, my Boy, while I 'm here!"

* * * * *

Nilus. But these Exploring Expeditions?
Mr. Bull. Bogey!
Young Grey should reassure you, my old fogey.
His words don't speak scuttle or shilly-shally,
"My 'sphere of influence' covers the Nile Valley."
Isn't that plain enough? God Ammon's nod
Was hardly more decisive. It is odd
How very like the Oracle's straight tip
Was to Sir Edward's. A stiff upper lip
Saves lots of talk. "Explorers" will prove skittish,
But the whole Nile 's Egyptian (and thus British).
Just as Herodotus tells us Ammon said.
Sir Edward, my dear Nile, has an old head
Upon young shoulders; courteous as a Granville,
He comes down like a hammer on an anvil—
Or Ammon on the Libyans—when 'tis needful.
Of rumoured expeditions he is heedful
But not afraid. Effective occupation?
Why, that 's a ticklish point—for many a nation.
But why define it? Edward has a shorter way;
He claims for me the whole of your long waterway,
And plainly says intrusion would be viewed
As—well, "unfriendly." Should the Frank intrude——
Nilus. Ah! by the way, friend John, whose head is yonder
Protruding through the reeds?
Mr. Bull (*loudly*). Humph! let him ponder
What he, perchance, has overheard. No mystery!
I simply hold with the great Sire of History.
The *Times* and old Herodotus quite agree.
And both speak for the Oracle—J. B.,
Or Jupiter Ammon. The *Débats* may differ
(At the French Press, at best, *I* am no sniffer),
But don't you be alarmed by spleenful splutter,
Or what mere bouncing boulevardiers utter.
From all intruders you 'll be safe, if you
But trust to the Old Oracle—and the New!
Far cry, old boy, from Pharaoh to the Guelph.
Funny how History *does* repeat itself!

READING FOR THE RED.

Mr. Punch, Sir,—No doubt you have noticed a complaint made in the columns of one of your contemporaries that Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts into the mouth of the British soldier language to which he is entirely unaccustomed. The writer of the letter declares that all our red-coats are men of taste and culture. And, Sir, he is right. We are. If Sir Arthur Sullivan's clever opera *H.M.S. Pinafore* (I purposely ignore the name of the librettist) were revived, I believe it would attract but few members of the United Service. We warriors could not bear to hear the slightest reference to the "big, big D," even when the "D" is spoken of in terms of distinct disapproval.

However, as there is certainly a good deal of talent in some of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's compositions, I venture upon a suggestion which I feel sure he will be quite ready to adopt. Let there be an edition intended for our defenders only. In this volume, "When the band begins to play" might be rendered as "At the moment of the orchestra commencing the overture," and any colloquial reference to Our Gracious Sovereign might be altered to "Her Majesty the Queen-Empress resident in her Berkshire Castle." If this were done, I am sure there would be no more complaints.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,
Thomas d'Atkins
(Private in Mufti).

Swagger Square, Leave-on-Furlough.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

["It is as great spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done."—*Ben Jonson's "Discoveries."*]

Daphne, when, ah! many a time
With my Muse I fondly cope,
Welding into painful rhyme
Metaphor and flowery trope,
Though the critic scowl and slate me,
You at least appreciate me.

Slight when some my numbers dub
(Others vote them harsh and crabbed),
I can bear with sneer and snub,
Feeble praise and censure rabid,
Honey from the bramble gleaning,
You find everywhere a meaning.

Yes, though when your artless skill
Fathoms thus my verse I wonder,
Read it, Daphne, as you will,
Fain I 'll leave you to your blunder,
Since the truth you might resent—
'Twas for Chloe it was meant.

The Barred of Avon.—Those without permission to fish in the most charming of Hampshire streams.



AFTER THE FIRE.

Rustic (to burnt-out Farmer). "We r-r-rescued the b-b-beer, Zur!"

DARBY JONES RESENTS AN ASPERSION ON NEWMARKET AND SPEAKS OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Honoured Sir,—Yesterday I visited the Princely Mansion of one whom I may call an Aristocrat of the Ring, a Turf Titan, who, by an Astute System of Wagering such as might excite the envy of Mr. Terah Hooley and other speculators in India-rubber Fixings and Medical Nicknacks, has acquired a Fortune which would make many a Teutonic Potentate an Affluent Ruler in the Fatherland. In his recently-erected Suburban Palace my Esteemed Friend has naturally established that First Requisite of an English Gentleman, to wit, a well-stocked Library, rendering any visit to the neighbouring Free Establishment wholly superfluous. Among other many hundreds of Richly-bound Thesauri, there are of course to be found those Magnificent and Weighty Tomes known as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, without which no Domestic Circle can be educationally happy, and which, thanks to the lordly enterprise of Printing House Square, is now placed within reach of both Patrician and Plebeian. My Friend, who has but little leisure for studying Prose or Poetry, his spare moments being generally devoted to the refreshing relaxation of Pool, Skittles, Poker and Solo Whist, and being moreover not what is called a Man of Letters, requested me to consult the *Magnum opus* in question with regard to its opinion of Newmarket. I could scarce believe my eyes, nor he his ears, when I read:—

"Newmarket *has a somewhat peculiar reputation*, and is called the metropolis of the Turf. The race-course is four miles in length of elastic turf; some hundred horses may be seen exercising on the Downs. There are seven race-meetings in the year. This and the neighbouring town of Royston, on the borders of Hertfordshire, have often been frequented by royalty. Many houses are inhabited by patrons of the Turf. Our literature abounds with references to Newmarket, *which, truth to say, are of an unflattering description.*"

The italics are mine own. "A somewhat peculiar reputation"! "References of an unflattering description"! What does this Britannic Encyclopædiast mean? According to his own showing, Royalty and Patrons of the Turf visit and reside in this Strictly-correct Town, which I have never seen alluded to by *Literati* save in the terms of the Highest Eulogy, the charges made by the Jockey Club always excepted. Why, then, this thusness? as the Comedian says in the Play. Captain Kriterion suggests that the B. E. had had a difference with the Stewards of the Turf Parliament, but you will notice, honoured Sir, that the Mysterious and Damnatory Lines aforesaid are not in any way directly connected with Equine Contests. The Riddle seemed as Dark as the Prehistoric Ages, when happily I came into contact, at Sandown Park, where I went after all, with your Amiable and Talented Friend Sir Fraiser Punnett, and to him I explained the Dilemma of my Understanding. He laughed heartily, and then said:

"These Great Books of Reference are compiled by Scholars of the most profound Learning, who live in a World all their own. No doubt the Writer of the Article in question turned up 'Newmarket' at the British Museum. What did he find? Something of this kind: 'Newmarket Heath notorious for the exploits of Highwaymen, especially of Claude Duval,' and so on. That would be quite enough for him. Hence the 'peculiar reputation,' and the 'unflattering description.' He still believes that Claude Duval & Co. ride about saying, 'Stand and deliver.' Perhaps they do, but we don't call them Highwaymen nowadays, eh, Mr. Jones?"

And with this he disappeared into the Members' Enclosure. Greatly relieved, I venture to string together some appreciations of the Cambridgeshire:—

Bold *Ardent* I will not advise,
Nor *Scotia's Chevalier* claim,
But the *Pretty Recluse* I shall prize
When finishing *Benedict's* game.
Shell-not-wet the *Look out* should not fear,
But beware of the *Man of the Sea*;
When *Please to Remember* is near,
Look out for the *Fowl going free.*
But my choices are first the *Sky Saint*,
With *The Place in which beasts are confined*,
While *Artisan's* fresh as new paint,
Then *Unrivalled* is not far behind.

With all diffidence, I am, honoured Sir, your devoted Henchman and Heeler,

Darby Jones.

Prickly Fruit for American Consumption.—The Philip-pines.



First "Growler." "Ulloah, William, where are yer takin' that little lot?"
Second "Growler." "Hararat! Don't yer see I'm navigatin' the Hark?"

THE EMPEROR'S JOURNAL.

["One curious episode in connection with the Emperor's reforms was his attempt to establish in Shanghai a journal which should explain and support his policy."—*The Times.*]

Shanghai, Monday.—Reform is the order of the day. Candidates for the Premiership are no longer examined in penmanship. Yes, I have done much, but much remains to do. We must be thoroughly western, and up-to-date. We must—— What next? Happy thought! I'll govern by journalism. I'll buy a newspaper and "inspire" the articles.

Tuesday.—Have bought *The Shanghai Chopsticks.* Proprietor at first refused to sell, but when I ordered the boiling oil he became more reasonable. Editor reports that circulation is not what it ought to be. Must see to this. Happy thought! Will publish proclamation, "Any person found not in possession of *The Shanghai Chopsticks* (current number) will be suicided."

Wednesday.—Editor reports extraordinary increase in circulation. Office was besieged for several hours this morning, demand being greatly in excess of supply. Now for business. Don't half like the way Russia is going on at Port Arthur. Must take her down a peg or two. Shall make speech to-night and have it reported.

Thursday.—Russian Ambassador round in a fury. Wants to know what I mean by speech. Endeavour to pacify him, but he storms madly, and threatens to make me "a sphere of influence." Begin to explain that this is exactly what I am trying to make myself, but Russians have no sense of humour, and my remark, intended to be facetious, only riles him. Set to work to conciliate him. After he has blown off steam a little, he talks more sensibly, and explains that Britain has become so cock-a-hoop over my speech, there is no standing it. I sympathise; I say I know what Britain can be. "Then," says he, "I insist upon your snubbing her." I reflect. I don't quite see how—— Happy thought! Yes, of course, I was mis-reported. "All right!" I exclaim. "I'll snub Britain. I'll kill reporter."

Friday.—This morning *The Shanghai Chopsticks* contained the following paragraph: "The Emperor regrets that the report of his speech contained in our issue of yesterday's date is entirely erroneous. The reporter has been beheaded." There! I thought, that will set everything right. But I was mistaken. Just as I was lunching (capital puppy-pie), who should appear but the British Ambassador. If Russia was angry yesterday, what was Britain to-day? What did I mean by killing the reporter? Did I take the British Lion for a Tame Tom Cat, that would meekly put this insult in its pipe and smoke it? I assured the British Ambassador that I was under no such delusion; that so far from wishing to offend Great Britain—— For a long time he refused to listen, but when his wrath had somewhat subsided, he explained that Russia had become intolerably conceited after the snub I had given to Britain. I sympathised; I said I knew what Russia could be; in fact we quite warmed to each other discussing the foibles of our common foe. "Of course," he said, as he rose to go, "you will give a countervailing snub to Russia." "Of course," I answered, "I'll kill another reporter." "Reporter be ——," he exclaimed; "you must make it an editor." I hesitated. "What! You wont?" he cried. "I'll bring the British fleet to Shanghai, and Lord Charles ——, he's at Pekin already." I hesitated no longer. "Very well," I cried. "I'll crush Russia. I'll kill the editor."

Saturday.—Have walls ears? How else was my project known? That editor, who owed me everything—why, his circulation had gone up by leaps and bounds beyond all precedent—what did he do? Oh! base ingratitude! Instead of cheerfully leaping into the boiling oil, he sent a wire to Auntie, and Auntie came in a towering rage, and declared she had had enough of my reforms and newspapers and western nonsense; and she pulled me off the throne, shut me up in a dark cupboard, and threatens me with suicide. Alas for the fate of those that are born before their time! China is not yet ripe for that great institution, government by journalism. I fear she is fitter for Auntie.

Query for Postal Authorities.—Are dead letters at the Dead Letter Office subject to a Post-mortem examination? If this rule ever existed, has it itself become a Dead Letter?

DIARY OF A WOULD-BE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

[*À propos* of the withdrawal of Mr. Gwellym Evans, formerly Liberal candidate for the Carmarthen and Llanelly Boroughs, a daily paper remarks that in a large number of constituencies the essential qualities of a good Party candidate are neither eloquence nor knowledge, but an imperturbable good temper, a thick skin, and a long purse.]

October 1.—Have decided to contest the borough of Little Pedlington. I am the reverse of eloquent, and have no knowledge whatever, but my temper is good, my skin thick, and my purse long. The present Member, on the contrary, though a sound politician, is poor, and lacks imperturbability. Agent says I have a good chance of election, and wants to know in whose interest I am going to stand. "My own," I reply. He is suitably impressed by my candour.

October 5.—Have been round constituency, kissed all the babies, and shaken hands with all the chimney-sweepers. Unpleasant, but must keep up my character for good temper.

October 10.—Opposition paper says I'm a carpet bagger, a cur, and a fool. Remember my thick skin and smile genially. Subscribe to Football Club, Hockey Club, Working Men's Provident Club, Dispensary, Hospital, Soup-kitchen, Blanket and Beef-tea Fund. My wife opens four bazaars, and buys largely at each. I lay a foundation stone, and answer (favourably) twenty begging letters. *Mem.*—Lay in a stock of cheque-books.

October 30.—Made my first speech in constituency. No orator, and nothing to say, but remembered that that is of no importance. Several eggs thrown at me. About to protest, but agent's eye upon me. Assumed imperturbability; thanked my audience for this token of their friendship, and hoped the next eggs would be fresher. This suggestion received with cheers. Agent says I made a favourable impression. Subscribed to local Children's Holiday Fund, local Orphan Asylum, local brass band. Answered forty begging letters. Favourably, of course.

December 15.—Made my second speech. Much disturbance at back of Hall. Several of my constituents hurled uncomplimentary epithets at me, and two invited me to fight. Smiled blandly, remembering the necessity of a thick skin. Thick skull also essential, apparently, for brick-bat caught me on the head as I emerged from the building. No matter. Agent says things are going splendidly. Opened another bazaar, and laid another foundation stone; became president of three football clubs, one hockey club, and the Blanket and Beef-tea Fund, with enhanced subscriptions in each case. Liberal donations to "waits," carol singers, bell-ringers, children's Christmas tree, old men's Christmas dinner, old women's Christmas Goose Club. *Mem.*—Replenish purse. Winter always an expensive time, my agent tells me. Shall be grateful for Spring. Received sixty begging letters.

March 25.—Again visit Little Pedlington. Opposition paper has been prying into my family affairs. Says my father was in receipt of out-door relief, and hints that my wife is no better than she should be. Inclined to resent this, but agent says that would be thin-skinned. Write a humorous letter to the paper instead deprecating these aspersions. Accepted the presidency of three cricket clubs, a tennis club, a golf club, a skittle club, a boating club, a croquet club, and a club for playing bowls. Subscribed suitably to each. Summer no better than Winter, after all, as far as subscriptions are concerned. Shook hands with all the chimney-sweepers again, and re-kissed the babies after my long absence. Agent assures me my popularity is something wonderful. Have promised my support to Women's Suffrage, Old Age Pensions, One Man One Vote, Anti-Vaccination, Early Closing, Local Option, Home Rule for Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Dogs. Received, and answered, one hundred begging letters, enclosing something in reply to each. Purse getting very lean indeed.

July 10.—At Little Pedlington to open Flower Show (to which I am a handsome subscriber). Next week, Fruit and Garden Show, to be followed by Cat Show, Dog Show, Cattle Show (and Doggie Show, for ought I know). Shall open each in turn, and meantime subscribe to all of them. Almost afraid to go to bank, where my account is seriously overdrawn. If this sort of thing continues, I shall have to retire from the contest. Opposition newspaper more and more venomous. Agent says it's a tribute to my success. If my election prospects were not so good, it would not be worth their while to attack me. Newspaper talks about my bribing the electors. Absurd. Agent assures me I have done nothing forbidden by the Corrupt Practices Act. Am glad to hear it. Don't want to spend five thousand a year on "nursing" a constituency only to be unseated on petition.

September 15.—General election. Intense excitement. Insults of the opposition redoubled. I remain imperturbable. Am getting used to it now. I allow any one to kick me so long as he has a vote. My agent says I am quite right, and, after all, my skin, though physically somewhat tender, is, metaphorically, as thick as ever, thicker even.

September 16.—Am elected by triumphant majority. Agent congratulates me. My wife delighted. Shall go abroad to economise till Parliament meets.



THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Emma. "Now, Miss Margery, leave off Crying, and be good."

Margery. "How ca-can I be g-good without a Pocket-handkerchief?"

ALL WRITE!

Dear Mr. Punch,—Did you see this notice among the "Situations Vacant," in the *Times*?

"SALARY to young UNIVERSITY MAN.—Well-read man, literary taste, not afraid of hard work, to assist in preparing advertisements. £2 weekly, rapid increase if able to write."

"If able to write," indeed! Educational reformers demand too much of the Universities, but surely, I thought, surely they go in thoroughly for the three R's, at any rate. Judge of my astonishment when I turned a page and read in the same issue, in a scholarship announcement:

"Candidates should communicate their wish to stand to the Master of Pembroke on or before November 26. Those who have been *unable to communicate by letter* should call on the Master."

The italics, Sir, are mine. What a shocking state of affairs! What is the use of our discussing schemes for teaching our future housemaids to play the piano, our future ploughmen the elements of electro-biology, if our University candidates cannot write? I expect daily to see other advertisements, such as this:

"University graduate wanted. One who can write a little preferred," or "M.A. required for City office. Only those who can add up figures need apply."

Yours truly, D. Underhead.



He. "NELLIE, JUST LOOK AT THAT MAN STANDING BEHIND ME. I DON'T THINK I EVER SAW ANY ONE SO PLAIN!"
She "HUSH, DEAR; YOU FORGET YOURSELF!"

THE HERO'S PROGRESS;

OR, OUT OF THE FIRE INTO THE FRYING-PAN.

["On Thursday, October 27, the Sirdar is to arrive at Dover, where he will be entertained by the Mayor. On November 4 he will be presented with the Freedom of the City and a banquet at the Mansion House. It is calculated that the gallant officer will be invited to complimentary dinners every night till at least the end of the year."—*Daily Paper.*]

Welcome from war's alarums,
From sultry regions where
The howls of scattered harems
Infest the fetid air!
Welcome, our honour's Warden!
Who surely shall not fail
To cross your final Jordan
To-morrow, with the mail.

The heat was more than pleasant
Where you have lately stayed;
With us it's not at present
Excessive in the shade;
So please to fasten flannel
Next to your skin, and O!
If wind disturbs the Channel
Be wise and keep below!

May she (the boat), O KITCHENER,
That bears you homeward bound
Have less of roll and pitch in her
Than commonly is found!
Fair breezes waft you over
In Fortune's steady clutch,
And may the Mayor of Dover
Not bore you very much!

Their gift of local ransom
Our City Fathers bring;
The casket's rather handsome—
You know the kind of thing;
Brace up your nerves—you'll need 'em
Far more than down the Nile
To swallow, with your Freedom,
The Aldermanic smile!

Then at the banquet, later,
Both Peers and common men
Will say the sword is greater
Than any writing-pen;
Your chiefs will own you've shaken
The Soudan into shape
As well as if you'd taken
Their tips—on office tape.

For months you'll sit inflated
Above the festal board,
Intolerably sated,
Consumedly adored;
Thus will be supplemented
That promise of the East
Which says a mind contented
Is one continuous feast.

Not for the modest bearing
That marks your youthful years,—
Not for the fearless daring
That faced the Dervish spears,—
For these no apprehension
Compels my heart to shake,
But for your waistcoat's tension,
But for your inside's sake!

O by the somewhat gory
Fights for the KHEDIVE'S flag,—
O by the hallowed story
Of MARCHAND'S travelling rag,—
O, after bravely meeting
The brunt of Egypt's clime,
Don't go, through over-eating,
And perish in your prime!

SAFE CARDS.

QUEEN WILHELMINA and the Queen-Mother went to Amsterdam the other day from "the Castle of Loo." What a delightful name! Are there also in the neighbourhood the Palace of Poker, the Villa of Whist, Baccarat Barracks, Cribbage Cottage, and so forth? Is "the Castle of Loo" a great hunting lodge where several packs are kept? At present, whoever may be the Court Cards visiting the Castle of Loo, its chief royal occupants are the "Queen(-Mother) of Diamonds," and WILHELMINA, "Queen of Hearts," always welcomed with a flourish of trumps.

The Perils of a Conversazione.

Miss Fillip (to gentleman whose name she did not catch when introduced). Have you read *A Modern Heliogabolus?*

He. Yes, I have.

Miss F. All through?

He. Yes, from beginning to end.

Miss F. Dear me! I wonder you're alive! How did you manage to get through it?

He (diffidently). Unfortunately, I wrote it. [Miss F. *catches a distant friend's eye.*

Over the Stubble.

Mr. Winchester Poppit (at the luncheon by the coppice). I must say that I like to see partridges driven.

Captain Treadfoot Trotter (who believes in shooting over dogs). No doubt, Mr. POPPIT; you'd like to see the poor birds driven in a coach, or a tandem, or a curricle; or, if I may judge by the way you sent my pointer round the last field, ye'd wish to put 'em in a circus!



ON THE BRINK.



A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Jones (who has just missed for the fifteenth consecutive time). 'Dear me! Most extraordinary! What can be the matter?"
Keeper. "Beg pardon, Squire. I 'm thinking the maker of them Cartridges must have forgot to put in the Shot!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr. Clark Russell has been writing for so long, and so brilliantly, that an insatiate public would not have just cause to complain if, like other rich mines, he gave signs of panning out. *The Romance of a Midshipman* (Fisher Unwin), his latest production, will, my Baronite confidently affirms, rank among his best. It is full of those inimitable touches of description which bring the sight of the sea to the eyes, its scent to the nostrils, its multitudinous murmuring to the ear. Clark Russell, alack! has not looked upon the ocean for many years. To read his last book, one would think he had just come off a voyage, with memory saturated with the sea in its infinitude of moods and aspects. Every page pulsates with adventure. De Rougemont (writing the name makes my Baronite Grin), in the highest flight of his imagination, has nothing to equal the incident of meeting the abandoned ship, with only a lion for captain, a snake and a monkey for crew. Or, even more fantastic, the floating island with the sea-worthy schooner, providentially for the castaways, docked in its midst. In the opening chapters Mr. Russell breaks fresh ground with an account, evidently reminiscent of personal experience, of a French school for English boys. This is as good as chapters in Daudet's *Jack*, or Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have brought out a revised and enlarged edition of *The Reader's Handbook*, with its lucid explanations and allusions, references, dramatic plots and classical stories. The familiar and indispensable work has a pathetic interest in its new dress, since the preface is written by Dr. Brewer's daughter. He, "the onlie begetter" of the book, died in March last year, before he had finished correcting the proofs of the revised edition. He has left behind him a monument of intelligent, well-directed assiduity that will be as enduring and far more useful than anything, how costly soever, that might be turned out in marble. Our old friend needs no introduction. But it may be said that in his new dress he is portlier than ever, the revised edition numbering 1,501 pages as against 1,399 of its predecessor. As each page is a mine of information, my Baronite thinks this will be welcome news.

The Baron de B.-W.

YELLOW JACK.

["The 'immune' (*i.e.*, one who has had yellow fever) is free from every defect of blood and bone. His flesh becomes as pink and his body as pure as that of a healthy new-born babe. With the renewal of his strength begins a new life. He is contented, sunny in disposition, industrious, unaffected by changes of fortune, and certainly happy."—*U.S.A. Army Department Report on Cuba.*]

Away with all your physics and your tonics and your pills!
Away with "treatments," massage and unnecessary ills!
Have done with all your hospitals, and bid the doctors pack!
We 've got a cure for everything. Hurrah for Yellow Jack!

We 'll set you right where'er you 're wrong, in heart or lung or brain;
And if your trouble is old age, we 'll make you young again.
Walk up, walk up, please, gentlemen, and we will send you back
Sound as a bell when you have had a dose of Yellow Jack.

Your sorrows all will disappear when once you are "immune,"
And life be like a garden in the rosy dawn of June;
You 'll never know an ache or pain, you 'll never more feel slack,
The blues will vanish when you 've had a dose of Yellow Jack.

And you that love the public-house, where angry passions rise,
You will no longer want to fight and black each other's eyes,
You 'll stay and nurse the baby, and you 'll never, never whack
Your wife and children when you 've tried a dose of Yellow Jack.

In short, you 'll be a model of the virtues and of health;
We 'll set you on the surest road to happiness and wealth;
There 's only one proviso, and we will not keep it back—
It 's this—you must *recover* from your dose of Yellow Jack.

At Newmarket.

Lady Plongère (to Sir Charles Hamidoot). Oh! Sir Charles, please put me a tenner each way on the favourite.
Sir Charles. But will you repay me the money laid out?
Lady P. (sweetly). Of course I will, if I win.
[Sir C. *forgets to execute the commission.*



Swell. "MIND MY HORSE, BOY, AND I 'LL GIVE YOU TWOPENCE.'
Boy. "I WILL, IF YOU 'LL MIND THE BABY!"

THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

["The tax-collector has been bewailing his lot in the *Daily Chronicle*. It seems that he is the hardest wrought of mortals. Eight hours day? Wouldn't he like to see it! 9 A.M. till midnight is nearer the mark, and brain-work all the time."—*Daily Paper.*]

Oh! ye who fear and tremble, ye
Who curse in fury when ye see,
Standing upon your threshold, me,
Unwelcome spectre,
Yes, at the moment when ye fly
My presence, I would fain draw nigh
And claim your pity, even I,
The tax-collector.

Ah! do not fancy, when I call
And linger long about the hall,
That I am one whose life is all
Honey and nectar.
Oh! pity him whom all do ban.
Both those that can't pay and that can,
As the great enemy of man,
The tax-collector.

Natural foes, for once at one,
Agree to hate me—father, son;
Creditor, debtor; dunned and dun;
Curate and rector;
Critic and author: High Church, Low;
Grub Street and Paternoster Row,
Find common ground in common foe,
The tax-collector.

Yet underneath my baleful form
Have I a heart would fain beat warm,
And if at times I rave and storm,
Bully and hector.
Have I not cause? When midnight 's nigh,
Snug in your blankets you may lie,
And sweetly dream; but not so I,
The tax-collector.

Then must I toil, with eyes grown dim,
And swirling brain and aching limb,
To make my books all taut and trim
For the inspector.
Friend, as you turn in cosy cot.
Oh! spare a thought for my hard lot,
And thank your stars that you are not
The tax-collector.

WHERE THE CHURCH AND THE BAR ARE UNITED.—St. Paul's Churchyard.

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE CENT'S ARBITER OF FASHION.—1.

DEAR BASIL,—As you are still ruralising in the Far West of England, you will doubtless like me to keep you informed of the latest sartorial news from Tooley Street and other head-quarters of masculine fashion.

In the first place, I see in this morning's paper that the new dress-coat, which is ready to be launched for the forthcoming winter, will have the lappel decorated with raised floral designs instead of the usual plain silk facings. This is not quite correct. I have private information from a very high authority that the really dressy *fracs* will have lappels of art-canvas picked out in zigzag tapestry pattern with lemon-yellow and pea-green eighteenth-century cross-stitch. The body of the coat, it is whispered, will show a welcome change in colour from the customary black to the charming tint known as *vieux vert de bouteille*, and should be quite shiny. Let me give you a hint, if you want to obtain the *dernier cri* in this style. You cannot do better than go to Messrs. MOYSES & Co., the celebrated outfitters of Petticoat Lane, and get them to supply you with a well-matured *habit d'occasion*. Your nearest female relative should then hem on to the lappels two carefully-shaped gores, cut from one of her grandmother's samplers, if she is so fortunate to possess such a treasure. (If not, it may, no doubt, be picked up in Wardour Street.) Another useful wrinkle is to have one of the new combination "dickey"-and-waistcoats, brought out by an inventive peer of my acquaintance. They have no back, and hang on one button at the neck. On account of the sootiness of the London climate, they are made to turn. A great saving in your washing bill can thus be effected. Lord X.'s invention is really one of the most ripping ideas I have heard of for a long time. With a few touches to the *pantalon*, the costume is equally suitable for a fancy-dress ball or one of those delightful *Cinq-Novembre* parties now being made up in town and country. Any how, thus arrayed, you will no longer be mistaken for a waiter. As to your neck-wear, see my next.

ZEDWHYEKS.

READY FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1900.

UNINTELLIGIBLE telegram restored from a tearing in pieces, and used by an official subsequently charged with double dealing.

Report of confidential proceedings compiled for the use of nobody in particular by an anonymous writer.

Rough draft of a manifesto relative to a plot that existed only in the imagination.

Small flag for plantation anywhere when no one was looking. Portable, and intended for the tropics.

A scheme for a Russian loan to strengthen the beautiful alliance.

A hundred ministerial resignations extending over a period of five years.

Collar of honour presented by the Army to the State.

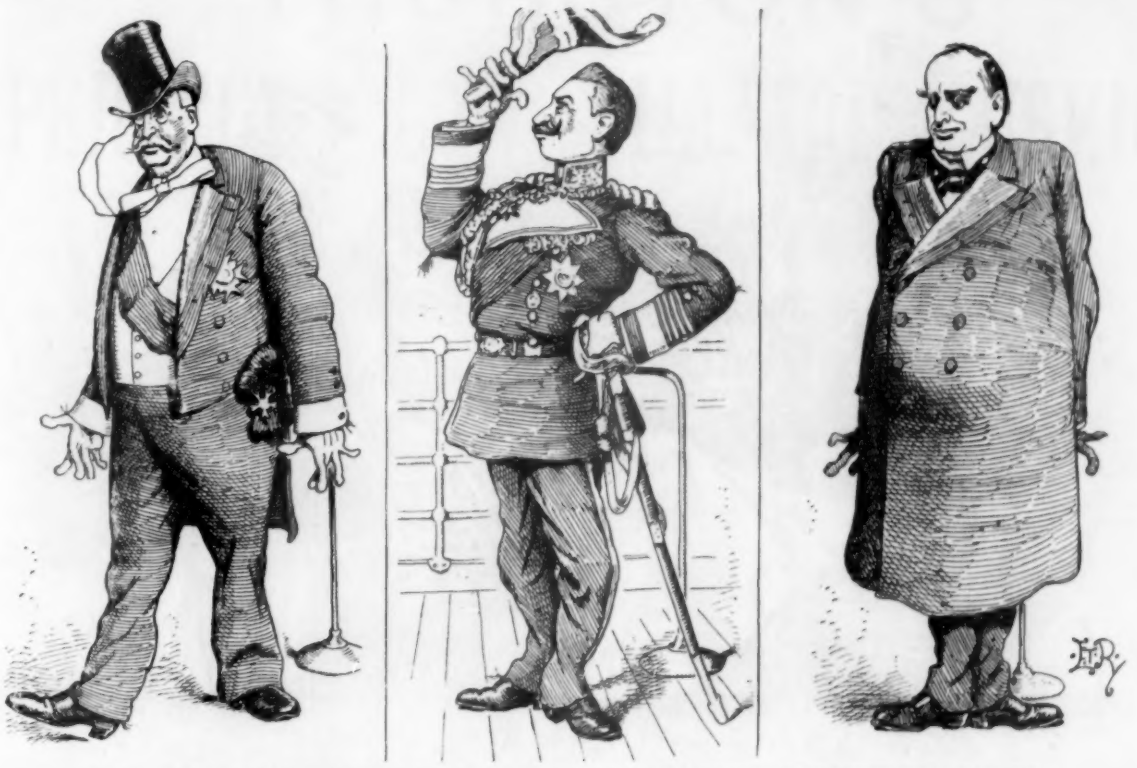
Tail of the charger of BOULANGER.

Eagle of NAPOLEON THE THIRD in a glass case.

Buttons cut off the uniform of ex-Captain DREYFUS.

Knife of the guillotine, representing the only lasting government of France.

"WHO" WILFULLY "BREAKS" WINDOWS, "PAYS."—This is a clear illustration of the law of "*panes and penalties.*"



THE ANTI-ANARCHIST BOMB-PROOF CLOCK-WORK SUBSTITUTE RULER.

(Patented in America.)

["There is nothing surprising in the device adopted by the Chicago police of sending out a dummy President to bow to the populace and clear the air, as it were, by receiving any bombs or bullets that might be going."—*The Globe, October* 20.]

THE DISPUTE.

(Arranged for the stage by a distinguished foreign dramatist.)

SCENE—*The exterior of a residence. A hansom cab stops before the door, and a fare descends with some difficulty. He slowly gives the driver some silver.*

The Driver. What is this? What do you call this?

The Fare. It is one shilling and sixpence. It is certainly one-and-six.

The Driver. You had better retain it for your quarter's washing. Yes, it would be better were you to retain it for your quarter's washing.

The Fare. No, I will not retain it for my quarter's washing. I will give it to you for your fare. I give it to you as your fare. I give it to you because it is your fare.

The Driver. It is not my fare. It is certainly not my fare.

A Bystander. Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money. Yes, it would be better.

The Driver. I suppose you call yourself a gentleman? I am sure you think yourself a gentleman.

The Fare. I would like to have your number. I certainly require your number.

The Driver. My number is on my badge. My badge is covered by a cloth. You will find my number on my badge. You will see my number on my badge.

The Fare. I do not see the number on your badge. I do not see your badge. I see the cloth but not your badge. I do not see it at all.

The Driver. You have not eyes. You certainly have not eyes. I cannot lend you eyes. I cannot give you eyes.

A Bystander. Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money. Yes, it would be better.

The Fare. You came to Warwick Square from the Stores of the Army and the Navy. It is less than three miles. It is certainly less than three miles. I am quite sure it is less than three miles.

The Driver. It is more than three miles. It is very much more than three miles. You had better pay your quarter's washing. Why do you not pay your quarter's washing?

Crowd. It is certainly more than three miles.

A Bystander. Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money.

Crowd. Yes, it would be better. Why do you not pay the man his money?

The Driver. I cannot waste my time. I wasted time while he posted a letter. I wasted a great deal of time while he posted a letter. I wasted quite an hour. I cannot waste hours while he posts letters. I cannot waste time at all.

The Fare. I posted my letter before I hailed you. I posted it in the pillar-box before you drove up. I certainly posted it before you drove up.

Crowd. Why do you not pay the man his money?

The Driver. It is wrong to rob a poor man of his money. It is very wrong to rob a poor man. It is not like a gentleman. It is not at all like a gentleman.

Crowd. Yes, it is very wrong. We are sorry for the driver. We are very sorry for the driver. Why do you not pay the poor man his money?

The Fare. I have paid him his money. I certainly have paid him one-and-six. I am quite sure I have paid him his money.

A Bystander. I think a constable is coming. I am certain a constable is coming. I can see him coming. I see him coming close to us. I see him coming quite close to us.

Constable. You had better move on. All of you had better move on. Indeed, you had better move on.

The Driver (heard in the distance). Why did he not pay his quarter's washing? I think the one-and-six would have paid his quarter's washing. I am sure the one-and-six would have paid his quarter's washing. Why did he not pay his washing?

(Curtain.)



LITERATURE—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Uncle Ben (who entertains a profound admiration for everything in connection with his niece). "ONE OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS, I'LL BE BOUND. A CAPITAL PRACTICE, MY DEAR, FOR AN HOUR OR TWO IN THE MORNING. WHAT IS IT? SHAKSPEARE, MACAULAY, POPE!"

Niece (with some reluctance). "OH, WELL, IT'S 'HOW TO TREAT A HUSBAND ON THE HONEYMOON'!"

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

(From Our Extra Special Correspondent at Pekin.)

By private wire. Copyright.

I HAVE had the unusual good fortune to obtain an exclusively private and confidential report of the recent medical inspection from a Deputy-Assistant Grand High Tea-kettle Holder in the Imperial Palace, who put his finger through a paper window, and then put his eye where his finger had been. It is in this manner that information is usually obtained here. The unfortunate gentleman has since been beheaded. However, before this unpleasant incident in the affair, I had heard from him that the conversation was as follows:

Doctor. Bonjour, Madame. Ah, voilà le cher malade! Eh bien, comment allons-nous?

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench, me speakee——

His Aunt. Shutee up! We no speakee Flench, we speakee Inglis.

Doctor. Parbleu! Que faire? Eh bien, essayons! I spik somm vords of Anglish, oh yass! 'Ow go ve?

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench, me——

His Aunt. Shutee up! He all light. Topside galore.

Doctor. Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit? 'E mak vairy beootifool vezzair to-day, oh yash! But ze dear ill, zat go vell?

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench——

His Aunt. Shutee up! You foleign barbalian, you speakee velly bad Inglis.

Doctor. Sapristi! Je comprends à peine. Ze Anglish are a vairy bad, veekeed *peuple*, oh yass! Zey vould vill to tak Fashoda, oh yass! But 'ow go ve?

Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee——

His Aunt. Shutee up! You foleign devil, say he is all light, chop chop.

Doctor. Ah ça, non! Mille fois non! 'E must not to eat ze shop of *mouton*. A leetel *côtelette*, pairraps. But *absolument* not of Anglish plates. Zey are vairy onailzy, oh yass! You 'ave good *appetit?*

Kwang Hsu. Me no——

His Aunt. Shutee up! You topside, number one, foleign foolee, you hully up, and you go.

Doctor. Ah, c'est ça? Il faut partir? Eh vell, zis dear ill. I go to say 'e is not *souffrant*, 'e is but a leetel *faible*, a leetel annimick, oh yass! You are a leetel *faible?*

Kwang Hsu. Me——

His Aunt. Shutee up! All light. You go back to Palis, chop chop. Plenty, gleat, big, topside, number one lot of goodee Chinee doctors come here givee him plenty, muchee physic. I givee him plenty, muchee physic. Then he all light. Dontee wantee you. Chin chin.

Doctor. Diable! Je n'en comprends pas un mot. Eh bien, ce n'est pas la peine! Zen I go to write a leetel *ordonnance* for ze dear ill. I shall 'er send more late. Pairmeet zat I 'ave ze *honneur* you to say goodevening.

SKOLASTIKOS.—Master LOWER FOURTH writes to say that, "taking, as he is compelled to do, a great interest in the manners and customs of the ancients, he wishes to ascertain whether a work called *Bacchylides*, published by MACMILLAN, is all about ladies, or, as 'ARRY calls them, 'Lidies,' smoking cigarettes, and hence the title 'Baccy-Lidies?'" Perhaps his Headmaster will reply.

BEFORE THE RISE.—"Zounds, Sir!" said the irate millionaire. "How could I have seen the younger KEAN? Why, in his day, I was a boy in an office." "Quite so," returned his friend, in a conciliatory tone, "and while you were there they tell me the floor was swept most beautifully."

THURSTON'S

"PERFECT" LOW BILLIARD CUSHIONS

ARE STILL UNEQUALLED.

These Cushions are very fast. They are made of the very finest solid Vulcanized Rubber, and can be relied upon for correctness of angle and durability in any temperature. Thurston's "Perfect" Low Cushions are fitted to Her Majesty's Billiard Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne.

Established 1814. **THURSTON & CO., Ltd.,** Established 1814.

(The Parent House of the Trade.)

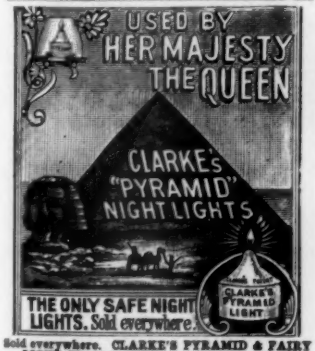
Sole Warrant of Her Majesty THE QUEEN.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

L. GARNIER.

LIQUEURS OF THE Cde. CHARTREUSE.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 36, Crutched Friars, London, E.C



Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

BLISS'S CELEBRATED ESTABD 1746

CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS

for Hunting & Sporting wear

All their standard tweeds are stamped on back of every two yards with this trade mark

W. BLISS C. NORTON

TRADE MARK

BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

HIERATICA

Note Paper, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.

Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.



CENTLEMEN'S WIGS.

Perfect Imitations of Nature. Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Unshrinkable Material. Instructions for self-measurement on application.

CHAS. BOND & SON,

43, NEW BOND STREET, W. Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Scalpettes.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

"COOPER" CYCLES.



From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £8. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. Agents Wanted. Wm. COOPER, 733, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

Healthiest and best for Evening Wear.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 22, New Bond St., W. OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W. ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C. And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.

See Price List for Names.

RED FACES

Rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow, greasy, mothy skin, are the result of imperfect action of the Pores of the skin.

The only preventive of bad complexions is Cuticura Soap, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the *cause* of *most* complexional disfigurations.

Cuticura

Soap is sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward St., London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

MARIANI WINE

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

Testimonials from His Holiness the POPE, President MACKINLEY, and 8,000 PHYSICIANS.

UNRIVALLED AS A TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.

Wilcox & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., & all Chemists & Stores. 4/- bottle, 45/- per doz.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

'K' BOOTS

The *London Medical Record* says: "Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."

FOOD FOR INFANTS

BENGER'S

BENGER'S Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "'Benger's Food' has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

INVALIDS AND THE AGED

IF YOU COUGH

TAKE

GÉRAUDEL'S

PASTILLES

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES are the Best Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., &c.

Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known; the best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.

C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Enjoyed by Young and Old.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless variety of delightful, dainty dishes.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!



An Advertisement drawn by the late
H. STACEY MARKS, R.A.,
for Messrs. Pears.

FORGING AHEAD!

Pattisons'
Whisky

SCOTLAND'S BEST.

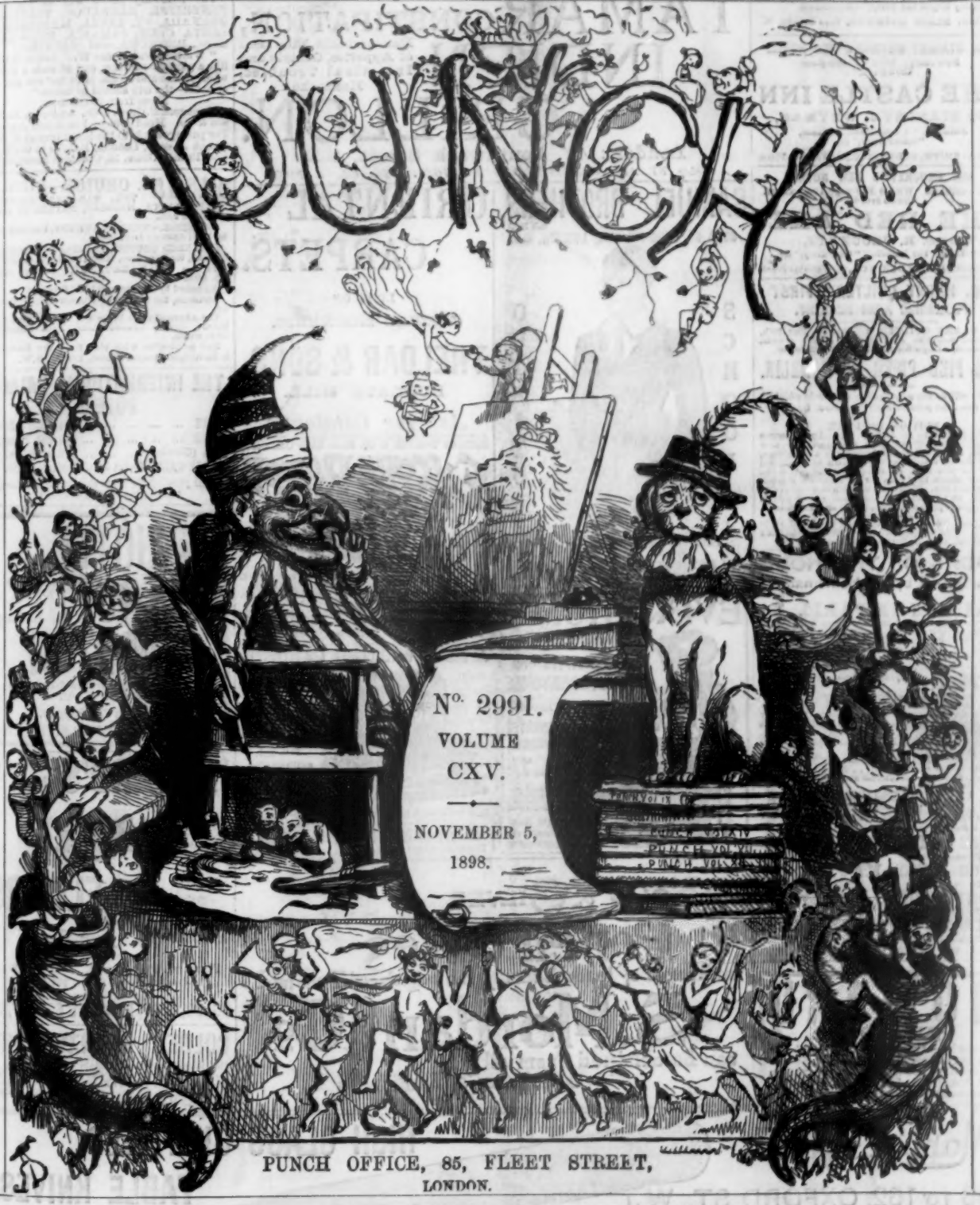
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, October 29, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

"APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

Nº. 2991.
VOLUME
CXV.

NOVEMBER 5,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CADBURY'S COCOA
MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

A TALE OF THE CONSULATE.

THE
ADVENTURES OF A GOLDSMITH.
By M. H. BOURCHIER, Author of "The C Major of Life." Crown 8vo, 6s. SECOND EDITION.
"The story is good reading, and the dialogues are invariably bright and witty."—ATHENÆUM.
LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, Vigo Street, W.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN'S NEW NOVEL.
Now ready. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.
THE CASTLE INN
By STANLEY J. WEYMAN,
Author of "A Gentleman of France," "Shrewsbury," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL.
Just Published. With 6 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.
THE RED AXE.
By S. R. CROCKETT,
Author of "The Raiders," "Cleg Kelly," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

MR. HARRY QUILTER'S FIRST PUBLISHING ANNOUNCEMENT.
MR. HARRY QUILTER will Publish, Nov. 30th, the most complete ART WORK of the present Season, a magnificently illustrated edition of
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.
This will be the only book in the world which has been printed entirely without type.
EDITION DE LUXE.
Strictly limited to 300 copies. Printed on Japanese Vellum. With 27 full-page miniatures, 50 new borders, and hundreds of ornaments and initials, every one of which has been drawn and designed solely for this book by Harry and Mary Quilter. 3 colour plates by Leloercier of Paris on English vellum and silk. Whole bound, with original design in gold, and inlaid with embossed silver plates. Subscription price 5 guineas, raised on publication.
Of these, 100 special copies will be issued at 10 guineas. Full prospectus on application to HARRY QUILTER, Esq., 21, Bryanstone Square, W.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR
Published by W. Heinemann.
FASHION IN PARIS. The various phases of feminine taste from 1797 to 1897. By OCTAVE UZANNE. Translated by Lady MARY LOYD. With 100 Hand-coloured Plates and 250 Text Illustrations by François Courboin. 1 vol., Imp. 8vo, 36s.
The TIMES: "This extremely elegant volume is admirably—one might say perfectly—illustrated. It is practically a history of amusements in Paris as well as of dress."
IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND. An Account of a Journey in Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release. By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. With the Government Enquiry and Report. 2 Vols., 8vo, Illustrated, 21s. net.
The TIMES: "He tells a plain and manly tale, without affectation or bravado. . . . A book, certainly, that will be read with interest and excitement."
NEWEST SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.
GLORIA MUNDI. By HAROLD FREDERIC.
THE WIDOWER. By W. E. NORRIS.
THE TWO MAGICS. By HENRY JAMES.
TONY DRUM, a Cockney Boy. By EDWIN PUGH.
PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET. By ELLEN GLASGOW.
London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs. Harrows. Cultivators. Haymakers. Horse Rakes. Straw Trussers. Mowers. Hay Presses. Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENCE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.
FOR
TAMAR INDIEN CONSTIPATION, Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.
GRILLON.
London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.
85 & 87, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.
SCHOOL OUTFITS

"ETON."
Jacket and Vest for Boy 4 ft. 8 in., 29s. 9d.
Trousers " " 9s. 3d.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PATTERNS free on application.

EVERY HOME
is beautified by
PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES
AFTER
CELEBRATED PICTURES.
Illustrated Catalogue 1/-
BERLIN PHOTOGG., 133, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.


ORIENTAL CARPETS.
LISTS OF
SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.
TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.
Ask for Catalogue.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.
ENCORE RAZOR
GUARANTEED PERFECT

Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers,
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.

Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.
No. 931, as illustration,
£2 12s. 0d.
IN OAK THROUGHOUT.
Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from
H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
S. Mordan & Co
can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise
by their Steamship
"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,
To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA.
Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.
The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.
"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."
Fares from 75 Guineas.
Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.
£21 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.
EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, Haifa, for Nazareth, &c.
On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,344, h.p. 4,000.
Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.
Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.
The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.
Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.
Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."
Charges Moderate.
Proprietors: THE GORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From 3d. *per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

COLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

Mappin & Webb,
158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
(Facing the Mansion House.)
LONDON.
Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.
Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



THE GLADSTONE BIOGRAPHY CO. (LTD.).

"THE STUPENDOUS UNDERTAKING OF HONEST JOHN."

["Lord ROSEBERY once said, that to adequately write GLADSTONE's life, not one man, but a company would be needed. Mr. MORLEY has undertaken the task, and his complete absorption in it will probably mean his withdrawal from public life."]

DE "VOCE" POPULARI.

THE *Cambridge Express*, in giving a biographical sketch of Sir JOHN VOCE MOORE, the Lord Mayor Elect, says, that it was in the rooms over Mr. VOCE MOORE's shop at Cambridge that "*the A. D. C. gave their first performance.*" Not exactly. There was an entertainment given, in the rooms of 24, Trinity Street, by the three undergraduates who then "kept" there, which consisted of a play written for the occasion by one of the Founders of the Feast, which feast, in the shape of a prodigious supper, immediately followed upon the fall of the curtain. Further this deponent will not say, but he has a fixed idea that the worthy landlord of these Three Jovial Undergraduates, not entirely approving of the "subsequent proceedings," did enter a personal protest against the lateness of the hour, and also against the demonstrative and somewhat noisy joviality then at its height. This protest was, of course, enthusiastically received by the hilarious guests, mostly "Freshmen," getting fresher-men every minute, with cheers and bumpers to the health of the justifiably irate landlord, who, it may be, had it not been for this acclaim awakening in him all his latent ambition, would never have sat in the chair of WHITTINGTON as Sir RICHARD VOCE MOORE, Lord Mayor of London!

THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

(*Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.*)

SHE had been working through the livelong night. Her husband had been asleep while she was sweeping the floor, washing up, and mending the clothes. Every now and again he would awake, and with the reverse of a blessing, command her to labour with greater vigour. But these interruptions were few and far between. Beer had closed his eyelids, and tobacco had made him drowsy. Now and again she would look at the clock anxiously.

"Just five," she murmured, "and the Act fixes the hour for six." And once more she would plod on, knowing that it would be death, or, to speak by the card, a thrashing, if her lord and master found her loitering.

At length the hour of deliverance struck, and she knew herself to be free.

"My breakfast," grumbled the man.

"You will find it on the table. And now the law lets me rest."

"Lets you rest? What do you mean?"

"Why, lets me work!"

And she disappeared, to enjoy in the factory employment infinitely less arduous than the squalid duties of a drunkard's home.

REGULATIONS FOR ANARCHISTS.

(*Possible outcome of the Conference.*)

THAT English specimens be arrested and confined for a month in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. This treatment will either cure them or render them hopelessly insane.

That the French specimens be added, *ex officio*, to the Cabinet, with an instruction to inaugurate reforms.

That the German specimens be allowed to revise their Emperor's speeches, a labour which will give them sufficient employment for a lifetime.

That Russian specimens remain at Siberia, where most of them are.

That American specimens be converted into a company, and allowed to see if they can run their notions on business lines.

Finally, that all and every of them are invited to practise annihilation, by commencing the process by the abolition of themselves.

GUYS!

THOSE flighty dames who cycles ride
In baggy garments that divide,
In manner most undignified,
Look like a pack of Guys.

And ladies of another sort,
Who wear their hair cropped very short,
And at the male sex sniff and snort,
Are for the most part Guys.

The dowager met in Mayfair,
With *kohl* black eyes and golden hair,
And arms and neck extremely bare,
Is just a perfect Guy.

The gentleman who on the course
Lays you long odds against a horse,
Will sometimes, as a last resource,
Discreetly "do a guy."*

* *Anglicè*, disappear.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM one of the Baron's assistants comes this note:—Mr. F. ANSTEY had a really happy thought when he decided to collect in one volume some of the delightful stories he has written about and for children. They are published under the title, *Paleface and Redskin* (GRANT RICHARDS), and are made additionally charming by some dainty illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. Few writers understand their little readers so well as Mr. ANSTEY does. He never writes down to their supposed level, but scatters his largesse of skill, humour and unaffected pathos all over his pages just as though he were writing for fathers and mothers or uncles and aunts. All the stories are admirable, but "A Farewell Appearance" is a perfect little gem. More, please, Mr. ANSTEY!

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

FOR SALE, with immediate possession, Pedigree, tracing descent through line of respectable sires, complete with ancestral tombs, signet ring with crest, two Crusaders' swords, an inscription in a belfry (dated two hundred years ago), and forged entries in Parish Register. Original purchaser has no further use for same. Cost seven hundred pounds. What offers?—Address, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL (Volunteers), Chiswick.

WANTED, for popular magazine, Travellers' Tales of every description. Must be well authenticated, as Editor has been already taken in once, and does not desire to repeat the experience. Writer must forward his certificate of birth with the MS. No Swiss need apply.

FOR SALE.—Completely-equipped Modern Army, with arms, accoutrements, military stores, and all accessories. Owner giving up the business. No reasonable offer refused.—Apply, Russian Legation.

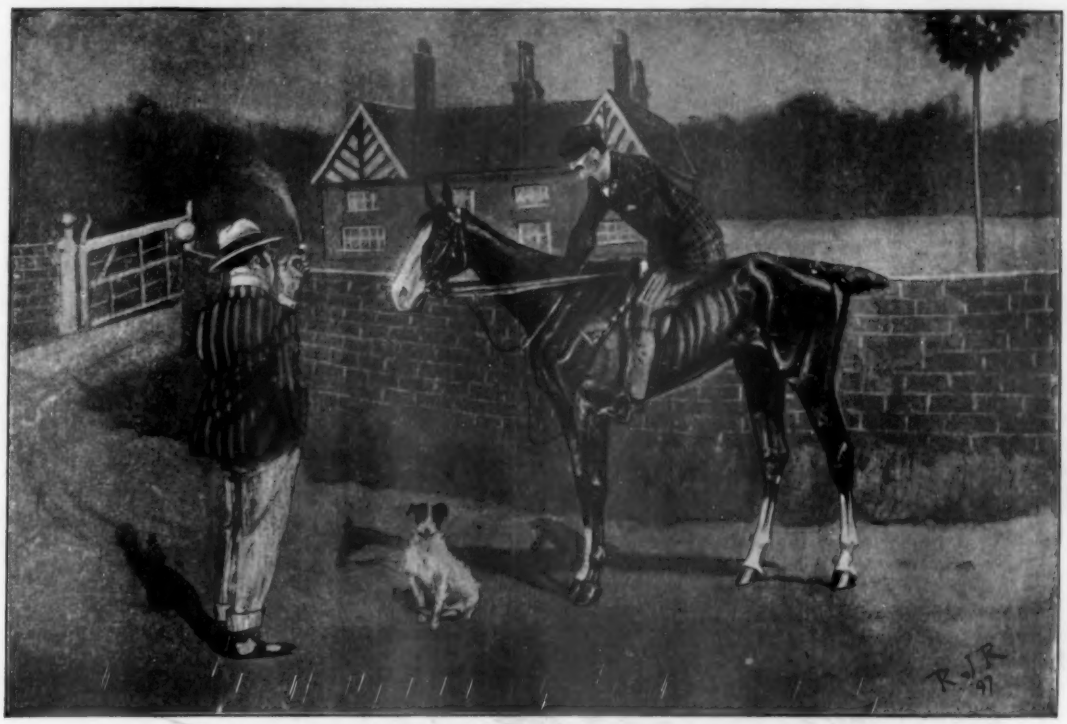
FOR DISPOSAL BY PRIVATE TREATY, first-class site on the Nile. Good river frontage. Present occupant anxious to retire. First-class opening for energetic man. Prospectus on application.—Write or call, Fashoda.



A DIPLOMATIC NECESSITY.

Phonograph (to the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary). "LOOK HERE! THE NEXT TIME YOU TALK TO A FOREIGNER, YOU JUST CALL *ME* IN!"

[Lord SALISBURY and Baron DE COURCEL gave diametrically opposite accounts of their interview.]



"I see you're going to have a new Horse, Old Chap!"
"New Horse! What d'you mean?"
"Well, you've got the Frame-work there, haven't you!"

CONFIDENCES.

(*Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.*)

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am in a difficulty, and I am sure that you, with your usual kindness of heart, will help me if you can. My trouble can be stated in a single sentence—I want to be a heroine, and somehow I can't succeed, though I've followed carefully all the directions. Why is this?

It began a month ago, when I happened to overhear my mother speaking about me to a visitor. After praising my sisters in an *absurdly* exaggerated way, she added that "poor Ethel was rather commonplace." Of course, I wasn't meant to hear, but that made it all the worse. "Commonplace!" The word rankled in my heart; I resolved at all costs to be commonplace no longer. And, as the simplest cure, I decided to become a heroine; one of those delightful girls whom one meets in novels, and with whom every one—even the worst characters in the book—falls in love. Her parents adore her, her sisters play second fiddle to her with unselfish readiness, and, in short, she has the best possible time in every way.

Most of the rules seemed easy enough to follow out. First of all, I must be simply dressed in white. I have several white frocks, so there is no difficulty about that. They are a trifle cool in this weather, but of course one must expect to have to make some sacrifices. And, again, there is no trouble in procuring a single red rose to nestle lovingly at my throat. It tickles a good deal, and I should prefer to wear it elsewhere, but, as I said, I don't mind some discomfort if I can become a heroine.

Another rule is that I mustn't eat much at meals—I must toy with the delicacies heaped on my plate. I did this for two days, making up afterwards with chocolates in my bedroom. Likewise the heroine is expected to speak in a sweet and gentle voice: generally speaking, we are rather a noisy family, but I cultivated the sweet and gentle voice also for two days. At the end of that time my mother said I was "bilious"—a horribly coarse expression—and wanted to send for the doctor. When I protested that I was quite well, my father said that it all came from silly affectation. Now, you know, a heroine's parents don't treat her in that way. "Darling Ethel," they should have said, "she must have some secret sorrow," and then they ought to have tended me with thoughtful solicitude. I have not had a pennyworth of thoughtful solicitude up to the present time.

Let me add one more example of my misfortunes. Last night I went to a dance at the Johnsons'. A dance is the heroine's great opportunity, and all through the evening I copied the very best examples in my behaviour. Presently I found myself sitting out a dance with young Mr. Templeton in the conservatory. Now, a heroine never sits out a dance in the conservatory without carelessly picking a flower to pieces. Don't misunderstand me to mean that I care two straws for Mr. Templeton, because I don't. But I didn't see why that should make any difference, so I carelessly picked a flower to pieces—lots of flowers, in fact. Just then Mr. Johnson happened to enter the conservatory, and when he saw what I had done, his language was simply dreadful. It appears that he collects orchids, for which he pays absurd prices, and that I had quite destroyed some of the most valuable specimens. But, I ask you, was it my fault? As a heroine, could I have acted otherwise?

Please give me your advice, and earn my eternal gratitude.

Yours sincerely, Ethel Lorrimer.

"THE TRIPE SEASON HAS BEGUN."

(*Lines by a vulgar Gourmet.*)

I crave no haunch of stricken deer,
No calipash or calipee,
No game my appetite can cheer,
Nor feathered fowl need die for me,
Obtrusive oysters take away,
Lobster and crab to me are vain,
Upon this gastronomic day
When Tripe is given us again!

With richest milk the fare prepare,
Sweet to the sweet and white to white,
The fragrant onion do not spare,
But fill the air with its delight!
"Disgusting dish!" let those exclaim
Who call a crawling Stilton "ripe";
They'd eat this with a foreign name,
I eat it undisguised, as Tripe!

Lets poets sing of jovial juice,
Full Burgundy or gay Moselle—
Decant the grape blood for the deuce!
And send the wine to Camberwell!
For me my Barclay or Guinness,
Foaming the pewter's brim above,
And melting in a soft caress
To triturate the Tripe I love!



Cockney Butler. "'OW DO YOU LIKE THE CHAMPAGNE, DOUGAL?"
Dougal. "NO VERRA MUCH, MAN. THERE'S NO DURATION ABOUT HER."

A WARNING WORD.

(*From Mr. Punch's "Vagrant."*)

DEAR PUNCH,—I am not one to bellow,
Nor am I much on bloodshed bent;
I'm not a tearing Jingo fellow,
All fuss, and froth, and discontent.
If, *duce* COOK, the KAISER travels,
And cracks his jokes o'er ABDUL'S wine,
I waste no time in empty cavils—
It 's his look-out, it isn't mine.

Though some perhaps misunderstand 'em,
These vaunted tours, I simply won't.
De gustibus non disputandum—
He likes his ABDUL, others don't.
And though from far Armenian mountains
A whisper come of grief and fear,
The KAISER keeps designing fountains
Absorbed in work, and will not hear.

Or, "Pooh, Sir, pooh!" retorts the KAISER,
"Armenia 's poor and very far:
A dose of killing makes men wiser:
Hoc dixi: WILHELM, I. et R."
And, therefore, if to spend her leisure
His wife walks out on ABDUL'S arm,
Why, let the EMPRESS take her pleasure;
It 's not for me to think it harm.

Not against these I preach my sermon;
A different nation gives me pause:
Who cares for Ottoman or German,
For ABDUL'S faults or WILHELM'S flaws?
Let others or denounce or flatter
The KAISER'S tour, the SULTAN'S guile,
We have another, sterner matter—
The Frenchman posted on the Nile.

Not his to reason? True! I like him,
His skill to act, his pluck to dare.
I'd sooner cheer him, far, than strike him—
But why did others send him there?
In truth, they did not mean to please us;
They must have realised with joy
That MARCHAND on the Nile must tease us,
And sent him merely to annoy.

So be it then: we know what 's what now,
And what the Frenchmen would be at.
Though Major MARCHAND 's on the spot now,
He 's got to pack and go—that 's flat.
We 're tired of gracefully conceding,
Tired, too, of jibe and jeer and flout;
Our answer may show lack of breeding,
But there it is—a plain "Get out."

If one should, thinking I am weak, Sir,
Smite me on one cheek black and blue,
I'm told to turn the other cheek, Sir,
But not *both* cheeks and forehead too.
Year in, year out, they 've tried to spite us,
We 've borne it with a sorry grin;
And now—well, if they *want* to fight us,
Coats off, and let the fun begin!



DESIGN FOR HANDLE OF UMBRELLA INTENDED TO REPLACE THAT LEFT BY MISTAKE BY AN IMPULSIVE IRISH GENTLEMAN AT 85, FLEET STREET.

University Memories.

Commercial Traveller (*to* Mr. COMMONS, *landlord of the "Grapes and Grasshopper"*). So you know Oxford well?

Mr. Commons. Well, I ought to, Sir, seeing as 'ow me and the Markis of BILLINGSGATE was sent down from the 'ouse together.

[C. T. *greatly impressed.* Mr. C. *was* Lord B.'s *scout at Christchurch.*

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

No Politics.

Ludwig. Ah, Mr. ROBINSON, how go it?

Robinson. Glad to see you. So you're in town again. One meets everybody in Piccadilly some time or other.

Lud. Ach so! It is the Londonish Linden, not so good as our Linden, but seemly good.

Rob. By Jove, here comes our French friend! Deuced awkward to know what to say to a Frenchman now, so as not to hurt his feelings. Mustn't mention Egypt, Fashoda, DREYFUS, BRISSON, CHANOINE, Paris, war, peace, the army, the navy, the law, forgery, ESTERHAZY, false imprisonment, PICQUART, West Africa, strikes, exhibitions, newspapers, or anything.

Lud. That is true. Also not the KAISER, the Catholic Church in Palästina, Russland, the message of the ZAR, Elsass-Lothringen, Konstantinopel, the Jews, the Turks——

Rob. The infidels or the heretics; Europe, Asia, Africa or America. Doesn't leave much, does it? Only the weather.

Lud. And perhaps the arts and the knowledge.

Rob. Here he is. *Ah, mon cher ami, ça va bien?*

Auguste. Tiens, ce cher ROBINSON! And you also, Mister Enchanted! I come of to buy a journal——

Rob. Wonderfully warm weather, isn't it?

Aug. Ah, my dear, one should believe himself at Constantinople——

Lud. Ach so! Go we together the Piccadilly along, until towards the Hyde Park, how mean you?

Aug. Very volunteerly. I desire to march a little. I come of to buy a journal——

Rob. Nice mild weather for a gentle stroll.

Aug. Delicious. On the Boulevards at Paris——

Lud. To whom is this palace with the great court and the still greater garden?

Aug. Ah, you admire him? I come of to buy——

Rob. That's the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S.

Aug. Ah truly? The other day he has pronounced a discourse——

Rob. What do you think of his iron gates?

Lud. Wunderschön! But the palace——

Aug. Tiens! The Empire——

Rob. Oh, the house is not beautiful.

Aug. With these walls so high one should say a barrack. These brave militaries——

Lud. Natürlich. But the kingly castle, the Buckingham Palace, is much greater and beautifuller.

Aug. However, the Court there is never. At proposal of courts, *le Cour de Cassation*——

Lud. Ach Himmel! To whom is this house, who also one court has?

Rob. That's a club, the Naval and Military.

Aug. Le Cercle Militaire? Ce Général CHANOINE *est-il*——

Lud. What for omnibuses are it in London!

Aug. Astonishing! I have buyed a journal——

Rob. That's the Savile Club, for literary chaps.

Aug. Ah ça! The writers, the journalists. By blue, these journalists! I have buyed——

Lud. I was never therein. But I was one time in the Arts Club. The members are *sehr gemütlich, sehr gütig*, very hearty, very goody.

Rob. Very good-natured, you mean.

Aug. Ah, the brave boys, the artists-painters, the sculptors, the architects! Your Emperor has drawed a fountain for Constantinople, him also desires to be sculptor and architect. *Mais voyons donc!* At the Empire——

Lud. The trees in the Londonish gardens are very fine, not true?

Aug. Admirable. It is the climate so humid. In Africa, by example in Egypt——

Rob. Great Scott! I thought that girl would be off her bicycle. Awfully near shave. Very dangerous, isn't it?

Aug. They have never fear, your English misses. *Jamais un frisson! Ah, frisson et* BRISSON! What think you——

Rob. Have you been in one of those electric cabs?

Aug. One time. I feared some misfortune, imprisoned——

Rob. Oh, it's as safe as the Bank.

Aug. Ah, my dear, I goed to ask you something. I have received at the Crédit Lyonnais a paper, *un bordereau*——

Lud. Du lieber Himmel! This house, the last, is it also one club?

Rob. No. It's the Duke of WELLINGTON'S.

Aug. Tiens! We other French——

Lud. What for one beautiful picture-column? *Ach!* You say statue. She see like one German artwork out. Who is that?



INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

Obtuse Conductor (to Correct Person, suffering from proximity of festive Old Lady). "TWO, SIR!"

Rob. That's the Duke—the—— Excuse me. I must be off. Got to catch a train at Water——, at Vauxhall.

Lud. I also. Good day, dear Mister Colleague.

Aug. Au revoir. To soon. I goed to say you that I had buyed a journal for to see if there is a new ballet at the Empire.

TO MY CIGARETTE.

'TIS a dainty fascinating
Little pet,
Quite deserving this ornating
Epithet;
Always welcome when you're waiting,
It is seldom satiating,
And it never, hardly ever,
Brings regret.

'Tis a joy and consolation
When you fret,
Carking care and irritation
You forget.
'Tis with calm deliberation
I express my approbation,
Praise bestowing on my glowing
Cigarette.

An Inquiry.

October 26.

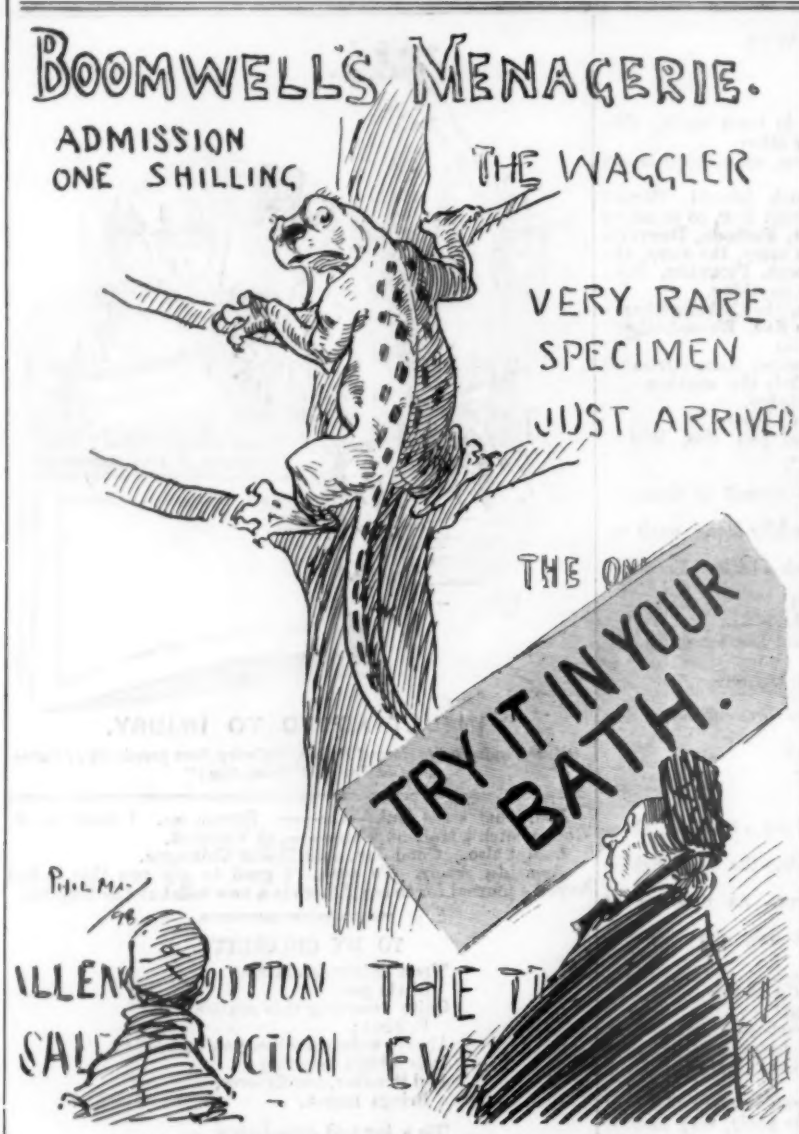
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see this morning in the *Daily Chronicle*, to which I owe much of my culture, that the crowds in Paris have been shouting *"Consquez Brisson"* in one street, and *"Conspufz les juifs"* in another. Always anxious to live and learn, I write to ask you which of these two spellings you recommend for general use in political life. I am, &c.,

BIS EDIT QUI CITIUS EDIT.

Overheard at the Zoo. A Fact.

Small Child (pointing to the hippopotamus). Oh, mother, look at that big frog going to have a bath!

Better-informed Parent. That isn't a frog, yer silly. It's a crocydile!



THE RESULT OF CARELESS BILL-POSTING.

"THE HURT THAT HONOUR FEELS."

["When a friendly nation by a secret manœuvre usurps the rights claimed and won before the eyes of the civilised world by another nation, it is little less than criminal for the press of the country so injured to say a single word calculated to embitter the relations of amity existing between the two Governments, or to hurt the sensitive honour of the nation who has committed the unfriendly act." *Daily Paper.*]

THAT man is surely in the wrong
And lets his angry passions blind him
Who, when a person comes along
Behind him,

And hits him hard upon the cheek
(One whom he took to be his brother),
Declines to turn and let him tweak
The other.

It should be his immediate care
By delicate and tactful dealings
To ease the striker's pain and spare
His feelings;

Nor should he, for his private ends,
Make any personal allusion
Tending to aggravate his friend's
Confusion.

For there are people built this way:—
They may have scratched your face or bent it,
Yet, if you reason with them, they
Resent it!

Their honour, quickly rendered sore,
Demands that you should suffer mutely,
Lest they should feel it even more
Acutely.

I knew a man of perfect tact,
He caught a burglar once, that man did,
He took him in the very act
Red-handed:

What kind of language then occurred?
How did he comment on the jemmy?
Did he employ some brutal word
Like "demme"?

Or kick the stranger then and there,
Or challenge him to formal battle?
Or spring upon the midnight air
His rattle?

Certainly not! He knew too much;
He knew that as a bud is blighted
Your burglar's honour, at a touch,
Feels slighted.

He saw, as men of taste would see,
That others' pride should be respected;
Some people cannot bear to be
Detected.

Therefore his rising wrath he curbed,
Gave him a smile as warm as may be,
Thanked him because he 'd not disturbed
The baby;

Apologised for fear his guest
Might deem him casual or surly
For having rudely gone to bed
So early;

The night was still not very old
And, short as was the invitation,
Would he not stay and share a cold
Collation?

So was his tact not found at fault,
So was he spared by tasteful flattery
What might have ended in assault
Or battery.

Soft language is the best—how true!
This doctrine, which I here rehearse, 'll
Apply to nations: it is u-
-niversal!

Yet some will traverse my remark
And say the rule was really written
To suit the book of such as bark
At Britain!

She, only, must not take offence
When, from behind, they jump upon her;
She must not hurt their lively sense
Of honour.

For plain opinions, put in speech,
Might lead to blows, which might be bloody,
A lesson which the Press should teach
And study!

THINGS *NEVER* SEEN IN FRANCE.

MEN sprawling on chairs while ladies stand waiting for a seat.

Cads, arm-in-arm, hustling women and children off the pavements.

Legislators punching one another's heads on the floor of the House.

Ministers inviting their colleagues to the duello, and comporting themselves after the fashion of "BRAVO HICKS!"

A Parliament exulting in its own excesses when the nation is on the brink of war.

A People letting off fireworks and organising an illumination with the enemy at the outer gate.

Caricatures of English ladies with long noses and hideous teeth.

Articles in newspapers full of offence to foreigners.

And last, and not least, pictorial insults of Britannia and her sons, a thousand times worse than the portrait of a monkey wearing the French uniform.



WELCOME!

Britannia. "SIRDAR! I THANK YOU! I AM PROUD OF YOU!'

"It was not merely a great victory for Egypt and Great Britain, but it was a great victory for civilisation."
(*Lord Rosebery at Perth, October 24. "Times" report.*)



BETTER NOT.

Mr. Trimbles (leading his horse down). "Ain't you very much afraid of your Pony falling with you, Lambertson, amongst all these Rabbit-holes and things?"

Lambertson. "Fall, Sir! Lor' bless y'! what he daren't. I should Smother him!"

A NEW PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

["The professions are overcrowded. From schoolmasters, barristers, doctors and men of letters comes the same complaint."—*Daily Paper.*]

In view of this unfortunate overcrowding which is prevalent in the liberal professions, our readers will be glad to hear that a Society for the Rescue of Unsuccessful Professional Men is in process of formation under the highest patronage. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors views the project with a benevolent eye, and several members of Parliament are in favour of the scheme. We have been favoured with an advance copy of the President's inaugural address, which runs as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

The objects of the society whose inauguration you witness this evening—the Society for the Rescue of Unsuccessful Professional Men—are sufficiently indicated by its title. The S.R.U.P.M. aims at the relief of a deserving and necessitous class, whose need of charitable assistance is too glaring to require demonstration. There are, according to the report of our Committee of Inquiry, at least five hundred medical men in the West End of London who are unable to earn their bread. We have already on the books of the Society the names of six hundred schoolmasters, three hundred barristers, five hundred painters, one thousand writers of fiction, and eighty minor poets, in the last stages of indigence. We hope, with the aid of the funds at our disposal, to rescue at least a thousand of such persons every year from destitution, and put them in the way of earning an honest living. Half of this number, after having been taught a trade, we shall ship to one of Her Majesty's colonies, where they will be able to make a fresh start in their new callings, unhampered by disastrous memories of their former professions. The other half will be distributed among our great cities or among the country districts as labourers, artisans, and the like, where it is believed that a career of humble usefulness can be secured for them. (*Hear, hear.*)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will like to know what occupations we have found most suitable to these unfortunate victims of competition in the learned professions. This is a question to which we have given much earnest thought, and the conclusions your committee have arrived at are as follows: Every man's new calling should as far as possible be such that he will be able to make some use of the knowledge which he was compelled to acquire in order to qualify for his former profession. This will diminish the amount of special training required in each case, and so lighten the labours of the society. Thus the unsuccessful medical man, having some knowledge of anatomy, will become a butcher; or if he has made sanitation his special study, we shall suggest his setting up as a plumber. The necessitous barrister will be given an opportunity of qualifying as a commercial traveller, a calling for which his previous intellectual training will especially fit him; or, if he has a good address and an insinuating manner, he would probably be fitted for any branch of retail trade. The schoolmaster who cannot obtain a post as a teacher of youth will be advised to embark in the congenial occupation of carpet-beating, an occupation in which his previous experience should be of great assistance to him. The artist will of course become a house-painter, and we are assured by a competent authority that, with a year's training, even an Academician will be able to paint railings in an adequate manner. We are informed that there is an immense opening for good house-painters in South Africa, and we hope to send out a large consignment of bad artists to Cape Town in the course of the next twelve months.

The real problem which we have had to face is concerned with the disposal of the large number of literary failures. No useful occupation has yet been found for the multitude of minor poets who are likely in the near future to apply to us for assistance. To judge by their published works these gentlemen are usually persons of bad character, and it would therefore be impossible to recommend them for any positions of trust. It is suggested, however, that they might be employed in running errands, and that the more muscular of them might break stones, or otherwise make a living by road-mending. The unsuccessful writers of fiction present an even greater difficulty, since they are far more numerous, while it is equally hard to discover any kind of useful employment for which they are fitted. It has been decided that lady novelists who are in necessitous circumstances should be taught needle-work and scrubbing, while the more intelligent among them might be urged to become domestic servants, a class for whom there is an unlimited demand in America. Those who show any aptitude for cooking might very soon be in a position to support themselves and their families. Unsuccessful men of letters, on the other hand, would probably express a foolish distaste for domestic service or for sweeping a crossing, and for them some simple form of handicraft would have to be discovered if they were not to be a burden upon the funds of the society. On the whole, they seem best fitted for agricultural pursuits, and the society would probably see its way to having them taught ploughing and the management of a farm before paying their passage to one of the Crown colonies.

Some discussion followed, and a vote of thanks to the President for his interesting address closed the proceedings.

In the Coverts of Old England.

First Pheasant (to stranger). Hallo! Where do you come from?

Second Pheasant. China! Can't you see the ring round my neck?

Third Pheasant. And I am a pure-bred Hungarian.

First Pheasant (indignantly). We'll be importing foreign beaters next! They ought to pass an Alien Bird Immigration Act! [*Returns to its raisins.*

A Generous Mamma.—In the case of Mr. William Beattie at the Bankruptcy Court, the principal unsecured creditor was his mother, for £29,900. Her maternal heart could not claim another "century," and make the sum £30,000; but as the debtor said he did not expect the matter to be pressed, the lady may fairly be described as *Beattie Beata non possidens.*



THE HYPNOTIC STEWARD.

(Specially engaged for the Cross-Channel Service.)

["Dr. PAUL FAREZ asserts that he has found in hypnotism an absolutely infallible remedy for sea-sickness and similar discomforts."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE 'BUS DRIVER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the first duty of the coachman of an omnibus?

Answer. To keep to time, and to nurse rivals out of existence.

Q. What is the usual pace of an omnibus?

A. When free from competition, a cross between a hearse and a piano-organ.

Q. And when the pace is unusual?

A. Then the horses, properly managed, should give an easy beating to a full-speed fire-engine.

Q. Is this speed not dangerous to the public?

A. Certainly, but the danger is compensated for by the prospect of ruin to the rival company.

Q. Is it not requisite that a driver should know London thoroughly?

A. Yes, and he is always equal to any emergency.

Q. What would be the route, then, from Knightsbridge Barracks to the Court Theatre?

A. By the Brompton Road, past the Oratory, through Thurloe and Onslow Squares, down Bond Street, skirting Belgrave Square, and thence *viâ* Cadogan Place into Sloane Square.

Q. But would it not be more direct to proceed from Knightsbridge to the Court Theatre by Sloane Street?

A. Undoubtedly.

Q. Then why should an omnibus take so circuitous a route to reach its destination?

A. Because it is the only possible route.

Q. Why?

A. Because the roads are up.

Q. Finally, do you consider the life of an omnibus-driver a happy one?

A. A very happy one—when he 's off duty!

RENUNCIATIONS.

DUSKY-FACED, sparkling-eyed, pretty
  Maid in that island afar,
Warbling your glad Cuban ditty,
  Rolling the shapely cigar
(Comfort unceasing, unfailing,
  Magical spell to excite,
Still with its perfumes exhaling
  Reveries sunny and bright);

Ah! but grim Science soon dashes
  Joys, though the keenest and best,
Turns our best pleasures to ashes,
  Robs our delights of their zest,
Who, though your products delicious
  Bliss of Elysium waft,
Slanders you, stern and officious,—
  You and your delicate craft.

Tells the cigar how you finish,
  Moistening it first at your lips,
As its proportions diminish
  Touched by your soft finger-tips;
Till dire despondencies fill us,
  As we behold with dismay
How the infecting bacillus
  Thus to our lips you convey.

Long since from perilous kisses
  Hygiene-warned we refrain,
Surely when shorn of their blisses
  None would partake of their pain;
Till, then, with skill reassuring,
  Science their shafts shall withstand,
Let us, Havanas abjuring,
  Stick to the Whitechapel brand.

A Golden Suggestion.

A LETTER from Klondike says that the ever-growing settlement is greatly in want of "efficient military protection." Why not enlist a regiment on the spot, and call it the Goldstream Guards?

THE best way of getting your umbrella re-covered is to send to Scotland Yard.

CAVIARE TO "THE GENERAL."

Dear Mr. Punch,—It seems that London is not the only place where a revived interest is being shown in *Macbeth*.

I hear from Cambridge that candidates for the General Examination for the ordinary degree are being examined in the play, and the subjoined paper seems to show that the examination is being conducted in no narrow or unduly academic spirit, but is designed to be a real test of intelligent study and criticism.

You will gladly note this fresh proof of widening culture in our ancient Universities.

MACBETH.

1. Compare *Macbeth* and Mr. McKinley, in respect of their character and foreign policy. What other names do you know which begin with "Mac"?

2. "What beast was it then
That made you break this enterprise to me?"
Lady Macbeth (Act I, Sc. 7).

Answer this question, and give a list of the animals which *Macbeth* says he would rather meet than the ghost of *Banquo*.

Is it your opinion that the recent Zoological Congress (at Cambridge) was fruitful in results?

3. "Act I., Scene 1.—An open Place. Thunder and lightning. Enter Three Witches."

Give the odds laid on *Macbeth* and *Banquo* respectively by the Three Witches. Does the term "Place," used here, bear the technical meaning put upon it in the case of Hawke *v.* Dunn? If so, estimate the Witches' liability—in pounds Scotch.

4. "The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night." (Act II., Sc. 3.)

Under what circumstances does the keeping of noisy fowls, to the annoyance of neighbours, constitute a "nuisance" at law?

If you approve the emendation of the text which substitutes "bard" for "bird," say so, and cite not more than one hundred names in this class.

N.B.—No marks will be given for mentioning the Poet Laureate, unless you can quote the title of one of his works.

5. Describe, in terms of French cookery, the contents of the Witches' cauldron, and explain the difference (if any) between Hell-broth and Haggis.

6. *Young Siward.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant!
Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn! (Act V., Sc. 7.)

Do you consider this a proper way for one gentleman to address another?

7. Do you consider that *Macbeth* had a "Political Mission," or is he to be regarded merely as an "Emissary of Civilisation"?

8. Give the substance of *Macduff's* remarks on the subject of his family bereavement, and explain clearly his relationship to the present Duke of Fife.

9. "He 's here in double trust . . ." "We will proceed no further in this matter, He hath honour'd me of late," &c., &c. (Act I., Sc. 7.)

Would these objections, urged by *Macbeth*, have entitled him to a certificate of exemption as a "conscientious objector" (in the view of a Metropolitan Police Magistrate), if vaccination and not murder had been the practice objected to?

That is all the paper; and I am, yours obediently,

B. A. Cantab. (Poll.).

AS NOW WORN; OR, THE GENT'S ARBITER OF FASHION.—2.

In my last, I promised to touch on your tie. Well,—now, as to your neck-wear. I need not tell you that you had better murder six maiden aunts, or habitually cheat at "bac," or, in fact, commit the most heinous crime in the calendar, than be caught wearing a made-up white tie. Fashion has, for some doubtlessly cogent reason, decreed that this is the lowest depth of degradation to which the aspirant can sink—a more fearful *bêtise* even than wearing a top-hat with a sacque coat. You, of course, tie your own *cravates*, but there is a right and a wrong way to do this. You should practise for hours before a looking-glass with a boot-lace round your neck. Time is no object when the matter is of such vital importance. Take one end of the lace, which must be exactly thirty-two inches long, in your right hand, and pass it round the back of your collar, holding the other end in your remaining hand, that is, your left hand; you then pull the first end down, so that it lies somewhat under the other end, in order that by a dexterous movement of the right thumb and forefinger it may loop up at a distance of ten and a half inches from the first end, which is now caught crosswise over the left middle finger; then slip the back part of the bend up towards the chin, and pull the two loops through in reverse directions, and there you are. I hope this is sufficiently clear to you. It really requires a lot of study.

I notice that one of our most important young dandies is wearing his back-hair cut in a V-shape and terminating in a point over his lofty collar. This is very fetching and attractive, especially when he turns his back to you in the middle of an interview. I am almost inclined to prophesy that the next mode will be to grow the hair upwards and forwards over the forehead in the manner of a cockatoo. The bowler hat will then be worn on the back of the head, imparting a somewhat defiant and nonchalant air, indicative of distant cousinship with the Services, now so much to the fore.

There is a rumour that tooth-picks are coming in again. They are now being made of celluloid, with the owner's crest and motto, or failing these, his employer's trade-mark, stamped thereon. A leading City clerk, noted for his exquisite refinement, yesterday confessed to me that he used as many as four a day, one after each meal, and sometimes an extra one in the street. This sounds extravagant, if you use a new toothpick each time. Second-hand ones, however, are not very good taste.

Have you heard of the language of waistcoat-buttons, and character-reading by the shirt-cuff? It is quite the latest rage. For instance, a white calico button on a tweed suit means "Can you lend me a fiver?" and a missing one is equivalent to "Will you be my wife?" A neutral-tinted shirt-cuff indicates a literary turn of mind. A paper ditto signifies an income of £90 a year, and so on.

The American accent is now largely worn in London, especially on the stage. Some of our most enterprising *jeunes premiers* are taking lessons in the correct intonation of "Right here," and similar phrases, in order to get engagements.

I am afraid I have somewhat over-run my limits, so will conclude for the time being, Your well-wisher, Zedwhyeks.



Miss Townley. "I think the Country is just sweet. I love to see the Peasant returning to his humble Cot, his sturdy Figure outlined against the setting Sun, his faithful Collie at his Side, and his Plough upon his Shoulder!"

Sporting Prophet (*playing billiards*). Marker, here 's the tip off this cue, as usual.

Marker. Yes, Sir. Better give us one of your "tips," Sir, as *they never come off*.



FORE and AFT!

DARBY JONES ON "SPILT MILK."

IT may readily be allowed, honoured Sir, that on Wednesday last the Fist of Fortune was very busily pounding the Unfortunate Backers, who imagined that the Winner of the Cambridgeshire was as easy to pick as a Ripe Pippin off the Tree. As a matter of fact, there is no Contest of the whole year so difficult to sift, and those who were content to take 7 to 2 about *Craftsman*, in a field of Twenty-six Runners, must certainly have been struck silly by the God of Wagering, who is, I opine, Mercury, also the Patron of the Knights of the Light Fingers. The start, too, was not up to Mr. COVENTRY'S usual form; and it is a Curious Commentary on the Utterance of a Great Man, that directly after J. TOD SLOAN, Esq. (U.S.A.), had publicly announced that he much preferred Mr. COVENTRY'S method to any Starting-Machine in the World, he should have been left at the Post, to reflect, perhaps, while urging on *Nunsuch*, that to err is Human, as well as Equine, Nature.

The Noble Army of Backers were routed as completely at Newmarket as were the Dervishes at Omdurman. The Slaughter has indeed been Terrible, and the defeat of *Caiman* in the Dewhurst Plate probably added some fresh bits of "stiff" to the Kites, which I am told, on the authority of Captain KRITERION, are flying about Burlington Gardens and vicinity like leaves in Epping Forest. But, as a rule, the Kite-flyer is also a Philosopher. He does not go wailing about the Town like a Lady who has had her pocket picked of a 'Bus-fare. On the other hand, the Gentleman of Lavish Lucre, whose Money-bags have been sweated to the Advantage of the Metallicians, yells like a sick Thomas cat which has upset a Ewer of Lacteal Fluid. Sometimes he uses Language with regard to Everybody connected with the Race, from the Handicapper down to the Stable-Boy, of a Nature utterly unfit for Publication. And again, he will whimper and whine like a stricken Lap-dog because he did not "spot" the chance of *Georgic*. In short, honoured Sir, he is a fretful Porcupine to all his friends and acquaintances. This Manner of Man ought not to be allowed to bet except in Marbles or Chocolate Creams. He seems to think that somebody maliciously jogged his elbow, and spilt the Milk which he was carrying to his lips. I trust I shall not be accused of aiding and abetting Immorality, if I say I hold in far greater esteem the Napoleonic Plunger who boldly avers that he intends to "take the knock," than I do this Perisological Pinwidgeon (epithet registered). I confess that the Honourable FLIFLATT is in my mental optic.

I hear rumours of vast numbers of Spondulicks having been collected by Mr. H. C. WHITE, Mr. F. DAY and Antipodean Company (Limited), but in my humble Sphere I only know of two Individuals who trusted the Australian Nag, the one a Fiduciary Undertaker, who, having in '87 landed a 40-to-1 chance by reason of the victory of *Gloriation*, has always had two Yellow-boys on a 40-to-1 chance in every Cambridgeshire; the other a Schoolboy, who is now studying the Antique Italian Poets, and while intrusting Yours Truly with a Florin for investment, informed me that the writing out of a Georgic was a common form of Preceptorial Punishment at his Seminary. This time he wrote out his Georgic to greater satisfaction. Had I had his Educational Advantages, doubtless I might have taken the Tip of Ingenuous Youth; but, as it is, I fear that if between now and the Liverpool meeting, you would wish me to enjoy more Nutritious Fare than is afforded by Adam's Ale and the Staff of Life, you will *honour* the inclosed small but important Acknowledgment of Indebtedness to your Revered Self from

Your ever Subservient Satellite,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I should be grateful if you would *not* cross any Financial Document bearing your Signature, as I regret to say that my puny Banking Account is at the present moment like a depleted Beer-barrel—overdrawn.

[It is perhaps unnecessary to inform DARBY JONES that our collection of his autographs is already so large that we must decline to give our own in exchange for a fresh specimen of his signature. A diet of bread and water will be beneficial to his health and our pocket.—ED.]

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND'S SPEECH.

ADDRESSING a public meeting, Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND, M.P., is reported to have said that, "If England and France go to war, his sympathy would be with France," and he then called for cheers for Major MARCHAND.

The effect of this speech was far-reaching—almost deadly in its stunning force. Its importance can hardly be over-estimated. Both England and France, for very different reasons, have been thrown into convulsions. The French naturally see the immense advantage which the sympathy of Mr. REDMOND gives them, and are correspondingly elated. To us, on this side of the Channel, it is of course a crushing blow. In fact, resistance seems useless. In this emergency, is it too much to expect that the Cabinet should be called together to devise some means for propitiating Mr. REDMOND, say, by prayer, or perhaps better still, by the offer of a lucrative appointment, and inducing him to withdraw the priceless blessing which he has offered, all unasked, to the foes of the QUEEN he swore fealty to? In the terrible event of the hon. member remaining unmoved alike by prayer, entreaty, or reward, it were better far that England should unconditionally surrender, than that she should fight a hopeless battle against France and the Irish patriot combined. Tudgers's might well have been proud of such a man, and who shall say but that the Three Tailors of Tooley Street would have gladly taken "power to add to their number," as the company prospectuses have it, had they enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a personal acquaintance with Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND?

Horticultural Malady.

Mr. Nibbs (to Young Pipps). How's your father to-day?

Young Pipps (whose sire has been laid up with fever). Quite cool, Sir; in a cucumber-frame sort of mind.



NOVEMBER.—GUY FOX'S DAY.

"Alarming news! Greatly-increased death-rate."

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

LIQUEURS OF THE Cde. CHARTREUSE.
These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 23, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY
TRY THE FAMOUS
UAM-VAR
SCOTCH WHISKY
And you will not be disappointed.
INNES & GRIEVE, LTD.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

ROPER FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

Goddard's Plate Powder
NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be The Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.
Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY
REFUSE WORTHLESS TAR SOAPS

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.
Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170. C179. 291. 303. 431. 659. 1000.

THE FAMOUS

"MAB" RAZOR
The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."
PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.
"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*
Allen & Hanburys' Food
FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.
"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.
Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.



HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

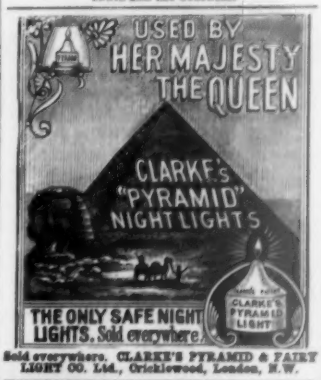
OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
3D
Per Box of 10.
A Cigarette of Standard Excellence At Small Cost.
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

BUCHANAN BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY
AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

MACGREGOR'S FAMOUS WHISKY.


'The Spirit of the Age.'
PALATABLE.
PURE.
PERFECT.
Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.
Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.
Net Cash Carriage Paid.
MACGREGOR & TURNER,
(ESTABLISHED 1859.)
24 & 26, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

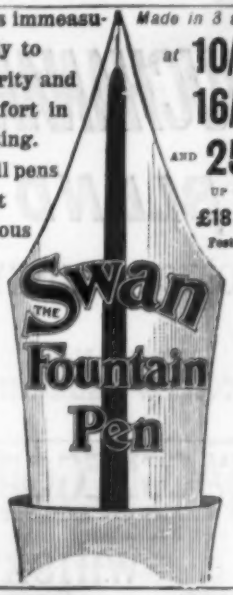
CARLTON
RICHD. MATHEWS & CO.
TRADE MARK
WHISKEY
ELEVEN YEARS OLD.
This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland small Stills.
25s. the Gall., 60s. the Dozen.
Cash only.
Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.
RICHD. MATHEWS & CO.,
24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the COLONIES.



Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins. 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

THURSTON'S
"PERFECT"
BILLIARD CUSHIONS

Still unequalled for accuracy, speed and durability.

The "Perfect" Low Cushions as fitted to the "Thurston" Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne, can be attached to any Billiard Table at a cost of 12 Guineas.

THURSTON & CO., LTD.,
(The Parent House of the Trade.)
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.
Sole Makers to Her Majesty.
By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandriff, prevents hair from falling, is most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. The only preparation of its kind that has ever received a Royal Recommendation. 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from

THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,
16, BEVIS MARKS and 233, REGENT ST., W.



MAKE ROOM FOR MONKEY BRAND!

Won't Wash Clothes. BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP *Won't Wash Clothes.*

FOR

KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH.

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.
FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.
REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c. *Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.* W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.

BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

"PUNCH"
is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters. THREE GOLD MEDALS.

POUDRE D'AMOUR

Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION,

For the Nursery, Roughness of the Skin, After Shaving, etc.

PURE AND HARMLESS.

BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RACHEL, 1s.

Of PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 20, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 5, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



Nº. 2992.
VOLUME CXV.
NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

(Dichroic.) DRAPER'S INK. (Dichroic.)
THE BEST BLACK INK KNOWN!

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN'S NEW NOVEL.
Now ready. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE CASTLE INN
By STANLEY J. WEYMAN,
Author of "A Gentleman of France," "Shrewsbury," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

MR. CROCKETT'S NEW NOVEL.
Just Published. With 8 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE RED AXE.
By S. R. CROCKETT,
Author of "The Raiders," "Cleg Kelly," &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.
SIR WALTER BESANT'S NEW BOOK.
TO BE READY IMMEDIATELY. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, gilt top, 18s.
SOUTH LONDON. By SIR WALTER BESANT, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "LONDON" and "WESTMINSTER." With an Etched Frontispiece by F. S. WALKER, R.E., and 118 Illustrations.

TO BE READY IMMEDIATELY.
Crown 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d.
SLUM SILHOUETTES: STORIES OF LONDON LIFE. By J. DODSWORTH BEATHAM.

DR. BREWER'S READER'S HANDBOOK of FAMOUS NAMES in FICTION, ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PROVERBS, PLOTS, STORIES, and POEMS. A New Edition, revised throughout and enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
"There seems to be scarcely anything concerning which one may not overhaul 'The Reader's Handbook' with profit. It is a most laborious compilation, successfully performed."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PICTURESQUE INDIA. By Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
"A charming book. Altogether an agreeable volume, by an author who can chat pleasantly about subjects which he knows well."—THE TIMES.

NEW THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS.
JOAN, THE CURATE. By FLORENCE WARDEN. SECOND EDITION.
"It is altogether a delightful story, charmingly told."—CHURCH GAZETTE.
A TRAGEDY IN MARBLE. By ADAM LILBURN.
"A capital novel. . . . . A thoroughly artistic, careful piece of work, very tragic but very human."—WORLD.
MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODCHILDREN. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Saint Mungo's City."
"It is admirable."—LEEDS MERCURY.
ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME. By GEORGE R. SIMS. With 8 Illustrations by C. Green, R.I.
"An agreeably told story, with a Wilkie Collins touch in the telling that makes us wish it twice as long."—SPORTING LIFE.
THIS LITTLE WORLD. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat."
"Honestly conceived, thoughtfully and even tenderly worked out."—ATHENÆUM.
CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
(Established 1825.)
Head Office: EDINBURGH.
Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.
ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES
CARRIED THROUGH
ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.
Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

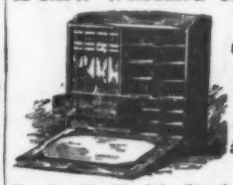
CIGARES de JOY
(Joy's cigarettes)
IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE
ASTHMA
WHEEZING
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS
Box of 35 by Post free from Wilcox & Co. 65 Mortimer St. London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores
SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH
SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
DRESSING BAGS.

SAINSBURY'S
LAVENDER WATER,
A Fragrant Bouquet of English Lavender Flowers and Choicest Perfumes.
STRAND, LONDON.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.
KROPP RAZOR
NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.
English Manufacture.
WARRANTED PERFECT
Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 21s.
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.
"Shaver's Kit and Outfit," *Post Free.*
Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.

Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.
No. 931, as illustration, £2 12s. 0d. IN OAK THROUGHOUT.
Size 21¼ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from
H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

CELLULAR
DRESS SHIRTS.
HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.
Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 23, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.
'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'
Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.
BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World.

"PUNCH"
is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW,
CRYSTAL PALACE, London, S.E., Nov. 18th to 26th, 1898.
The New "MULTIFLEX" patterns of
DUNLOP TYRES,
Which are creating such a sensation in the wheel world, will be on view in THE ROMAN COURT.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd., Alma Street, Coventry.

"The NEW COFFEE. Delicious, *and* enjoyed *by those* who can take no other."
Café Zylak
PEPTONIZED MILK AND COFFEE.
A Doctor writes:—"As near perfection as one can desire."
In Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Obtainable everywhere.
SAVORY & MOORE, London.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.
£21 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.
EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, Haifa, for Nazareth, &c.
On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,344; h.p. 4,000.
Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.
Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.
The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.
Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise
by their Steamship
"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,
To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA.
Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.
The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.
"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."
Fares from 75 Guineas.
Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.
Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From 3d. *per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery."—Lancet

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.
ROWLANDS' ODONTO
The Best and Safest Dentifrice: Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



"THE VALET OF THE NILE."

MUCH TALKED ABOUT, BUT VERY SELDOM SEEN!

THE MANŒUVRES OF JONES AT THE HAYMARKET.

What happened to Jones, as many theatre-goers are aware, may be ascertained from information to be received at the Strand Theatre; but what really happened to our "only JONES" (HENRY ARTHUR "of that ilk") to inspire him to write a piece for the Haymarket, entitled, *The Manœuvres of Jane*, will remain a mystery to those who, having probably something else with which to occupy their attention, do not care to pursue the inquiry. HENRY AUTHOR wrote *"The Strange Case of the Reverend Michael and his lost Angel of Islington"* (the exact title escapes our memory, but this is near enough to be pleasant), which eccentric dramatic work "strutted its short hour on the stage and then was heard no more," its brief candle sputtering out, unpuffed. And probably the Henry Author-of-its-being, seeing something in that creation of his fertile brain worthy of preservation, thought it would be as well to put a little of the old wine, home-made, into another bottle, with a new label, for consumption at the Haymarket. And so it comes about, that, as the designing lady in the Lyceum piece was locked up in a room "for one night only" with the namby-pamby *Michael*, so in this Haymarket play the principal heroine, *Jane Nangle*, is out all night with her lover, *George Langton*, and the other heroine, *Constantia Gaze*, contrives to be placed in a similar predicament with *Lord Bapchild*, on whom she has matrimonial designs; and everything having been explained to the satisfaction of the other *dramatis personæ* who have *not* been out all night with anybody, the piece concludes, as it had proceeded, without causing any demonstration of that interest with which the story of *The Liars* was closely followed by an attentive audience, whose enthusiasm increased with the development of the really ingenious plot. When the curtain descended on *The Liars*, its author was acclaimed as a SHERIDAN *Minor*, or, say, *Minimus*.

The piece at the Haymarket is, as *Touchstone* said of the knight's oath, nought, but the acting is everything; and, merely to see what good acting can do for a poor piece, the Haymarket entertainment is well worth a visit. There is scarcely an indifferent rendering of any character throughout; but not all the fascinating art of a WINIFRED EMERY can win the sympathy of an audience for such a wilful, childish, petulant, and far from high-principled "piece of goods," as is *Jane Nangle*. Do what Miss EMERY can with her, the part is unsympathetic and irritating.

As for *Constantia Gaze* (no connection, of course, with the tourist agency), capitally played by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, she is a mild adventuress, and again quite unsympathetic.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is simply admirable as a sort of *Verdant Green* young nobleman, a figure *pour rire*, a character so farcical that it might easily have been developed into an entirely new species of the genus *Dundreary*, had such a genuine happy thought as this opportunely occurred to the author. Be it remembered, however, that *Dundreary* grew out of *The American Cousin*, which subsequently had an existence entirely apart from that of *Lord Dundreary*. *"The Manœuvres of Lord Bapchild"* (a name as foolish as *Dundreary*) would have had a far better chance than those of *Jane*. The scene in the third act between Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss KINGSTON goes with a roar of merriment from beginning to end, the curtain being raised three times for actor and actress to receive the plaudits of a delighted audience. This episode will be invaluable hereafter as a most attractive duologue at "benefit" performances. Here, given the two characters, the situation, and the stage entirely to themselves, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss KINGSTON could easily have invented their own dialogue at rehearsal, and then the scene might perhaps have been even better than it is; but, as it is, it is undeniably *the* success of the evening's entertainment.

Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, with all her cleverness, can do very little with the dull *rôle* assigned to her; and *Pamela Beechinor* (what names H. A. J. selects!), a most objectionable girl, whose obtrusive existence does not seem to be essential to the plot, is remarkably well played by Miss BEATRICE FERRAR. Her being "taken and shaken" by *Jane* is the strongest action in Miss EMERY's part. Admirably does she do it, and marvellously does Miss FERRAR whimper and bear it.

Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON, as a sort of gentlemanly chorus called *Jervis Punshon* (here's another name!), is as good as he can be with absolutely nothing whatever to do; and so is Mr. HALLARD as *George Langton*, the lover. As *Nangle*, which is, we believe, a peculiarly Irish name, and was somehow mixed up with the TICHBORNE case, Mr. ELLIOT has the best "character part" in the piece, simply because there is nothing novel in it, his characteristics being merely a slight variant of the peppery old fathers in ancient farces, who went about either cursing some one or blessing everybody, and who, in the end, on being patted on the cheek by the pretty daughter, invariably yielded, gave consent, and said, "Take her, you dog,—be happy." Such is the Jonesian originality!

Besides these, there are thirteen other characters, all conscientiously doing their little bits, and the whole lot of them just worth nothing at all dramatically. It has not yet been given to JONES to originate another *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, though he does rush in where only a very, very few, and those mainly French dramatists, can tread with safety. All that stage craft can do for the piece has been done in acting, scenery, and costumes, and if the character, as we have suggested, could be Dundrearyized, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE might look forward to a run equal to that enjoyed by the representative of the once famous nobleman.

HALL *v.* HOOLEY.—*A propos* of a statement made by Mr. TERAH BOOM-DE-AY HOOLEY, Sir CHARLES HALL, Recorder of London, and HALL of Justice, wrote to the *Times* to deny that he is, was, or ever has been, what Mr. HOOLEY had asserted him to be, or to have been. HALL right. Good. Proudly conscious of his unique personality, Sir CHARLES HALL wrote, "as I am the only person of that name," therefore, &c. &c. Of course. "*Charles*, our friend," the only person of that name, and no other genuine! Colourable imitations there may be; likewise persons asserting that they are "HALL the same concern," which is a most "untradesmanlike falsehood"; but CHARLEY is *our* darling, our gay cavalier, our only HALL, and not to be Haul'd over the coals, and to be blackened in the process by a Hooley-gan! *Jamais de la vie!* Why French? Don't know; but 'tis emphatic. "How dost thou, *Charles!*" to quote SHAKSPEARE'S *As You Like it*. Then comes the answer, "He cannot speak, my lord!" Oh, WILLY SHAKSPEARE! you are in error there! Can't he "speak"! Rather! and he can tell the HOOLEY that he is HOOLEY and entirely wrong.

NOTE BY THE BARON DE B.-W.—From the same publishing firm of KEGAN, PAUL & Co. (with a lot of "Co." limited), are issued *The Silence of Dean Maitland* and a volume of *Sermons*. We, personally, should prefer the "Silence." Also is advertised *A New Light on Hebrew History*, by Professor CORNILL. Was this work originally written for the *Corn'ill Magazine?* Of course it will be very witty, full of *bons Mo'* and *Jews d'esprit*.

THE OBVIOUS REPLY WHEN ADDRESSED BY SIR HERBERT KITCHENER.—"Sir-dar-*you!*"



AN EXPENSIVE VISITOR.

Sultan. "HUM! INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN! BUT I THINK, AFTER THIS, I MUST REALLY CONFINE MYSELF TO '*PAYING* GUESTS.'"

THE SULTAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

AN EASTERN TALE.

THE SULTAN and the Traveller
So cordially met,
But wept like anything to see
Such quantities of debt.
"The means to clear this off," they said,
"It would be nice to get."

"If seven banks with seven loans
Tried it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the SULTAN said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Traveller,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Moslems, come and look at us!"
The SULTAN blandly bade.
"A Giaour guest, come from the West,
To push Teutonic trade;
For that new palace, built for him,
You very kindly paid."

The SULTAN and the Traveller
The capital had seen,
With streets so nicely paved, and washed
Conveniently clean;
And all the placid Moslems stood,
Like fatalists, serene.

"The time has come," the SULTAN said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes that pinch, of costly stones,
Of Cretan chiefs, and kings,
And railways made in Germany,
And whether pounds have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Moslems cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For all of us are out of cash,
Squeezed, like a lemon, flat."
"No hurry," said the Traveller.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loan of gold," the SULTAN said,
"Is what we chiefly need,
Rubies and diamonds besides
Are very good indeed;
Now if you're ready, Moslems dear,
We're waiting to be fee'd."

"But not by us," the Moslems cried,
Turning a little blue,
"We've been compelled to wash our homes,
A painful thing to do!"
"They look so fine," the SULTAN said,
"And much improve the view."

"It was so kind of you to come,
And leave domestic ease."
The Traveller said nothing but,
"One more concession, please;
We want a larger profit than
We get from German Threes."

"You don't object," the SULTAN asked,
"To join in such a trick?
We've flattered you for all we're worth,
And said you *are* a brick."
The Traveller said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick."

"I weep for you," the SULTAN said,
"I deeply sympathise;
An ornament in diamonds—
Those of the largest size—
A sabre, jewels, furniture,
My modest gifts comprise."

"O Moslems," said the Traveller,
"You've all been nicely done!
So I'll be trotting off again."
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd hooleyed every one.



Fozzle (reading announcement in public-house window). "I WONDER IF THEY'D TAKE ME AS A MEMBER!"

TARDY JUSTICE.—"Sir," writes "SLOW JUSTICE," "I read in the *Times* of Thursday, November 3, this line: '*Mr. Justice Phillimore rose at one o'clock yesterday.*' Well, why not? What is it to anybody if Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE did take a longer turn than usual in a nice warm, cosy bed? Why should his Lordship have come out in such horrid weather, unless, of course, he were keeping his Court and Courtiers waiting? But of this there is no mention. Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE might have been late overnight; might have sat up studying, or not studying, legal problems. I do hope," writes our correspondent, most emphatically, "that, in future, Mr. Justice PHILLIMORE will be allowed to rise any day at his own time without public attention being drawn to the fact."

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Born November 9, 1841.

GOOD greeting, Sir, to you,
East, West, and North, and South!
That all our hearts speak true
Is no mere word of mouth.
No flattery of powers that be
Your judgment could convince.
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
One shout goes up of loyalty,
The shout of Empire vast and free,
"God save and bless the Prince!"

OLD SAW NEW SET FOR A BRIGHT RACER.—"*Slo-an* sure wins the race."

ASTHMATIC ATTACK IN WINTER.—"Piping times."



"IT IS SOMETIMES DANGEROUS TO INQUIRE."

Old Poet.

Inquisitive Tourist. "AND HOW DO YOU FIND THE CROPS THIS YEAR, MURPHY?"

Murphy. "HOW DO I FIND THE CROPS IS IT? SURE, YOUR HONOUR, 'TIS BY DIGGING FOR 'EM, ANY WAY!"

DARBY JONES ON "BOTTLERS" AND LIVERPOOL.

WE have now arrived, honoured Sir, at that Season of the Year when "Bottlers" are most in evidence. The word "Bottler" will not, I opine, be found in the Lexicons of either Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, or of Messrs. WEBSTER and WALKER. Indeed, without having registered the *mot* at Stationers' Hall, I may claim it as a poor thing, but Mine Own. The "Bottler" is a peculiar beast, and in nine cases out of ten He (or She) belongs to a Trainer. He has generally been so well tried at home that he can with safety be relied on to slip the Autumn Handicapper's Observant Optics, and be comfortably weighted at an Impost which shall be as easy to carry as an ounce or two of Thistle-down. Occasionally the "Bottler" has run in the Early Spring, before he recognised that he possessed four legs, but he has scarcely ever won. Indeed, it is greatly to the credit of the "Bottler" that as a rule he never seeks victory in these Preliminary Exercises, and if he be misguided enough to attempt a Coup on his own account, he is speedily reminded that his Education is far from complete.

The "Bottler" is the Terror of the Tipster. Training Reports anent "Bottlers" are about as valuable as the Gamboge-coloured Volumes issued by the French Government on the subject of Fashoda and other Freaks on the Nile. And as Captain KRITERION very justly remarks, even if you are in the "know" of one "Bottler," another "Bottler" comes along and spells "no" in quite a different manner.

So beware of "Bottlers" in the Back-end, especially at Liverpool, where the "canny" men of the North serve them up as hot as do Ladies of the same region Pikelets and other indigestible Cakes at Tea-time. It will puzzle many an Intrepid Plunger to know how he is going to come up on the Monday following the IV. Days of Contest; but while begging you, honoured Sir, and other Patrons, to remember that the Good-win Sands are as much in evidence round about the Mersey as they are off the Coast of Kent, I may ask remembrance of *Marmion's last words* throughout the meeting, and also crave, in special reference to the Liverpudlian Cup, some hearing for the rhymes of a Bewildered Bard, who sings:—

The *Heated One* I'd leave alone,
But *Let her Go* beware;
The *Old Sign* needs a better tone
To make the *Hee-haw* care;
The *Timber Down* will not be last,
King's Envoy runs for me;
And if *Perfectiona's* passed,
'Twill be by *Castle B.*

Your much misunderstood mercenary,

DARBY JONES.

THE LOST ART.

["The Mayor of Beverley has been recording his impressions in the *Beverley Independent*:—'Dancing ..... has developed into an exercise little better than a "romp"; the art seems lost; step, tune and rhythm are alike ignored. ..... Between the ball-room and the football field there seems little now to choose; the risk of injury is, I think, rather greater in the former.'"

Westminster Gazette.]

ALAS! how many things I see
No longer what they used to be!
What changes wrought by Time's fell curse,
And every one of them for worse;
And sipping my post-prandial chicory,
I mourn, alas, our lost Terpsichore!

Oh! for the days when there were dancers!
Oh! for the mazes of the Lancers!
With what a nimble step elastic
We tripped it on the light fantastic,
With a sweet charm which now is not,
Through gay cotillion or gavotte,
Or with a grace more regal yet,
We stepped a stately minuet,
Each man of us a choice assortment
Of Turveydropian deportment.

But where is now your ancient pomp?
Your dance is but a vulgar romp,
Your shocking "Barns" and "Posts"—oh, fie!
You only think of kicking high.
The men career *sans* time, *sans* rhythm,
The girls rush helter-skelter with 'em,
They charge, they trample on one's toes,
Their elbows hit one on the nose,
They black one's eyes, still on they come,
They butt one in the back and stom—
I mean the waistcoat, till the hall
Is more like battlefield than ball.

I'd rather serve in the Soudan,
I'd rather fight at Omdurman,
I'd rather quarrel with a chum,
I'd rather face a Rugby scrum,
Nay, by the stars, I'd rather be
That hapless wretch, the referee,
Most desperate of men, than chance
My life and limbs at modern dance.



A GREEK TRANSLATION.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF *CHARLEY'S AUNT.*

["Prince NICHOLAS of Greece" has approached Mr. W. S. PENLEY for permission to translate *Charley's Aunt* into modern Greek."—*Daily Paper.*]

MISCONSTRUCTION.

["Some rebellious murmurs have lately been heard against the quaint and pleasing practice of printing the *menu* in French."—*The World.*]

OH, democratic leveller, who do not even shrink
From turning into English Ollendorffish MAETERLINCK,
Spare yet this further step! nor let your ruthless fingers itch
To tear aside the mask that veils the viands of the rich,
The card that hides grim secrets from a too inquiring view
In merciful obscurity—the mispronounced *menu*.

Purées we taste and question not, we count it inexpedient
To set down in plain English each mysterious ingredient;
The rather homely sweet-bread sounds quite dignified, you know,
When served (and priced accordingly) as dainty *ris de veau*,
And he who pays in ignorance of what *hors d'œuvres* mean,
Might grudge a modest shilling for an oyster or sardine.

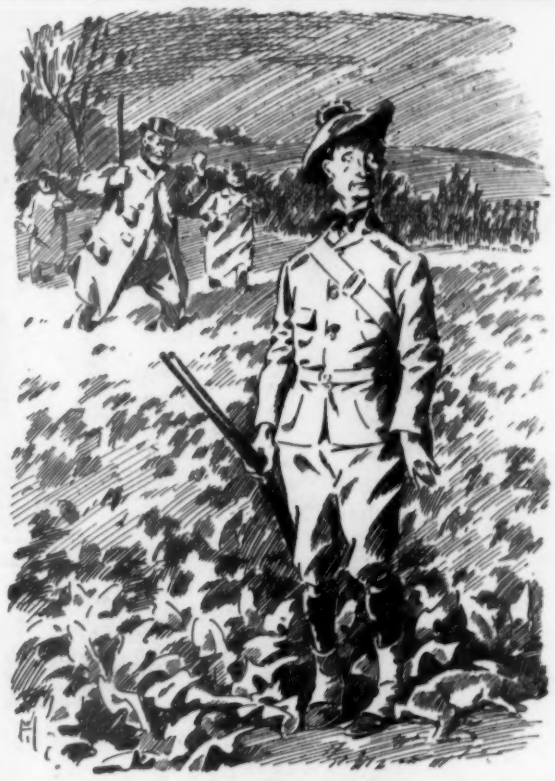
Sheer gammon and plain spinach seem more appetising far
If gallicised to *jambon* and disguised as *épinard;*
Let English beef still decorate its wholesome lean and fat
In semblance of *filet de bœuf*, dressed *à la* this and that,
And honest "Murphies" swell with pride and satisfaction when
Writ large as *Maître d'Hôtel, fondantes*, or *Pomme Parisienne*.

Thus heralded and introduced there 's nothing comes amiss,
Hunger has neither eyes nor ears, and ignorance is bliss;
Let us from some unknown *Château* our wry-faced claret sip,
Then pay our monstrous bill, and add the *garçon's* heavy tip,
But—no translation! for in truth no restaurant would dare
Describe its thieving *menu* as an honest Bill of *Fare*.

TAILY INGENIO.—*Toby* wishes to be informed by any competent authority on drink, whether a compound called "*Dog's Nose*" will be permitted to be sold at the bars of the House of Commons? We are sorry to hear that our excellent *Toby* is compelled, for a while, to seek a warmer climate, as he is suffering from "cat-arrh, and requires dogtering."

LATIN LEGAL MOTTO FOR PRESENT APPLICATION TO SOME MILITARY LEADERS IN FRANCE.—"*Dolus latet in generalibus*," or *Anglicè*, "Some Generals are up to sly tricks."

AFTER the "little nipper" had departed, the motto of the sleeper awakened was, "Flea away and be at rest."



APPALLING POSITION OF POOR LITTLE DOVELEIGH, WHO HAD TAKEN A FEW ACRES OF SHOOTING ON THE BORDERS OF FARMER BLUNDERBORE'S LAND, AND HAD NOT SUFFICIENTLY VERIFIED HIS BOUNDARIES.

THE DAY'S TALK.

(*In Humble Imitation of* RUDYARD KIPLING.)

A MOTOR-CAR came sailing down the Strand, piffing and sniffing with each explosion of the petroleum by which she was driven. Her name was .000000007. Why she was called .000000007 is not apparent, but she was.

Her speed was twelve knots an hour—I am nothing if not technical—and her smell was prodigious. So were her conversational powers. "Hullo!" she cried, waving her hand to a bicycle which shied visibly at her approach and held its nose. "How do you find yourself?"

"None the better for seeing you," said the bicycle. It was a Humber (first grade), and therefore haughty.

"Needn't give yourself airs," hissed the motor-car, derisively. "You ain't an Elswick, you know." For there is a hierarchy in bicycles as in other things, and the attitude of an Elswick to a Humber is that of an archdeacon to a mere curate.

The bicycle deigned no reply, but rang its bell angrily as a 'bus bore down upon it.

"Conceited creature!" said the 'bus, shaving its off pedal by an inch.

"Clumsy brute!" rang out the bell, in shrill tones.

"Toot, toot," protested the motor-car, far in the distance, as it sped jolting and rattling towards Charing Cross, every square inch of its person vibrating with self-importance as it fussed through the traffic.

"I wish you wouldn't jerk so," said the piston-rod to the cylinder, sulkily.

"What else can you expect?" said the brake, who was a malcontent. He had had a difference of opinion with the cylinder only that morning.

"Yah!" said the cylinder. "You want oiling."

The motor-car drew up suddenly with a jerk.

"What 's the matter *now!*" grunted the axle.

"Policeman in the way," hissed the cylinder. "Phut, phut, phut."

"If you go on making that noise we shall burst," said the pneumatic tyres, crossly. "Our nerves won't stand it."

"Silence *is* golden, you know," sneered the brake.

"And noise is always vulgar," said the cushion on the driver's seat. He had pretensions to good breeding, and despised the motor-engine as a *parvenu*. He had formerly belonged to a two-horsed victoria, and constantly alluded to the fact.

"You have no repose of manner, my dear," added the seat, patronisingly. He always agreed with the cushion, and was wont to sigh for postilions and the old *régime*.

"Pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh!" answered the motor, as the policeman at length moved aside, and left the passage clear.

"What rot all this is!" sighed the driver of the motor-car. "I wish to goodness you machines wouldn't talk so much."

"Blockhead!" muttered the cushion, stirring angrily in his seat.

"Stupid!" hissed the cylinder.

"If you don't shut up, I'll sell you," snapped the man, savagely.

Suddenly there was a crash, a jarring of crumpled machinery, the boom of an explosion, and a flash of fire, as the motor-car collided with a brewer's dray, and blew up, like a melinite shell. .000000007 was disintegrated. Cylinder went one way, wheels another, pneumatic tyres a third, while in the road sat the driver surrounded by picturesque ruin in flames.

"Told you so," growled the dray; while the horse burst into song:

"Oh! KIPLING mine, where *are* you roaming?"

And so, in a babel of highly technical conversation from axles, wheels, hubs, brakes, horses, asses, lamp-posts, letter-boxes, and the rest, the Day's Talk went on, amid the scarcely concealed yawns of the reading public.

In the Shires.

Miss de Flouncy (the newly-arrived heiress). I hope, Captain PIGSKIN, that this is a very open country?

Captain Pigskin. Rather! I don't know a single field without a gate to it.

COMMENT ON MAJOR MARCHAND'S RETREAT FROM FASHODA.—C'est magnifique, mais—*ce n'est pas la guerre.*



Mother. "BOBBY, HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH TO EAT?" *Bobby (with huge contentment).* "*I'VE HAD TOO MUTS!*"

"THOSE THAT LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES—"

(En souhaitant le bonjour à M. le Rédacteur-en-chef du "Petit Journal.")

DEAR SIR,—I wish to point a moral.
Last week I showed in serious vein
How gentle words may square a quarre.
And save a lot of needless pain;
I rather hoped for some reply
Saying that this had caught your eye.

I hinted—here I'm roughly quoting—
That France was touchy in the skin,
That she possessed an outer coating
So soft, so sensitively thin,
That, when a homely truth is stated,
She finds her honour perforated.

But those whose native habits lead 'em
To live in structures built of glass
Should not indulge with any freedom
In heaving stones when people pass,
Because, when people heave them back,
Conservatories often crack.

Now note with what unique urbanity
Your journals judge our conduct here;
Not such as make for mere insanity—
The *gamin's* rage, the rag *pour rire*,
But prints like yours, whose pride it is
To educate the provinces.

Voyons, mon ami, we have gathered
From that enlightened organ's page
That *we* it was who lately lathered
Your strikers into frenzied rage;
The same old story, O so old,
Of virtue bribed by British gold!

Concealed behind our sombre climate,
With every means for lying low,
It seems that *we* were all the time at
The bottom of the *bordereau*,
Our object being, in a word,
To make your army look absurd!

And who for some ulterior reason
Made full arrangements for the Turk
To vegetate in bloated ease on
Armenia's grave, his gruesome work?
If one may credit your suggestion
We were the horrid brutes in question.

And when the English missionary
Was missed among the pagan blacks,
Pray, who suborned the cassowary
That fell upon his harmless tracks?
We did! It happened through our nation
Being so keen on compensation.

All that is cunning, base, perfidious,
In beery Albion has its birth;
She still must be the blot, the hideous
Blister that blights the crust of Earth,
Until her race retires to bed on
The gory field of Armageddon.

Such is your day-by-day consignment
Of eye-awakeners for the blind;
Such is the tone of true refinement
To which you raise the rural mind;
While we are straining to abolish
All speech that lacks the pure French polish.

Mon Dieu! you used to send us over
Manners to fit your fashion's code,
What time the Empire lived in clover
And Paris set the social mode!
At all the graces once so deft,
You surely have some humour left?

"NOT IN THESE BOOTS!"

(If an Oxford University precedent is followed at the Inns of Court.)

SCENE—*Benchers' Room on a Call-night. Enter Candidate for the degree of Utter Barrister.*

Treasurer (smilingly). Mr. LYNDHURST RUSSELL SMITH, it gives me very great pleasure to announce to you that your success at the recent examinations has enabled us to——

Bencher (interrupting). Pardon me, Mr. Treasurer, but I am afraid you have not examined——

T. (testily). Surely that is scarcely *our* duty. I have great pleasure——

B. With all respect, Mr. Treasurer, you have not examined Mr. SMITH's costume.

T. (after a casual glance). Surely quite *en règle*. Black coat, trousers and vest, white tie——

B. (firmly). But, pardon me, Mr. Treasurer. Cast your eyes towards the floor.

T. (aghast). Dear me! (*To* Candidate.) I must request you to withdraw.

Candidate (expostulating). But, Sir——

T. (sternly). Be good enough to retire.

C. (to Beadle, *after withdrawal).* What on earth was the matter?

Beadle (horrified). Why, Sir, you were wearing *brown boots!* [*Curtain.*



READY FOR ANYTHING!

Admiral John Bull. "ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN?"
Captain Salisbury, R.N. "ALL RIGHT, SIR!"
Admiral John Bull. "GOOD! YOU KNOW THE COURSE,—STICK TO IT!!"



A FALLEN ASS.

Indignant Gillie (to Jones, of London, who has by mistake killed a hind). "I THOUGHT ONY FULE KEN'T IT WAS THE STAGS THAT HAD THE HORNS!"

EHEU FUGACES LABUNTUR ANNI!

(From one Ancient Etonian to another ditto.)

Oh! POSTHUMUS, or BROWN, or SMITH, or JONES,
The stream is ever flowing to the sea.
Gout and rheumatic pains attaint the bones
And sinews of our middle age, and we
Are on the downward grade. But let us pause,
And from remembrance cull the hours of yore,
The hours of "private," disregard of laws,
Immunity from trouble—less or more.

Do you remember how we used to row,
To "Monkey" in an "after four" and back,
Or Surly—which? I really do not know,
But Surly has an air of being slack.

Do you remember how, as "lower boys,"
Our souls delighted in all kinds of "sock"?
That *was* our word for grub's plebeian joys?
Old men forget, and young Etonians mock.

Or how our daily pleasure was to shirk
"Mitutor" and his worthy pupil-room?
Much better "at the wall" to go and "firk,"
Forgetting "Tardy Book's" Bradleian gloom.

Dear was our Eton, dear it was to play
The constant fool, both in and out of place—
I, POSTHUMUS, am getting rather grey,
While bald's the word more fitted to your case.

Yet, though senescence makes its gradual way,
And we are sweets forbid, and beer, and cheese,
Of this I'm sure—there'll never come a day
When memories of Eton fail to please.

A Romantic Investment.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to suggest that M. DE ROUGEMONT and Mr. E. T. HOOLEY should be syndicated under the title of the International United Fiction Company (Unlimited). What say you?

Your obedient servant,
BARTHOLOMEW BUSTER.

Angel Court, E.C.

PERFIDIOUS GAUL.

THE *Petit Journal* of the 1st inst. showed, in a leading article, how the English—who had conferred on the SIRDAR "*le titre de lord de Khartoum*"—had pursued the scheme of an Empire from the Cape to Cairo, which would form a reserve continent, should the Russians expel them from Asia. The system is simply that of causing various domestic troubles in any opposing country. As regards France, for instance, "*ils lui ont suscité l'affaire* DREYFUS, *sans parler des annexes, une grève qui a échoué, mais qui promettait d'abord beaucoup plus, puis l'agitation d'un spectre démodé, le complot militaire.*"

We have no doubt whatever that these facts, or statements, of our very esteemed contemporary are worthy of all respect. On the other hand, we have equally strong proof that the French caused,—

1. The mud in London last week. The clouds, from which the rain fell, were blown by a southerly wind from France.

2. The cold, dry winds of last Spring and every Spring. The excitability of the French causes their warmed air to rise, and then the cold air from the North Pole rushes over us.

3. The HOOLEY case. We do not quite know how they caused this, but many things are being revealed.

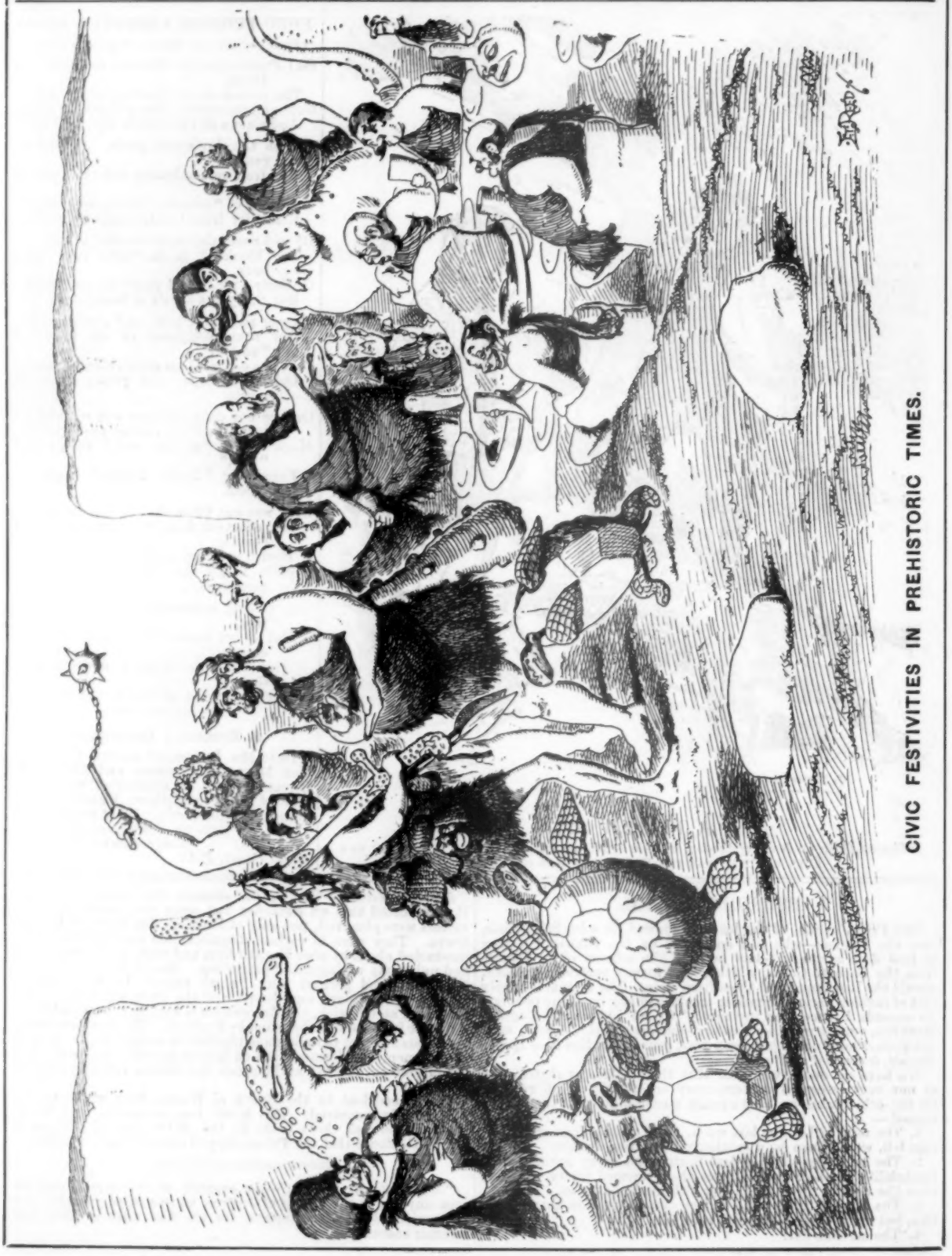
4. The *matinée* hat.

5. "The Fifth." That *spectre démodé*, the Gunpowder Plot. It is reported that on Saturday last some very suspicious characters were observed, not only at Harwich, but in many English towns. They were in various disguises, and most of them were conducted about by poor English boys and men, in whom poverty had unhappily extinguished patriotism. Can it be doubted that these disguised persons were French spies? In the evening many loud explosions were heard, and the worst was feared, even where, as at Harwich, the dry powder is kept in a secret place.

6. The increase of indigestion in England. This is an especially perfidious attempt to undermine the British constitution. Sturdy Englishmen, who formerly fed on honest sirloin of beef and plain leg of mutton, can get nothing now but *aloyau rôti* and *gigot de pré salé*.

7. The accident to the Prince of WALES, from which he has now happily recovered. This is our last accusation, and it entirely eclipses all those made by the *Petit Journal*. There is very little doubt that the Prince slipped on some French polish.

"WIGS ON THE GREEN."—An example of this saying may be seen any day in the Courts of Justice, when several youthful and inexperienced barristers appear for the first time in their full forensic costume.



CIVIC FESTIVITIES IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.



He. "AWFULLY JOLLY CONCERT, WASN'T IT? AWFULLY JOLLY THING BY THAT FELLOW—WHAT 'S HIS NAME?—SOMETHING LIKE DOORKNOB." *She.* "*DOORKNOB!* WHOM DO YOU MEAN? I ONLY KNOW OF BEETHOVEN, MOZART, WAGNER, HANDEL——" *He.* "THAT 'S IT! *HANDEL.* I KNEW IT WAS SOMETHING YOU CAUGHT HOLD OF!"

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."

(*A Duologue founded on fancy.*)

SCENE—*Guildhall. Chimes and the hour of Midnight on the Bells.*

First Giant. I say, Gog.

Second Giant. Who are you calling Gog?

First G. Why, you. Your name 's Gog as sure as mine is Magog.

Second G. But it isn't. According to Mr. STRYPE, who flourished in the eighteenth century, "we were designed to represent an ancient Briton and a Saxon, and——

First G. Were painted as if to give us the greater appearance of life, and render us more formidable to children." I know where you got *that* from. You have been reading *London and its Environs Described*, printed for R. AND J. DODSLEY in Pall Mall, 1761.

Second G. Right you are! And there 's nothing about our being Gog and Magog in *London and its Environs*. But let that pass. What do you want?

First G. Only to remind you that we have reached Lord Mayor's Day and the Annual Banquet.

Second G. Couldn't very well forget it, with all the preparations going on! What a heap they do eat, to be sure.

First G. Not surprising, after meandering about in a show from twelve till five. Have you heard what it 's like this year? You ought to know, as you are such a reader.

Second G. Oh, the same kind of thing as per usual. Bands, banners and beadles. Triumphal cars and fire-engines.

First G. I wonder they don't give us an airing now and again.

Second G. Much kinder to leave us where we are. Besides, if they once carried us about the streets they would change our date from the ninth to the fifth.

First G. I see, the festival of Guy Faux! You are facetious to-night.

Second G. Just as well, as we shall have plenty of serious talk at the banquet.

First G. And comic, too. Some one is sure to be funny.

Second G. Guildhall fun is generally more dreary than Guildhall rhetoric. We have heard a good deal of nonsense in our time, brother.

First G. We have. But perhaps this will be an exception to the rule.

Second G. Not likely to leave "common form." Navy ready for all emergencies, army prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice. And to top up, "We don't want to fight, but," &c.

First G. Yes, I suppose that will be about the size of it. Well, the place looks very well.

Second G. Yes, but it 's a pity that one of the features described in *London and its Environs* is absent. I mean that remarkable collection of silk that used to hang to the walls a hundred and thirty-seven years ago.

First G. You mean the standards and colours taken from the French at the battle of Ramillies. Oh, we don't want a reminder of that sort at present.

Second G. Well, I suppose not, especially as we have the advantage of the daily papers.

First G. Quite so, brother. "We don't want to fight, but——"

Second G. Silence! Remember we are wooden figures, and should behave as such. [*Suggestion adopted, and curtain.*

THE WARRIOR'S DIARY.

Monday.—Pleasant breakfast to meet distinguished citizens. Three lunches, where I heartily enjoyed myself. Such different fare to rations on service. Customary dinner. Turtle-soup as good as ever.

Tuesday.—Four breakfasts, a couple of luncheons, dinner, supper. Obliged to show appreciation of all meals.

Wednesday.—Much the same as before. Turtle becoming slightly monotonous. However, if people wish to be hospitable, I must be appreciative.

Thursday.—I am afraid I am overdoing it. But can't get out of it. Invitations pour in by the hundred. Can't refuse them all!

Friday.—Dear me! it 's simply dreadful. Four breakfasts, five luncheons, and half-a-dozen dinners. This is going beyond a joke!

Saturday.—Misery! What I might have expected. Summoned to a *levée*, and find that I can't get into my tunic!

To an Old Tune.

O WHERE and O where is DE ROUGEMONT gone?
O where on earth can he be?
With his tale so long, and career cut short,
O where, O where is he?

The Spectator last week discussed "The Religious Side of the GERMAN EMPEROR." Quite so; but, any way, it is "*side.*"



A DOUBTFUL INFORMANT.

Miss Connie (to Gent in brook). "COULD YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A BRIDGE ANYWHERE HANDY?"

"BROTHER OFFICERS."

(Play at the Garrick reduced to a scenario.)

Act I.—Ante-room. First Lancers. Local colouring. Soldiers in uniform. Chap on duty wears belt. Necessary ladies at large. Dean for comic relief. RANKER, VC, very redolent of the Sergeants' Mess. Wants to be gentleman. Saved conscientious chap's life. Conscientious chap won't take any more of his cousin's money. Cousin lady of title. Money gone to send conscientious chap to Eton. RANKER, VC, told to be "genial." Bores every one to have a drink. Dean angry. Ladies at large affronted. Colonel furious. Champagne produced. Lady of title saves situation by drinking RANKER, VC's very good health. [*Curtain.*

Act II.—Year later. Country house with good shooting in the front garden. Local colouring. Two pops—right and left barrels. Realistic gamekeeper. Real tip. RANKER, VC, improved. No more suggestion of free drinks. Conscientious chap in a mess. Sprained his ankle and lost £9,000 to a millionaire. Can't pay. Consequently must exchange into West India regiment and be ruined. Lady of title appeals to RANKER, VC. Gong for dinner. Usual evening dress. RANKER, VC, snubs millionaire, and leads lady of title to the banquet. [*Curtain.*

Act III.—Ball. Band playing MOLLOY'S "*Last Waltz.*" RANKER, VC, "gone" on lady of title. Ex-conscientious chap describes his shame. Cousin agrees that he must be ruined. Doesn't occur to her that she might pay the £9,000 (see Act II.) herself. Or if it does, she doesn't mention the notion to a third party. RANKER, VC, beards the millionaire. Remembers him as a race-course tout. Identifies him by absence of fingers and tattoo marks on his chest. Makes millionaire give up promissory notes. Millionaire angry. Says it's "an awkward thing to make a deadly foe of a chap with two millions of money." Millionaire probably right. Lady of title kisses now rehabilitated conscientious chap. She blesses RANKER, VC. Everybody blesses RANKER, VC. RANKER, VC, returns compliment and blesses everybody. Then says he'll go (*viâ* the War Office) to India. Everybody politely sorry. But taking all things into consideration, the best place for him. RANKER, VC, "good chap," but more at his ease amongst tigers and the like than in smart society. So off he goes, leaving behind him—curtain.

Probable Remarks (by Possible Producer).—Framework distinctly amateurish. Card scandal played out. Love interest feeble. Diamond-cut-Diamond scene between RANKER, VC, and millionaire tout suggestive of somewhat similar situation in *Still Waters Run Deep.* But first-rate part for ARTHUR BOURCHIER, and this may (and probably will) give it a chance of pulling through.

SPEED THE—HARROW!—The ex-Headmaster of Harrow did well, and his work was "Well done!" He is followed by Rev. JOSEPH WOOD, D.D. Dr. WELLDON "could," and did; his successor "WOOD"—but will he? This Headmaster comes from Tonbridge School, and Dr. WELLDON was an Etonian. Is there any rooted objection on the part of Harrow boys to a master of their own rearing? Surely loyal Harrovians will be crying out for justice after the fashion of the Jersey folk: "*Harrow! Harrow! A mon aide! On m'a fait tort!*"



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

AN EMPTY VESSEL.

The Financial Falstaff. "Company, villainous Company, hath been the spoil of me!"

Henry the Fourth, Part 1, Act III., Sc. 3.

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

MARIANI WINE

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

Testimonials from
His Holiness the POPE,
President MACKINLEY,
and 8,000 PHYSICIANS.

UNRIVALLED AS A TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.

WILCOX & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., & all Chemists & Stores. 4/- bottle, 45/- per doz.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

FRUIT

Nothing so profitable and easy to grow.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

SEEDS

THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage free for Cash with order 8/- per doz., 60/- per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants, Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE
(Over 160 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.
Please mention this Paper.

RICHD. SMITH & Co., Worcester.

BLISS'S CELEBRATED
ESTABD 1746
CHIPPING NORTON TWEEDS
for Hunting & Sporting wear
All their standard tweeds are stamped on back of every yard with the trade mark
W. BLISS & C. NORTON
TRADE MARK

BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.
Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

No Camera is a KODAK unless made by the EASTMAN Co.

Mastered in a few minutes.
No Dark Room needed.
Loaded in Daylight.

FOLDING POCKET KODAK.

For Pocket, Hand or Cycle.
Flat like a Book.
Instantly ready for use.
Takes a picture 3¼ × 2¼ ins.

Price £2 2s.

Daylight Loading Kodaks
FROM £1 1s

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,
43 Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.
Retail Branches: 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115-117 Oxford Street, W.; 171-173 Regent Street, W.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's "EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.
Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

THE MOST PERFECT
Briar Pipes
ARE THOSE
MADE IN LONDON
AND BRANDED
B BB
OWN MAKE

LIQUEURS OF THE CDE. CHARTREUSE.
These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

"COOPER" CYCLES.
From £5 15s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 15s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £6. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.
WM. COOPER, 793, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.



Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

'K' BOOTS



An Advertisement drawn by the late H. STACY MARKS, R.A., for Messrs. Pears.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85 Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 12, 1898.

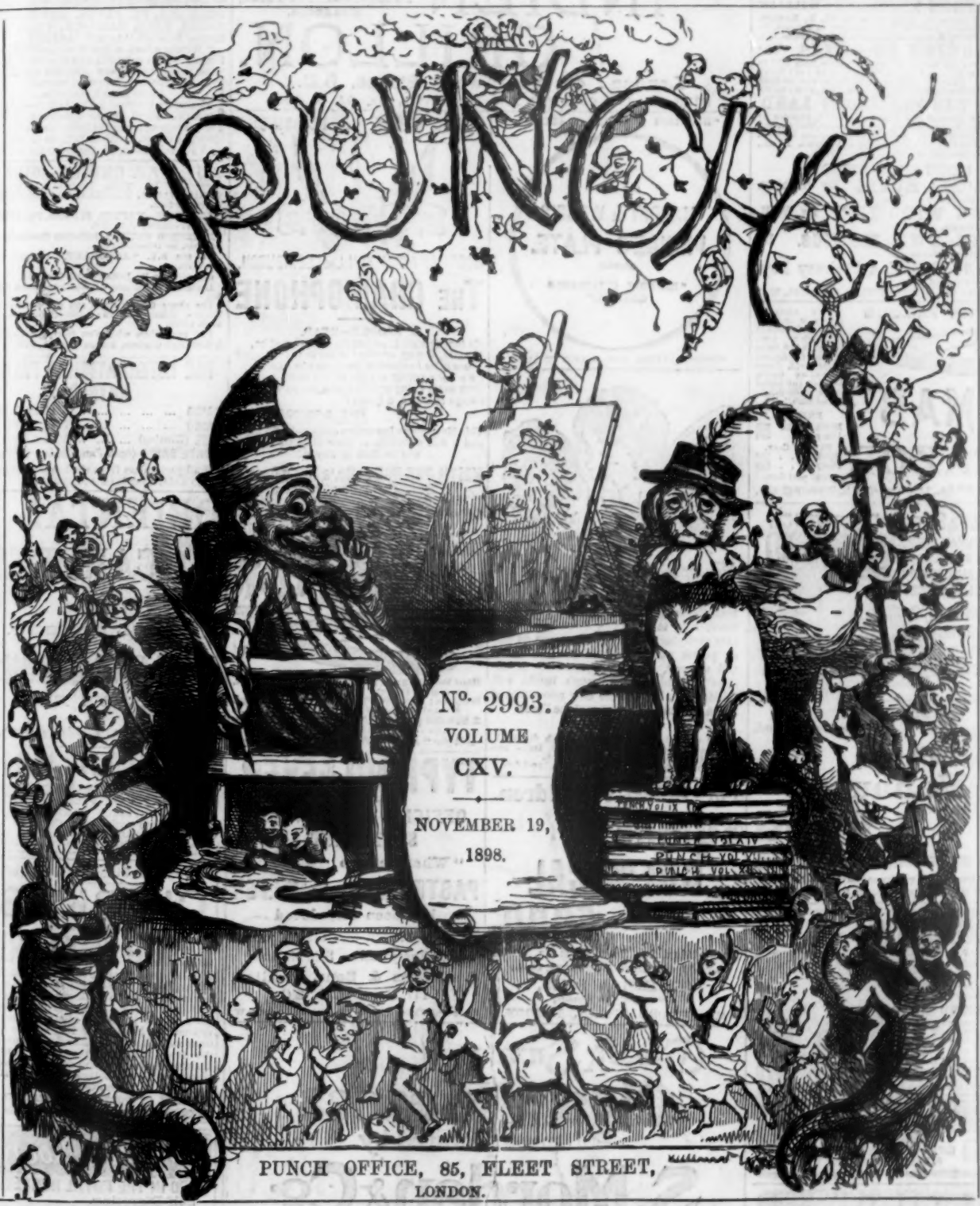
☞ *Will be published on Monday, November 28th.* ***Price Sixpence.***

'Punch' Almanack

For 1899. **With Double-page Cartoon by LINLEY SAMBOURNE,**

and Pictures and Sketches by Partridge — Reed — Phil May — Corbould — Jalland — Wheeler — Raven Hill — Hodgson — Cleaver — Hopkins — Harrison — Armour — Richardson, &c.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

N°. 2993.
VOLUME
CXV.
NOVEMBER 19,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

275 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"The richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR
Published by W. Heinemann.

GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART. By Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery, Ireland. With 62 Photogravures and 10 Lithographs in Colour. In 1 Vol., imperial quarto. Price £5 5s. net.

LONDON TYPES. By William Nicholson. Quatorzains by W. E. Henley. The Popular Edition, Lithographed in Colours, 5s. The Library Edition, on Japanese Vellum, 12s. 6d. net.

FASHION IN PARIS. The various phases of feminine taste from 1797 to 1897. By Octave Uzanne. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. With 100 Hand-coloured Plates and 250 Text Illustrations by François Courboin. 1 vol., Imp. 8vo, 36s.

IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND. An Account of a Journey in Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release. By A. Henry Savage Landor. With the Government Enquiry and Report. 2 Vols., 8vo, Illustrated, 32s. net.

NEWEST SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

GLORIA MUNDI. By Harold Frederic.

THE WIDOWER. By W. E. Norris.

THE TWO MAGICS. By Henry James.

TONY DRUM, a Cockney Boy. By Edwin Pugh.

London: Wm. Heinemann, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

THE FAMOUS



The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
Pair in Case.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" RAZOR

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET PRICE 2/6. ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX PRICE 1/-



☞ "No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—Lancet.

Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

CHICKEN

New Hot Dish for Suppers.



MINCED CHICKEN. Seasoned with Mexican Chili Pepper. Unique—Delightful. In cans, ½lb. and 1lb. ready for use. Prepared by Armour Packing Co. Sample ½lb. Can, post paid, on receipt of 9d. in stamps.

TAMALE

Address Agents—
GEO. HOOPER & CO., 4, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be The Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN

FOR CONSTIPATION, Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.

GRILLON.

London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. *A BOX.*

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Regd.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."



Whispering in Beauty's Ear

The secret of preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair to be found only in Cuticura Soap, greatest of skin purifying and beautifying soaps, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of unsightly blemishes, red, rough hands, and falling hair, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the Pores.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.
Send for "The Skin, Scalp, and Hair," post free.

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF
SQUIRE & SONS,
Her Majesty's Chemists,
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."



MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

THE GRAMOPHONE

A RIDDLE—READ.

No tongue have I, no hands, nor yet a voice,
Yet talk, or sing, or play: which is your choice?
There is no instrument that you can name,
I am not mistress of; 'tis all the same
With song, I sing untiring with the purest tone,
I reign supreme, a Queen!

THE GRAMOPHONE.

This Marvellous Invention costs only £5 10s., and a fine selection of New English records can be had at any of

KEITH PROWSE & Co.'s Music Depots.
47, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.
167, NEW BOND STREET, W.
3, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS., TRAFALGAR SQ., W.C.
143, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
12 other Branches and 48, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own steel.

ENCORE RAZOR



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers.
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

GOLD & SILVER
Cigarette cases
manufactured by
S. Mordan & Co.

The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silver smiths. Observe the makers mark S.M. & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise

by their Steamship
"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,
To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA.
Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."

Fares from 75 Guineas.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.

£21 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.

EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, &c.

On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,238, h.p. 4,000.

Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.

The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.

Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

THE INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
MONTE CARLO (open Jan.) Riviera Palace.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

LISTS OF SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.

TRELOAR & SONS,

LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Catalogue.

GOLDEN HAIR
ROBARE'S AUREOLINE.

PERFECTLY HARMLESS.
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, and all principal Patent Medicine Warehouses, London.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

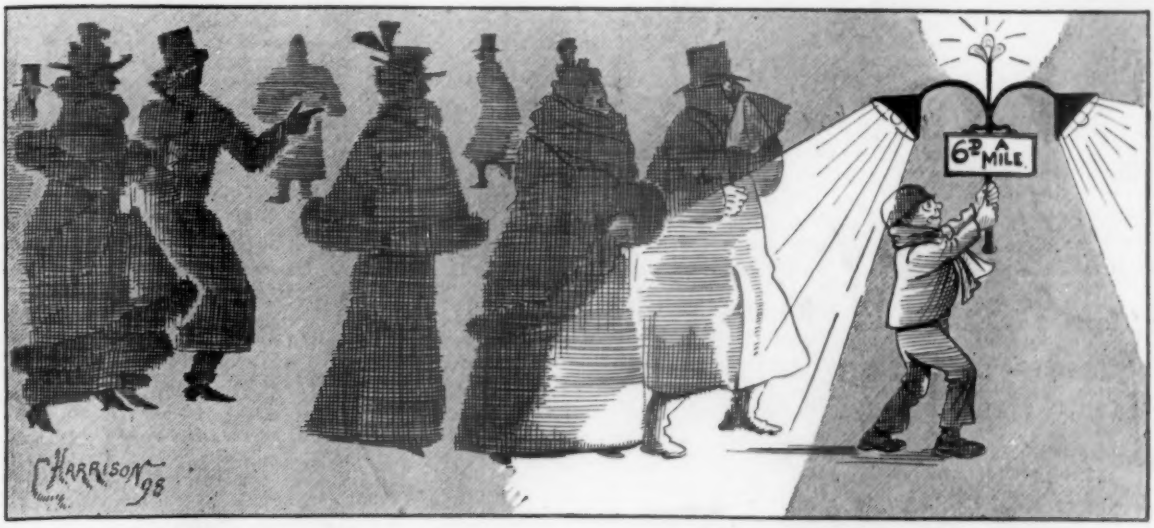
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins. 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food



AN ELECTRIC LINK BOY WITH A REGULATION TARIFF WOULD BE A GREAT BOON THIS MONTH, IF WE ARE TO HAVE MUCH FOG.

SARA BERNHARDT'S TRIP TO INDIA.

["Madame BERNHARDT will not go to the East on the ordinary mail-boat, but will have a private steam yacht, commanded by M. PIERRE LOTI, the well-known writer, who was formerly in the French Navy."—*Daily Press.*]

AFTER an infinity of trouble, our tame interviewer succeeded in obtaining an audience of "the divine SARA," in order to question her on the subject of her projected voyage. Having caught his foot in the tiger-skin door-mat, fallen flat on his face, and whilst in that disadvantageous position having sustained a severe bite *au derrière* from a pet monkey, he arose, took out his note-book, and politely, though firmly, declining to be seated, began:—

"Madame, is it true that you contemplate a visit to India to hunt tigers and Rajahs and other fearful wildfowl?"

From the gorgeous rabbit-skin rug on which she was reclining, the great actress graciously replied, "*Comment! Qu'en pensez-vous, mon ami?*" with the accent on the "*vous.*"

"*Madame, je sais quelle heure il est!* Which is a rhyme. But *Mr. Punch* wishes to know, from your own fair lips, in order that he may inform his legion of readers of the truth," replied our young man, inadvertently treading on the back of a large turtle (*Rougemontis Wideworldibus*). "Is your yacht to be commanded by M. PIERRE LOTI?"

"Yes; you see, I am always surrounded by a literary and theatrical crew, so I shall man the yacht with them. My chief officer will be CLARK RUSSELL; he is always at sea. The stewardess will be MARIE CORELLI; she knows all about yachting. A well-known writer on hunting and horses will attend to the screws and donkey-engine; he will also be invaluable for riding at anchor. Then VICTORIEN SARDOU, PINERO, and GRUNDY will alternately officiate at the wheel."

"And the masts, and sails, and things?" asked our interviewer, biting the end of his pencil.

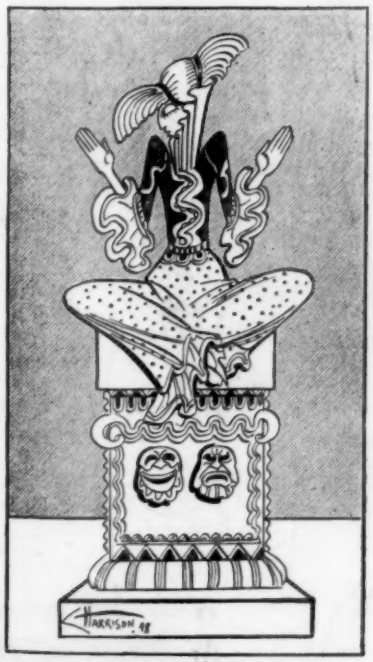
"BEERBOHM TREE will arrange our top-mast; LEWIS WALLER will be stationed on the O. P. side. They will also attend to the foot-lights. Even the deck-chairs will be 'ALL CAINE; whilst ZOLA——"

"Pardon the *calembour, chère Madame,* but might I not say that the study of the Zolar system——"

Our representative ducked his head just in time, and the jewelled brick-bat—the gift of an Emperor—missed him by a hair's-breadth, and passed through the plate-glass window, hitting a passing *gendarme* exactly on the point of his nose. The great actress sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, "*Accrochez-le! Coupez votre bâton! Allez!*"

Abashed and sorrowing, the young man replied, "*Je m'en vais.*"

He had tried a witty sally, but the Grand SARA will permit the existence of no other witty SALLY. She must be the Only One.



["SARA BERNHARDT is thinking of taking a journey to India."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

OF COURSE SARA WOULD BE THE IDOL OF THE HOUR.

Protection from Housebreakers.

Mrs. Brown-Jones. My dear Mrs. SMITH-THOMPSON, I *am* surprised to see a card with "Lodgings to Let" in your drawing-room window. What does it mean?

Mrs. Smith-Thompson. Oh! that card 's my Anti-burglar Protective. It 's ever so much more effective than iron bars or electric bells. No respectable burglar ever invades a lodging-house.



[It was decided in the case of *Walton* v. *Coppard* that a School is a nuisance.]

Verdict thoroughly endorsed by Jones Major and Brown Minor.



TO THE "FAIREST!"

OR, THE *BETTER* "JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

KITCHENER AND KITCHENS.

["The Sirdar has received hundreds of invitations to dine since his return to England."]

'TWAS the voice of the SIRDAR,
I heard him complain,
"They *won't* have any pity;
I *must* eat again.
I am up all the night,
And I'm longing for bed,
No rest for a lion
Who's always being fed.
In defence of the flag
I would lay down my life,
But I cannot do battle
With plate, fork and knife.
Have mercy, ye Mahdis
Of banqueting mood,
Or I'll perish a KITCHENER
Martyred by food!"

MOURNFUL NUMBERS.

(*From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.*)

DEAR SIR,—They tell me life is but a dream; things, so it seems, are rarely what they seem; JONES, whose substantial form is known so well in Piccadilly, Regent Street, Pall Mall; who, posed amidst a group of nine or ten, lays down the law to listening, lesser men, who, lest the fates should ever make him thinner, consumes vast herds of beeves at lunch and dinner, rates in loud tones, while I sit looking on, the shrinking waiters at the "Mastodon," and thence retiring to his ample bed, shakes the firm pavements with his massive tread—this mass of platitudinous verbosity, this sixteen stone of self-assured pomposity, this JONES, in fact, so stout, so loud, so tall, is merely a phenomenon—that's all.

If JONES is but the shadow of a name, it strikes me other things may be the same. There's the moustache, for instance (ends quite flat, shaped like a well-tied butterfly cravat), which, as the gaping world of Moslems knows, sprouts beneath WILHELM'S most Imperial nose, those angry bristles with defiant tips, meet cornice for the wearer's spouting lips, that fine, fierce fringe of coruscating hair, tended with all a mother's watchful care, which (if such growths can be supposed to hear) hears—(blessed moustache!)—each wild Wilhelmian cheer, what time the KAISER, a convivial soul, lifts to some royal host his brimming bowl, and, girthed and buttoned till he's fairly bursting, shouts, "*Hoch! hoch!! hoch!!!*" while all the rest are thirsting, which being done he dashes off anew, writes a new drama, sees a fresh review, or, while the trumpets sound ta-ran-ta-ra, unveils a statue to his grandpapa. That *Schnurrbart*, with its fiery ends a-kimbo, must go with much I love beside to limbo, since this conclusion cannot be resisted—it don't exist and never has existed.

Then Egypt—I propose to have the face to doubt if there is really such a place: Egypt whereat the French, they say, look glum, is a land renowned in fable for its mummies, where, from the Pyramids' aspiring crown, some forty centuries keep looking down, where the great Nile arising in its flood blesses the festive fellaheen with mud, where the gay crocodile deposits eggs or snips for lunch some Arab swimmer's legs, where FLINDERS PETRIE, with peculiar zest, finds in each royal tomb a palimpsest, and where, while ages roll, the impassive Sphinx sits in the sand and thinks, and thinks, and thinks. This land, designed for British skill and pith, is, I protest, a most egregious myth. Each day I find myself believing less that we can occupy and not possess, that even British courage can affect to guard a country which it mayn't protect, and that a nation which is not a fool can govern things, and yet let others rule.

Why is this thusness, why are things so mixed, since (see Cartoon) JOHN BULL is firmly fixed? On points like this, dear *Punch*, I pray you may grant some light and leading to

Your puzzled
VAGRANT.



Loafer (looking at a hundred pound dressing-bag). "I WONDER WOT SORT OF A BLOKE IT IS AS WANTS A BAG OF TOOLS LIKE THAT TO DOSS 'ISSELF UP WITH?"

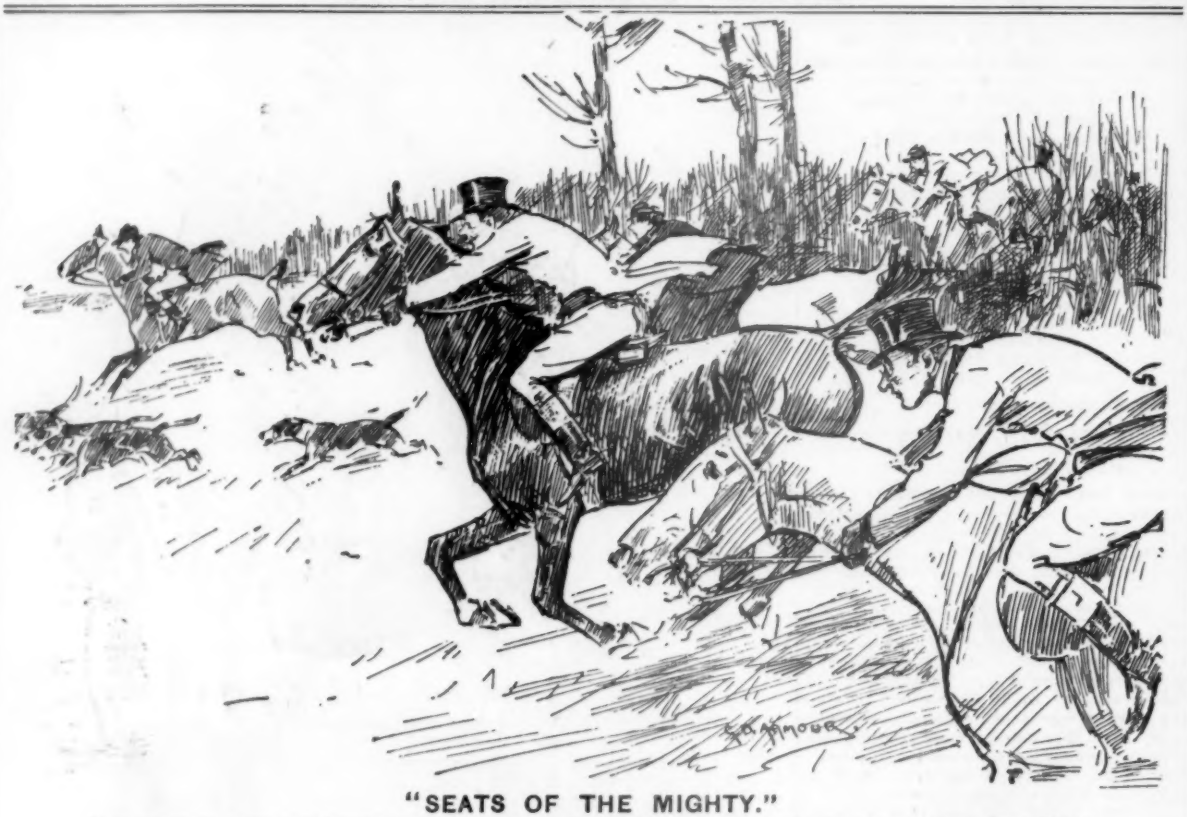
CHRISTMAS CARDS.—On the principle of the early bird which gets up to catch the unsuspecting worm, Father RAPHAEL TUCK and his merrie Sons are first in the field with their Christmas wares. Walk up! Walk up! to see the great variety show in booklets, cards, and calendars. Dainty and humorous are the novelties, whilst, of the calendars, "The On Service" one will possibly be most popular.

THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT BANK.

["Early next year the man who has a penny to put by for a rainy day will be able to drop it into a slot machine, and by working a lever obtain a deposit-receipt, upon any number of which he may realise at his convenience."—*Daily Mail.*]

THE penny-in-the-slot machine
Up to the present time has been
A method whereby one might get
A match, cigar, or cigarette;
Or juveniles might satiate
Their appetites with chocolate;
Or little snobs on conquest bent
Deodorise themselves with scent.

But now there is a scheme afloat,
Of which economists take note,
To save up for a rainy day
The penny which was thrown away.
No longer shall we purchase sweets,
But for our coppers get receipts;
And thrifty people hail with thanks
The advent of these penny banks.



"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

IT IS REPORTED FROM THE SHIRES, THAT SOME OF THE FIRST FLIGHT ARE THINKING OF ADOPTING THE "TOD SLOAN SEAT" FOR HUNTING.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EAST.

Cairo, October 24.

HONOURED SHEIKH PUNCH (upon whom be peace, whose effulgence is as the Full Moon!), may thy unworthy messenger send thee this writing left in the Esbekieh Garden here by some dog of a Frank? Perchance he is one of the infidel Giaours who are journeying with one LUNN EFFENDI into Syria after the Sheikh of Alemanniya. Thy servant, Ali Ben Zaïq, kisseth thy hump and right big toe. May thy day be blessed!

I. Arrive at Alexandria from Marseilles, *viâ* Genoa and Naples, with large contingent of Teutons. When they foregather in the smoking-room, the row is *kolossal*, as every one tries to shout down the others. As far as I can discover, their conversation consists of *gar nichts* and *gar kein*. However, we fraternize over deck quoits and "beanbags." Our ship's crest is an ancient Greek galley, with six elderly gentlemen rowing for a good deal more than they are worth, and the motto is the famous phrase of PERICLES, "*philokaloumen met' euteleias*," that is, we cultivate the beautiful on the coupon system. We land, after pleasant voyage, at sunset. One second after so doing, hear the cry—*bakhshish*. It has not stopped since. A special train brings us to Cairo, and dinner at midnight.

II. First day's sight-seeing in Cairo. Start with the Mosque of Sultan HASSAN. Have initial difficulty with slippers, which must be put on over boots. As these are about number twenty-five in size, it requires very considerable dexterity to keep them on. Am obliged to trail mine behind. Hope this act of desecration will not come to the ear of the CALIPH. Our guide, IBRAHIM OSMAN, has a stentorian voice and a fund of humour, as when he tells us that MOHAMMED ALI gave Mamelukes "jolly good hiding," but EMIN "hooked it," and recites "*Home, sweet home*" when he has finished with us for the day. On to more mosques and citadel, where we see TOMMY ATKINS trying to keep warm (with temperature over ninety degrees in the shade) by playing football. We gather from Seaforth Highlanders that there has been a slight brush with the KHALIFA at Omdurman. Next to Khedivial cemetery (Egypt great place for tombs), and "howling" Dervishes (grunting and gasping would be more the word), then inspect Nilometer on Roda Island, where MOSES met Miss PHARAOH; call at Coptic convent and Mosque of OMAR, where there is a flying pillar; lastly, home through bazaars, faint, yet pursuing the cairosities of Curio, as an Oxford Don would put it.

III. Second day. *Menu*—Pyramids, Sphinx, and Ghizeh Museum. We file out in a very long procession of landaus over the Kasr-en-Nil Bridge, and along the acacia-covered causeway (which soon will be vulgarised with an electric tram) to the foot of Great Pyramid. Are handed over in turn to two Bedouins apiece, who haul us up to the summit, where, like NAPOLEON'S forty centuries, we look down on the Nile in flood, the Sphinx, and other well-established land-marks. Try to rise to the occasion, but come down sitting. Then clamber down and slide on all fours (face uppermost) into interior. At finish, guides inquire, "How you feel?" and "Hope you satsified," and we make entry to that effect in note-book of MOUSSA FAID, the Sheikh of the Pyramid. Then (on camel-back) to interview Sphinx, who receives us with its usual bland smile, as who should say, "Wait till you have been taken right through the Museum, my dears, and then we'll see who has the laugh last!" The Sphinx has it, I think, not being an Egyptologist. Still, glad to meet RAMESES II., who, as IBRAHIM says, was the father of seventy-two sons, sixty-nine being boys and three girls. Also, rather like DJOT-PTA-AN-FANK and AAHMES-HENT-TASU, and other celebrities. Introduced to PHARAOH'S daughter and MANEPHTA, persecutor of Israelites. Result, fall asleep in carriage going home.

LATELY BROUGHT OUT.—Mr. LATEY'S Christmas Annual in his popular *Penny Illustrated Paper*, is uncommonly warlike for so eminently peaceful a season of the year. It is mainly a Khartoum-Kitchener-Soudan-and-Sirdar number; it ends with a poem by CLEMENT SCOTT, illustrated by a clever somebody whose name—*mirabile dictu!*—is not on the drawing, entitled "*Waterloo and Omdurman.*" This warlike illustrated annual might well have been dedicated to "Warre's Boys at Eton," among whom no doubt it will be very popular. We trust that the circulation of Editor LATEY'S paper may be "*Laté et longé.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Of all artistic volumes on purely artistic subjects, commend the Baron to that of the *Magazine of Art* for 1898, Cassell & Co. One of the two colour-plates, called *The Offering*, Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., a water-colour, might have been with advantage omitted. The other, *St. Cæcilia*, from the painting by Geo. Hitchcock, is better, but not entirely satisfactory. On the other hand, all the photogravures are excellent; and among them the reproduction of *A Belle of Saville*, by Burgess, R.A., takes the first place, that is, in the Baron's humble opinion. A "Memorial Sketch" of that dashing cavalier artist, brave Sir John Gilbert, R.A., P.R.W.S., is most interesting, and especially so to the Baron, on account of its containing Sir John's frontispiece designed for *Mr. Punch* in 1843. Among several able articles contributed by Mr. M. H. Spielmann is one on Jules Chéret, "the Poster King," as just as it is generous. In the article on "Masks among Greeks and Barbarians," there is a Grecian terra-cotta Mask of Tragedy, which bears a weird resemblance to a certain full-face portrait of William Makepeace Thackeray, by Lawrence, that is, if the Baron's memory serves him well. Altogether, the present volume, for 1898, of the *Magazine of Art* is certainly "one of the very best" of Messrs. Cassell's many ventures.

The third volume completing *The Annals of a Publishing House* (Blackwood) suffers by comparison with its predecessors from an inevitable cause. With few exceptions, the earlier years of the life of an eminent man or a great firm are the most interesting. It is the period of storm and stress, when character is being formed, and everything has to be won by hard fighting. As soon as a man waxes fat and kicks, my Baronite finds him suffering from the atmosphere of commonplace that environs prosperity. When William Blackwood came to the throne at 45, George Street, Edinburgh, the firm of Blackwood was established, and month by month Maga went her pleasant ways. This third volume is the record of uneventful times as compared with the story of the founder of the firm. Nevertheless, we come upon interesting correspondence with contributors to the Magazine, and peeps of the personality of Bulwer Lytton, Charles Lever, Delane, Laurence Oliphant, Thackeray, Aytoun, Tennyson, and George Eliot. The story of the introduction to the firm of the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* is graphically set forth in a series of letters from Lewes, who introduces George Eliot as a diffident and despondent young man who must not be criticised, lest he sink into his shoes. This deprecation of frank criticism was by no means supererogatory. John Blackwood, like his predecessors in the chair, had his own views about literary work, did not hesitate to set them forth, and even insist upon their adoption. Mrs. Porter, taking up the pen that fell from the hand of Mrs. Oliphant, has admirably completed her work, giving a vivid impression of the sturdy character of her father. In the next edition it will be worth while to correct a passage on page 115, where she makes Kinglake refer to "the collapse of Gladstone's Ministry in 1867." Mr. Gladstone had no Ministry in that year, his first dating from December, 1868.

Quatorzains, by W. E. Henley, and *London Types*, by William Nicholson, published by W. Heinemann. "Hum!" quoth the Baron, "why *Quatorzains?* Let's count. There are thirteen pictures. Well, that would be '*Treizaine*' or 'Baker's dozen.' There's a French word, which the dictionary informs me is obsolete, '*Quatorzaine*,' signifying 'fortnight.' However, if '*Quatorzains*' delights and satisfies, '*Quatorzains*' be it." In strong contrast, suggested, too, by the titles of the subjects, are the sturdy *Beefeater* and the sad *Sandwichman*. There are many who extravagantly praise the breadth and depth of this quaint Nicholsonian style. Of course, 'tis clever, though smudgy, and it were better if the praise, when extravagant, should be, like the paper on which the work is printed, "toned down."

Phases of My Life, by Francis Pigou, D.D., Dean of Bristol. (Arnold.) The D.D.D.'s clerical autobiography is amusing and chatty: just the sort of book to take up occasionally, and to read of it "here a bit and there a bit." A most pleasant district visitor is the D.D. Dean when looking in for a *bon quart d'heure;* at the expiration of which time, the visited might politely hint that, possibly the D.D.D. of Bristol could make it convenient to "go to Bath."

The Baron de B.-W.



THE PROCESS OF EXHAUSTION.

Gifted Amateur. "Now, Mrs. Vivash, I really want your opinion. Do you think a Glass would improve it?"

Mrs. Vivash (*who has had enough of it*). "M'yes, I think it would—Ground Glass!"

THE FUTURE DIRECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

(*With thanks to the L. C. J. for the suggestion.*)

Question. You are prepared to take up the new duties attaching to the management of a company of limited liability?

Answer. With your kind consent.

Q. You are competent to conduct a business?

A. As a member of the Bar, a Justice of the Peace, a Master of Foxhounds, and a Major in the Militia, I am of that opinion.

Q. There is nothing in your past life that should stop you assuming the responsibility?

A. As a small boy I once thought of robbing an orchard, but as I repented and gave my companions into custody, I fancy I have purged the offence.

Q. Have you anything else in your school life to confess?

A. I once shammed illness, but on the doctor ordering me a black draught, confessed the deception.

Q. Have you been on affectionate terms with your relatives?

A. Certainly; and have taken a great interest in the statistics of their birth, marriage, and offspring.

Q. Why have you done this?

A. Because I consider that Somerset House should be patronised by legatees *in posse*.

Q. I think you took a respectable degree at the University?

A. A thoroughly respectable one, and it took me ten years and a half to obtain it.

Q. Are you determined, if elected a director, to give all your time to the business?

A. Most assuredly. I will appear by 9 A.M. and retire towards midnight.

Q. And will let the shareholders know that you are always on the alert?

A. Certainly, by sending out a daily circular giving the diary of my life.

Q. Are you prepared to place your entire time at the disposal of the constituents?

A. Yes, and my best energies.

Q. And what claim do you make for all this?

A. To be considered by the public not only an officer but a gentleman.

Salutation to the new Lord Mayor.—*Viva! Voce!*



Miss Gushington. "WELL, YOU KNOW, DEAR MR. ROBINSON, FOR MY PART, I MUST SAY I ENJOY EXCELLENT HEALTH AS A RULE, ONLY I DO SUFFER SO AT TIMES FROM FITS OF *GIDDINESS!*"

"THE GOD IN THE CAR."

(By the Little Tin god in the Press-Seats.)

["He" (Lord SALISBURY) "was bound to say something about these interesting topics last night, and he did so in his usual casual, dilettante manner. Our preparations for war meant nothing at all. . . . They thought that he was about to declare a definite policy . . . . but in a moment it was clear that they were wrong. The Great Muddler was minded only to muddle on. . . . All this, we confess, seems to us to be SALISBURY at his feeblest. . . . Such an utterance makes us more than ever distrust the man who has so often let England drift into danger."—*The "Daily Chronicle" on the Lord Mayor's Banquet.*]

AND SO, fulfilled with turtle rich and real,
With all that goes to make a civic meal,
Heavily sat we on our creaking seats
And speculated how the morrow's sheets
Should shout with headlines:—SALISBURY UNVEILS!
HE TELLS US WHERE THE MYSTIC SQUADRON SAILS!
ABDUL IN WANT OF CASH! HE ISSUES FIRMANS—
EGYPT FOR US, AND JAFFA FOR THE GERMANS!
THE ANGLO-TEUTON TREATY. TERMS AGREED.
FREE TRADE UPON THE JORDAN GUARANTEED!
PARIS INDIGNANT! RUSSIA FULL OF PHLEGM!
OUR FLEET'S OBJECTIVE IS JERUSALEM!!
For this, we took it, was the Premier's chance
To make his riddles obvious at a glance;
Pellucidly to dissipate the gloom
Attaching to the recent naval boom;
To warn our many friends who want to hear
Just where our various ships propose to steer;
To sketch a map or two of harbour-mines
And ventilate the Volunteers' designs;
To say (or lend, at least, a helpful clew)
Which special Enemy we have in view;
And if the preparation's not for war,
Then tell us what in thunder it is for;
Since curiosity was strangely stirred
And one might see upon his primal word
Whole nations hanging.
Then the Chief uprose
Like one that issues from a pleasing doze;
Cool was his air, his tone was dilettante,
His information singularly scanty;
The casual lips, sarcastically curled,
(As though he knew full well how wide a world
Gazed on the god discoursing from his car)
Said much, but nothing in particular.
War? Dear me, no! These costly preparations
(Habitual with Continental nations)
Were being made as smartly as could be,
But had no sort of use that he could see.
Designed to shew the French that we could whop 'em
They still went on because you couldn't stop 'em!
Turning to Egypt—he had seen of late
Some mention of the term *Protectorate.*
The story, launched by certain lusty lieges,
That we should shortly spread our royal ægis
Over the domicile of ancient PHARAOH
Was *ben*, of course, *trovato, ma non vero.*
If we arranged it, say, for that day week
It might provoke a little foreign pique;
But he could state, without inflicting pain,
That we were there and there we should remain!
So the Great Muddler calmly muddled on
Till he sat down; and then his chance was gone.
O maladroit! and at his feeblest here,
Is this indeed our country's guiding Peer?
Are these the hands to which a flippant fate
Confides the hopes of our unhappy State?
Hands only fitted, at a pinch, to drag
Down in the blithering dust her blighted flag!
A prince of gibes, irreverent, ironical,
Despising Truth as taught him in the *Chronicle!*
Yet 'neath his heedless eye, that very hour,
Sat one whose word can make a monarch cower!
Not humorous, but every inch a leader,
Though here disguised as just a common feeder;
Who could have told him, then or any day,
What Foreign Ministers ought not to say.
We were that man: among our noted feats
We reckon how the heart of England beats!
Not that a chronicler would crudely show
In what precise direction things should go;
Not that beforehand even we affect
To name the attitude that 's most correct;
But we contend, in totting up the hoary
Blunders of this effete and fatuous Tory—
Whatever is (we 've said it all along)
Is, by that simple fact, absurdly wrong.

"RACIAL TROUBLES IN THE UNITED STATES" was the heading of some news in the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday. Probably some "Racial Troubles" will arise from SLOAN coming over to ride in England.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO "SALISBURY PLAIN" is to be found in the MARKISS's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet.

NOTE BY A SOCIAL CYNIC.—They may abolish the "push" stroke at billiards, but they 'll never do so in Society.

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS (POST) BOX.—Penny postage to India on and after December 28.



A FIXTURE.



WARNING TO CYCLISTS.

Awful Discovery made by Jones on the Morning of the opening Meet, that through Devotion to Cycling, his Calves had developed far beyond the Capacity of his Boots.

DARBY JONES LEAVES LIVERPOOL FOR DERBY.

Liverpool, I believe, derives its name from a weird waterfowl (not owned by Captain Greer), and on my communicating the fact to the Count, who is still on the look-out for Continental Exports, he ordered a dish of them for dinner. Alas! the Liverpudlian Bird must be as extinct as the Proverbial Dodo, for he was served with the ordinary produce of the Calf, accompanied by relishes of Pig's flesh. Yet this Bird figures large on the Municipal Shield, and would undoubtedly, in fine and healthy condition, be highly acceptable to a well-known Fictionist, Poet and Sunday Gossip, who recently, by his own account, dined off "a soul with shrimp sauce." He will be devouring a Ghost stuffed with truffles next! Why not a real Liver?

Let me turn to more practical matters. Just as Knowsley, with its reminiscences of the Ancient Monarchs of the Isle of Man and the Progenitors of Mr. Hall Caine, is the mainstay of the Liverpool gathering, so is Chatsworth, embellished with the Relics and Tomb of Sir Joseph Paxton, the Chief Support of Derby. The City and I pronounce our names after the same Classical Mode, but spell it differently. Filled with Timorous Apprehension, that Dread with which even the most Argus-eyed Vates fears the Fatal Pen, whose scratching never tickles any Backer, I embark into poesy anent the Cup associated with the Midland Railway Metropolis, and warble:—

For the *Sky Saint* I may not declare,
But the *Cutrook* may come to the fore;
Brave *Zealous* has no weight to spare,
And the *Sun god* is forward no more.
Look out for the "Colonel" and "Duke,"
For their choices are sure to go near;
The *Ditchweight* may bring off a "fluke,"
But the *High Sign* and *Fairy* I fear.

You may not be convinced, nor in truth, honoured Sir, am I; but I am perhaps the more inspired by the Right-feeling Spirit of Prophecy, because I have just Fashodad (to use the latest Bourse expression) a considerable portion of one of those mighty Slabs of Corned Ox for which Derby is so justly celebrated. Trusting that the Necessary Reminder for the Prodigious Outlay to which I have been put may meet with your Esteemed Approval of its Moderation, I beg once more to subscribe myself, your ever obedient slave, but not sycophant, Darby Jones.

[D. J. has sent us in a wondrous bill, totally disproportionate to his services. Apparently he has lived on nothing but champagne, whiskey and soda, and anchovy on toast ever since we were rash enough to send him North. Our method of dealing with his extravagance is simple.—Ed.]

FLEET STREET AMENITIES.

Dear Mr. Punch,—The *Daily Chronicle* has been casting reflections upon some remarks of my friend the German Kaiser, now on tour. I therefore propose to stand outside the offices of that journal and say "*Deutschland über alles!*" quite loud; also to break the hats of the Editorial staff as it comes out. But I should be glad to be assured that all expenses incurred in any subsequent proceedings will reach me if subscribed by my admirers. Will you therefore kindly forward to my solicitors such collected funds as may be sent to you for this excellent purpose? I see that the *Daily Chronicle* has done a similar act of friendliness to "a number of sympathisers with Dr. Russell," a gentleman, you may remember, who observed "*Vive la France!*" at the top of his voice, and simultaneously collided with your front-window. I gather from this precedent that I am not asking you to commit a breach of inter-journalistic comity.

Yours heroically, Germanicus.

Copy-book Headings for the London School Board.

It is Easy to be Extravagant, but Estimable to be Economical.

A Politic Official avoids Conflict with a Police Magistrate.

Dramatic Dances should be Acquired by Students of the Higher Grade.

A Pension in Hand is worth a Superannuation Fund in the Bush.

A Question of Doubt can be often Usefully Ameliorated by the Opinion of Counsel.

The Thames Embankment is the Finest Site, and the Home of the School Board the Finest Sight that the Universe Possesses.

Shakspeare and the Musical Glasses should be taught to the most Uneducated.

It Looms in the Future to Charge the Patient Rate-Payer Fifteen Shillings in the Pound.

The Maiden's Motto.—"No reasonable offer refused."

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



1ST BARON RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, emergent paly from a legal orle of reception, a civic beak newly chained or, robed and garnished proper with bullion, slightly debruised with thunderbolts issuant from a chief justifiably rampant in invective robed and wigged proper with sleeves turned up ermine gorged with a choler of justice; 2nd, at a bend of the field on a turf vert under the heraldic rose a sporting veteran wary to the last putting a bit proper on a likely mount turning up trumpy on the post; 3rd, several salted guinea-pigs debrettées richly gilt and voided of scruple charged with marketable coronets bartered in lure; 4th, on a ground of promotion a partisan of renown semee with shamrocks and shillelaghs and wreathed with laurels elevated and erased all proper. *Crest:* Rising from a bar barry a tower of strength armed at all points and charged with a snuff-box of resort furtively employed for solace. *Supporters:* Dexter, a female figure of justice scaly on the pounce reguardant sundry bubbles of finance issuant in fraud. *Sinister:* An irish disunicorn, brogued proper, chronically rampant in quest of autonomy.

OF COURSE.

["MR. PAUL TAYLOR, on being welcomed in a London police-court, said, 'During his practice at the Bar he was *of course* brought into contact with many solicitors.' .... There will be many at the Temple who will wish that contact with solicitors should be such a matter 'of course.'" *Westminster Gazette.*]

Of course? Ah me! since I was called
My head hath grown first grey, then bald!
Solicitors may come and go,
I watch them flitting to and fro,
I see them here, I see them there,
I see them always everywhere,
I hear their footsteps on the stair,
I listen, hope, and then despair,
For ah! they do not come to me,
They stop below at SILK, Q.C.

Of course? Nay, hardly. Day by day
To Lincoln's Inn I wend my way,
As regularly as a star
To ply my practice at the Bar;
Yet, though I'd fain be pleading daily
In High Court, Criminal, Old Bailey,
Despite my very best endeavour,
Solicitors come near me never,
And I reflect, amid my griefs,
Many are called, but few get briefs.

Of course? I hoped—but hopes will fail,
And now I've learnt another tale,
That one may live and never know
Those bagmen whom we worship so,
Nor even greet with eager eyes
Those angels whom we so despise.
And therefore, though with all respect
I criticise the Law's elect,
I feel myself constrained perforce
To deprecate those words, "of course."

Unconsciously Appropriate.

Jane. 'Allo, HEMMA, what are yer a-crying about?

Hemma. Missus 'as given me the sack because I knocked over some of them hornaments she calls "break-a-break."

The Soft Answer.

Vicar. I noticed, Mrs. PIPPIN, that you were asleep during the latter half of my sermon. Did you find it dull?

Mrs. Pippin. Dull! No, Sir. But it was so sweet it lulled me to rest agin my will.

THE SPIES: AN INCIDENT OF '98.

SCENE—*The Powder Magazine.* TOMMY ATKINS *discovered on sentry-go. Enter two Suspicious Characters.*

T. A. (*reminiscent of the Adelphi*). Ha, ha! 'Oo 'ave we year? (*S. Cs. pause and look round curiously.*) Them coves is up ter mischief. I'll keep a heye on 'em.

First S. C. (*to* T. A.). Ma guid man, Ah doot we'll hae wannered aff the road a bittie.

T. A. (*aside*). Furriners, s'elp me! (*Shaking his head.*) 'Tain't no good yer torkin'. They don't learn us Double-Dutch in the Harmy Schools.

First S. C. Hoot, laddie, div ye no ken yer ain mither tongue?

T. A. (*still shaking head*). 'Tain't no good, I tells yer. Move on, Mossoo. Carn't 'ave yer furriners 'angin' rahnd year, yer know.

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, Ah'm wonderin' what he'll be sayin' till ye?

First S. C. Deed, Ah canna richtly tell, DAVIE. Thae Coakneys talk wi' siccan awccent, an' that ungrammawtical.

T. A. (*growing impatient*). Nah, then, 'ow much longer are yer a-goin' ter stand a-parleyvooin' year?

First S. C. Weel, as Ah was sayin', Ah doot we'll hae wannered aff the——

T. A. 'Tain't no good, I tells yer. I carn't tork Roosian an' yer carn't tork hanythink.

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, 'tis an unco feckless buddy, an' mebbe he'll no can tell us.

First S. C. Weel, in that case, DAVIE, we maun jist tell oorsels. [*Produces map, which he proceeds to study.*

T. A. Well, I'm—— S'elp me, if 'e ain't bin an' got a plan!

Second S. C. Ou, JEAMES, Ah doot this'll be the Pooder Mawgazeen, is't no, laddie?

T. A. If yer think yer a-goin' ter get hany hinfamation outer me, yer a jolly flat. Carn't 'ave yer drorin' yer plans year. Wot d'yer think? Gimme that there piper!

First S. C. Hoots, man, no sae fast. Ah was jist speirin' at ye——

T. A. (*with lively recollection of Dervishes*). Spearin' at me, was yer? Two can ply at that gyme. 'Ere—(*seizes them*)—come along o' me! Yer two Roosian spies, that's wot yer are, an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand hany o' yer nonsense.

[*Exit* T. A. *haling the S. Cs. to the guard-room. It turned out, however, that they were no Russian Spies, but the Provost of Auchterwhuskey and his brother the Bailie, who were doing the Lions of London with a map.*

A Non-optionist.

Mrs. Tippletapple. I've no patience with that Sir WINIFRED LAWSON. He ought to go and live in the Temperance Zone.

IN DEFENCE OF CONVENTIONALITY.

"STIFF, formal, cramping, insincere
Convention freezes heart and mind,"
You said to me one day. I fear
Convention you have not maligned.
"On every hand she ladles out
Set smiles, set actions, and set phrases."
I know it all, yet I'm about
To try and sing Convention's praises!

Consider! If for half a week,
Whate'er our sex, or age, or youth,
We only tried to act and speak
The simple plain unvarnished truth!
The truth would rob us, I'm afraid,
Of friends, acquaintances, relations—
To designate a spade a spade
Must always lead to complications.

Then do not let us always say
The thing we mean, or think, or see,
Nor let us lightly cast away
Convention's priceless *formulæ*.
Because we chance to have a heart,
What need upon our sleeve to wear it?
And why not put with artless art
The thing as people want to hear it?

That social gatherings like a dance
Were shams, you told me (in a waltz),
And every smile and word and glance
Exchanged at parties wholly false.
On principle I acquiesced,
To please you thus I sought right leally—
Although that dance (perhaps you guessed?)
Seemed somehow an exception, really!

Yet *formulæ*, I say again,
Are blessings in whate'er disguise,
And save us hourly from the strain
Of some embarrassing surprise.
If conversation is absurd,
If parties are but sorry labours,
At least we know, in deed and word,
What to expect from all our neighbours.

Originality is "no go,"
Things into chaos would be hurled,
If we disturbed the *status quo*—
Convention saves the social world.
Towards the perfect state she tends,
Fraternité, *Liberté*, and *Egalité*—
Oh, tread the beaten track, my friends,
And "*conspuez*" Originality!

Therefore, in spite of all you've said,
Society I but exhort
To bend the knee and bow the head
With me in Queen Convention's court.
And all the more I hail her Queen,
Since she—for this my verse has graced her—
Makes friendship possible between
You, the Princess—and me, the "Waster"!



OUR DOMESTICS.

Applicant (to Mistress of small suburban house). "WELL, MUM, 'AVING COME SO FAR, I THOUGHT AS I'D SEE YOU. BUT I MUST SAY, THAT PEOPLE AS LIVES IN THIS CLASS OF 'OUSE OUGHT NOT TO HADVERTISE IN THE *MORNIN' POST!*"

PROPOSED EXAMINATION PAPER FOR ADMIRALS.

(*Picked up at Guildhall on November* 9, 1898.)

1. GIVEN a crisis in an island in hostile occupation by a nominally friendly power. Show by what remarkable qualities you can save the situation.

2. Explain in the best diplomatic language the meaning of "the bag-and-baggage policy."

3. Suppose that you are taking part in the Concert of Europe. Give your reason for performing a solo on the big drum.

4. In what respect does "civil" war differ from the regulation naval article? Give an example in support chosen from an incident of recent date.

5. The task of clearing a land of brawlers takes two years of negotiations between the Great Powers of Europe, and then ends in failure. Show how the scheme can be carried to a successful issue in a couple of hours with the aid of a detachment of marines supported by the moral force of an ironclad.

6. Give briefly the law of nations as understood and practised on the quarterdeck.

7. State qualifications for weathering the storm (*a*) on land, diplomatically, and (*b*) at sea, professionally. The latter half of the question is put and will be received as a pure formality.

After-Dinner Chat.

Amateur Art Critic (*to* Distinguished R.A.). My dear Sir, English Art no longer exists. The "Glasgow School" killed it.

Distinguished R.A. No,—only "Scotched" it.

"POCKET DIARIES FOR 1899!" advertises JOHN WALKER & Co., of Farringdon House, and we add, "by all means, 'pocket' as many diaries, especially the black-loop ones and 'No. 4' size, as possible." If asked to pay for them, all you have to say is "Walker." *Then* see what happens.



NOT LIKELY.

Wife. "VERY WELL, GEORGE, IF YOU *WILL* GO SHOOTING—MIND, IF YOU GET BLOWN TO BITS, DON'T COME RUNNING TO ME FOR SYMPATHY!"

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A LITTLE TRIP.

Robinson. So glad you could come to Brighton. We shall find our French friend outside the Pullman. It 's no good trying to avoid politics. Besides, things are pleasanter now.

Ludwig. Yes well. This train go very rash, not true? I have thereof heard.

Rob. Yes, in an hour. Ah, there he is!

Auguste. Good day, my dear. We are here again, as say the clowns. What good idea of to go pass the Sunday at Brighton!

Rob. Let 's take our seats. I 've secured them. You 've both been to Brighton?

Lud. One time.

Aug. For sure. I recall me ever the Sunday where I have losed my hat at cause of the tempest. All the magazines were shutted, and I am of return at London the head enveloped of a handkerchief. If I had the air enough droll! Ah but, as to those little misfortunes there, better values to laugh than to anger himself. Is it not?

Rob. Of course. Much better for people to be all pleasant together.

Aug. Ah that, I am entirely of your advice! I hope that we go to forget soon all our griefs, we other French. But these journalists, *sont-ils bêtes*, are they beasts!

Rob. The *Petit Journal* is the worst, isn't it?

Aug. Ah, my dear, as you say in English, he eat the cake. It is the journal the most despisable. But in fine! What wish you? It is the journal of the doorkeepers, of the *concierges*. *Ah bah!* But all go to arrange himself when even. *La Cour de Cassation ne s'occupe pas du Petit Journal*, occupy herself not of the Little Journal, and of others likes. As that, in fine, justice for DREYFUS, for PICQUART, and for all the world!

Rob. Hear, hear! say I—but in a whisper, not to disturb the other passengers.

Lud. Natürlich, and I also. High, high, high!

Aug. Tiens! The other day I have seen the Lord of Khartoum.

Rob. Lord KITCHENER.

Aug. Ah, these English titles! I shall comprehend them never. There is your Milord Mayor who is Sir, there is your Judges who are Sirs, and also Milords, as Sir RUSSELL——

Rob. Lord RUSSELL.

Aug. And Lord HAWKINS——

Rob. Sir HENRY HAWKINS.

Aug. And however there is Sirs who are not Milords. By example, Sir HARCOURT——

Rob. We always say the Christian name—*le prénom*. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Aug. Ah yes! Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not Milord?

Rob. No, he 's the Right Honourable.

Aug. Hold! Is it that he is also bishop?

Rob. No, no. You 're thinking of Right Reverend.

Aug. And Lord GEORGE CURZON——

Rob. There we don't say the Christian name. Simply Lord CURZON.

Aug. Eh well! Lord CURZON and Lord HAMILTON——

Rob. Ah, there we do say the Christian name. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON.

Aug. Oh sapristi, c'est impossible! And with that there is Honcurable, as Honourable Mr. BALFOUR——

Rob. The Right Honourable.

Aug. Right Honourable Mr. BALFOUR——

Rob. No, not Mister.

Aug. Eh well! Right Honourable BALFOUR——

Rob. No, no!

Aug. Ah ça, tiens! Right Honourable Sir BALFOUR——

Rob. No, no, no!

Aug. Mon Dieu! What then? Right Honourable Sir Lord BALFOUR——

Rob. No. The Right Honourable ARTHUR BALFOUR. But in conversation you say Mr. BALFOUR.

Aug. Pardon! In conversation I shall say not anything. *C'est trop fort!* Is it that one can to comprehend this mass of titles? Is it that a stranger can to distinguish between Lord HERBERT KITCHENER, and Sir ARTHUR BALFOUR, and Honourable HAMILTON, and Right Reverend WILLIAM HARCOURT? *Ah non!* I shall say BALFOUR, all short.

Lud. I have not the English titles learned. In England are it people who only Mister are. In Germany is every one *Herr Baron, Herr Lieutenant, Herr Professor, Herr Doctor, Herr Hofrath, Herr Geheimrath*, and so farther. It is enough the German titles to learn. What the English concern, know I nothing thereof.

Rob. How do you like these cars?

Aug. Cars? That which you call Irish cars?

Rob. No. Pullman cars. *Wagons-salons.*

Aug. Oh, very luxuous!

Rob. You mustn't look at the decoration. That 's American taste.

Lud. Wunderschön, prachtvoll!

Aug. And what quickness!

Lud. Kolossal!

Rob. If we only went more smoothly!

Aug. One is well shaked, that is true.

Rob. But we shall soon be there.

"'Twas ever thus——"

Or, The French Patriot's Lament.

I NEVER nursed a dear Bahr-el-Ghazal,
To glad me with its banners all the day,
But when I got to love it like a pal
Some idiot gave the thing—and me—away.

Educational.

Inquisitive Child (to Nursemaid). I say, JANE, what 's the difference between English meat and Australian?

Jane. Why, o' course, Master REGGIE, English mutton 's made o' sheep, and Orsetralian of 'orse.

AT MUNICH.—*Mr. Joddletop (travelling companion at Bierhalle).* What they call this larger beer for I 'm blessed if I know! Why, it 's thinner than the Bass I drink at home!

L. GARNIER.

LIQUEURS OF THE CDE. CHARTREUSE.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

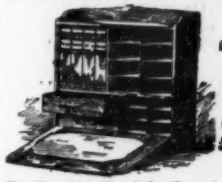


ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY. The Best Liqueur.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets. No. 931, as illustration, £2 12s. 0d. IN OAK THROUGHOUT.

Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

THURSTON'S
"PERFECT"
BILLIARD CUSHIONS
Still unequalled for accuracy, speed and durability.

The "Perfect" Low Cushions as fitted to the "Thurston" Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne, can be attached to any Billiard Table at a cost of 12 Guineas.

THURSTON & CO., LTD.,
(*The Parent House of the Trade.*)
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.
Sole Makers to Her Majesty.
By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET
REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE.
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ÉTAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous

Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.



Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to
MABIE, TODD & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandriff, prevents hair from falling, is most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. The only preparation of its kind that has ever received a Royal Recommendation. 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from
THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,
16, BEVIS MARKS and 233, REGENT ST., W.

OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
3D
Per Box of 10.
A Cigarette of Standard Excellence
At Small Cost.
MANUFACTURED FROM
PURE VIRGINIA SUN-DRIED TOBACCO.

IF YOU APPRECIATE QUALITY
TRY THE FAMOUS
UAM-VAR
SCOTCH WHISKY
And you will not be disappointed.
INNES & GRIEVE, LTD.,
EDINBURGH & LONDON.

BUCHANAN
BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY
AS SUPPLIED TO THE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.
Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.
W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.
'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'
Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.
BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

CONSTIPATION
ured. 1/1½ and 4/6. Ladies' and hildren's Tasteless Laxative.
CASCĀRA-HAWLEY
SAVARESSE'S SANDAL, 4/6.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 3s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON
DR RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD



MAKE ROOM FOR MONKEY BRAND!

WON'T WASH CLOTHES. BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP. WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR

KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.

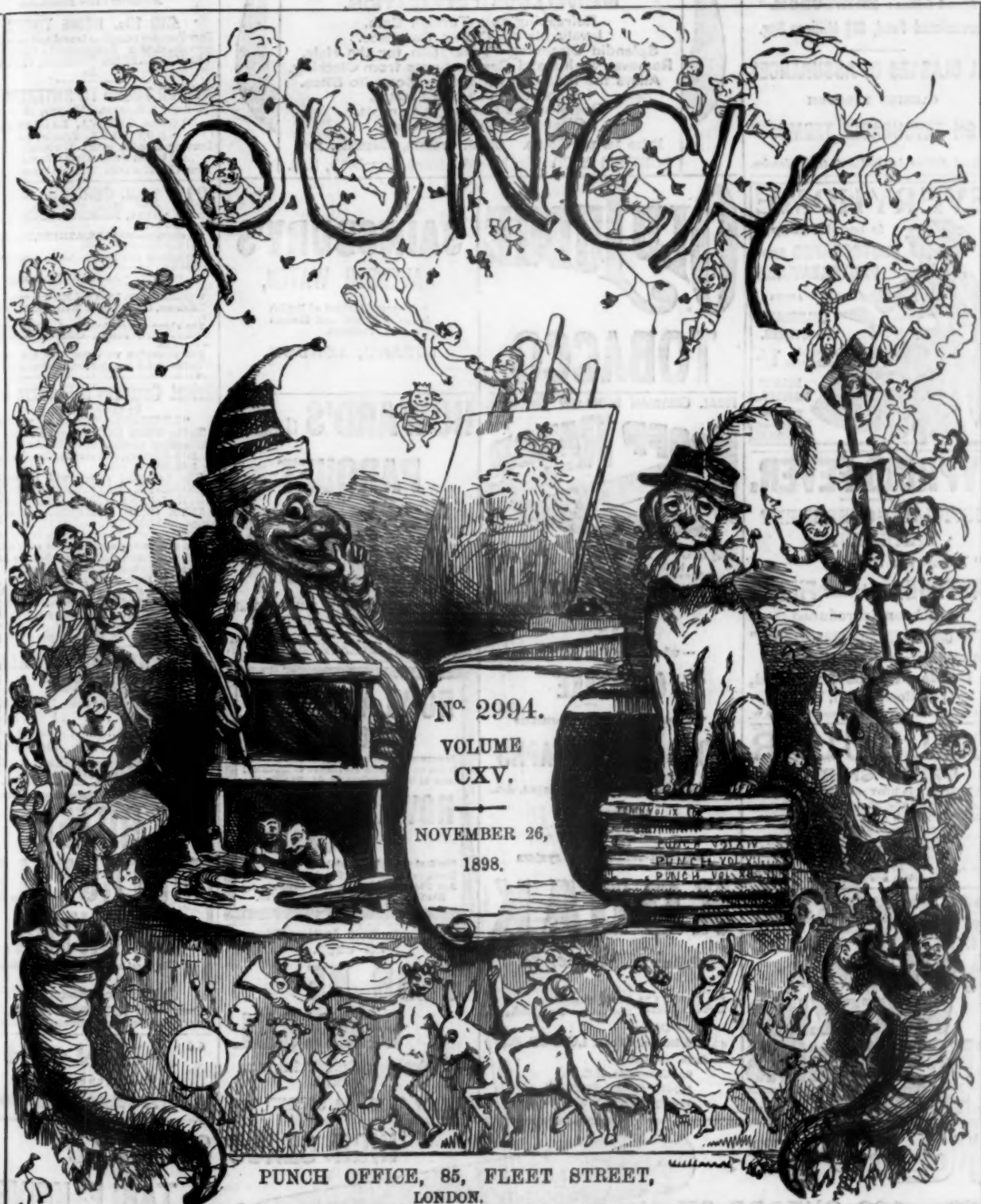
FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19 1898.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

Nº. 2994.
VOLUME
CXV.

NOVEMBER 26,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

NATIONAL CYCLE SHOW, CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, S.E.
November 18th to 26th, 1898.

The New "MULTIFLEX" patterns of such a sensation in the wheel world, **DUNLOP TYRES** *which are creating will be on view in the* **ROMAN COURT.**

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., Ltd., Alma Street, Coventry.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

£18 18s. EGYPT AND PALESTINE

Pleasure Cruises by the S.S. "MIDNIGHT SUN," 3,173 tons, leaving Marseilles

Dec. 15th, 1898 ..... 30 days ..... 25 Guineas
Jan. 14th, 1899 ..... 21 days ..... 18 Guineas

Attractive Shore Excursions.

£10 10s. ROME TOURS,

Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days' accommodation. Excursions to FLORENCE, VENICE, NAPLES, POMPEII, VESUVIUS, &c.

WINTER TOURS TO SWITZERLAND.

10 days, 8 Guineas. 17 days, 10 Guineas.

Visiting GENEVA, LAUSANNE, MONTREUX, PARIS, &c.

Leaving London every Wednesday. Illustrated Programme free from

THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

EVERY HOME



is beautified by PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES AFTER CELEBRATED PICTURES.

Illustrated Catalogue 1/-

BERLIN PHOTOGO., 133, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.

£21 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.

EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, &c.

On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 1,134, h.p. 4,000.

Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.

The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.

Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER,

A Fragrant Bouquet of English Lavender Flowers and Choicest Perfumes.

STRAND, LONDON.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise

by their Steamship "LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,

To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA. Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."

Fares from 75 Guineas.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited, 147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.



Black Handle .... 2s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d. | Russia leather case, 21s.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

"Shaver's Kit and Outfit," *Post Free.*

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.) PARQUET FLOORS

From 3d. *per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO (opens Jan.) ... ... Riviera Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

ANYONE

—whether old or young—

CAN TAKE

without any previous practice

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS

of views, home scenes, seascapes, &c.,

WITH A

daylight-loading film system

KODAK

Prices £1 1s. to £7 7s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,

Head Office—
43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches—
60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.

CIGARES de JOY (Joy's cigarettes)

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE

ASTHMA WHEEZING CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Box of 35 4/4 Post free from WILCOX & Co. 85 Mortimer St, London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores.

SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.

BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

Mappin & Webb.

158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.,
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. } LONDON.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.



Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



SCENE—*A Booth in the Wild West.*

The Curtain has just fallen on the First Act of the "Pirates of the Pacific."

Author. "WHAT IS THE AUDIENCE SHOUTING FOR?"
Manager. "THEY 'RE CALLING FOR THE AUTHOR."
Author. "THEN HADN'T I BETTER APPEAR?"
Manager. "I GUESS NOT. THEY 'VE GOT THEIR REVOLVERS IN THEIR HANDS!"

DARBY JONES CONSIDERS MR. TOD SLOAN AND MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—It were idle to conceal from you that the Departure of J. TOD SLOAN, Esquire, for the Land of the Heaven-soaring Eagle has been hailed with considerable delight, not only by our own Native Knights of the Pigskin, but also by a very large portion of the B. P. Not because J. TOD S., Esquire, is not a very Estimable Personage, but by reason of the fact that, always having had the Pick of our Horses during the Period in which he honoured our little Rabbit-warren, he came to be regarded as a Human Motor-car, capable of driving the most Unreliable Crocks to Victory, and forcing the Genteel Pencillers to lay odds which ought, as Captain KRITERION truly remarks, to have suffused the cheek of the most Weather-worn Speculator with the Rosy Tint usually ascribed to the Gentle Maiden of Seventeen Summers.

Far be it from me to decry the Equine Performances of this American Centaur. On the contrary, I consider that he has done to Racing what the Australian Cricketers did to the Noble Game for the enjoyment of which Lord's and the Oval are still Oases in Modern Brickland, *i.e.*, he has made our Jockeys sit up while he laid down on the neck of his Chosen Mount. Probably when he returns next year he will find that our Natives have profited by the Opening which he gave them. Perhaps J. TOD S., Esquire, and his Staff may regret the Luxuries of London, but it will be some Epicurean Crumb of comfort for them to remember that they are returning to Columbia at the height of the Canvas-back Duck Season. Had the Stars and Stripes Cavalier stayed with us for Manchester, no doubt the Horse of his choice would now enjoy the Pre-eminence which *Alt Mark* enjoyed in the Liverpool quotations, and Wagerers from all parts of the Globe would have been taking the most Ridiculous Returns for their Outlay. But as things are, it is possible to approach the November Handicap without that sinking of the Heart which invariably accompanied the Sifting of the Wheat from the Chaff, while J. TOD S., Esquire, was busy with the Bridle. In this mood I venture to winnow the Equine grain as follows:—

Fresh Harbour will not be my port,
Legal Passage will not have my word;
The *Upstart* is quite the right sort,
And *Cheat 'em* has weight for a bird;
The *Sundarkener* 's well-nigh thrown in,
If he start, then beware the "green gee;"
But the *Logman* and *Hot 'un* will spin
Just after the *Man of the Sea.*

I do not guarantee Success, but I trust that I may avert Disaster. With all deference to your Chancellor of the Exchequer, I venture to point out that the Amount of Blue Pencil with which he was callous enough to decorate my Bill of Costs at Liverpool and Derby would shame a Taxing-Master in Chancery. But I beg you, honoured Sir (for I have too much self-respect to address him myself) to assure him that *I smile* at his Pitiable Cheeseparing, having Solid Examples of Courage in Supporting such Noble Quadrupeds as *Duamia*, *Lackford*, *Pintail*, *Sherburn*, *Trident*, and, strange to say, *Waterhen* in my Wallet. I trust that you will not fail to convey to him my *resolute meaning*, at the same time reminding him that while *Omnibi* were made for the Slow, Hansoms were instituted for the Progressive. That he will understand my Sarcasm is more than I can credit, but you, honoured Sir, will readily comprehend my Biting Allusion to his Cheque on Rapid Progression.

Your humble but resentful servitor,
DARBY JONES.

[D. J. may be as resentful as he pleases, but not at our expense. We never authorised him to hire cabs at £3 a day, nor do we intend to do so. As D. J. appears to be in funds, we shall be happy to *square accounts*. Perhaps he will comprehend our "biting allusion."—ED.]

NO MORE DOCTORS.

["The halfpenny-in-the-slot lung-tester, which it is claimed will either prevent a man having consumption, or else tell him beyond all question that he has got it, is shortly to be added to the attractions of the London bar and restaurant."—*Daily Mail.*]

Now with delight we hail the day
When we 'll no longer have to pay
The skilled physician's heavy price
For dear but excellent advice;
If I 'm mistaken not, his fee
Ran to two guineas, sometimes three.

With faces long we used to go
To worthy Doctor So-and-So,
Of all practitioners the best
For any trouble of the chest,
And then with confidence imbibe
The mixture which he would prescribe.

Henceforth with doctors we 'll dispense
(The gain to us will be immense);
One halfpenny placed in the slot
Will tell us whether we have got
Consumption, or if we are free
From all disease pulmonary.



Prince George of Greece (High Commissioner of Crete). "THE TURKS GAVE US A JOLLY GOOD THRASHING FOR TRYING TO GET THIS ISLAND AT FIRST. BUT I'VE GOT HERE ALL THE SAME!"

THE NEW GUV'NOR.

(To Prince George of Greece, with Mr. Punch's best wishes.)

GEORGE! though the Powers may yet arrange,
For reasons too profound to mention,
At this conclusive point to change
The thing they call their fixed intention;

Let neither this disturbing view,
Nor motives of domestic love, nor
The question why they go for you
Instead of some one else as Guv'nor,

Unman you. You have booked your bunk
Upon the friendly Tartar's vessel;
Already with your weighty trunk
The stout Piræan porters wrestle;

And now, before the nauseous main
Receives you, come! and, like a lamb, let
Such wisdom trickle through your brain
As fell from good Polonius (*Hamlet*).

Across the bit of azure brine
Where lately passed in easy splendour
The Gentleman from Palestine,
Our humble Faith's Superb Defender,

You sail to regions where the rose
Is badly wrapt about with briars,
To rule a race which "One who knows"
Pronounced a set of sorry liars;

And, since they found that time was saved
By living each upon his neighbour,
And consequently often waived
The dull formalities of labour,

He called them idle-bellied men;
And doubtless still the island bristles
With just as smart a lot as when
The late ST. PAUL composed epistles.

For still, when short of other work,
The native goes and knifes his cousin,
The Christian being to the Turk
Even as six to half a dozen.

So, when you tread the devious ways
Of dark vendettas, you will please use
That tact for wriggling through a maze
Which marked the character of THESEUS

Follow his steps, but not so near
As might imply an indiscretion;
For there were things in his career
Which left behind a bad impression.

Attic, like you, and full of fun,
He drank, when dry, of famed Kephissus.
But ere his time in Crete was done,
He went and left his local missus!

But to return to Christian Crete:—
You'll find its temper, thanks to us, is
Reduced by some degrees of heat
Since NOEL nicked its blunderbusses;

For people (this you must have felt)
Who have a natural gift for treason
Without a pop-gun in the belt
Are more amenable to reason.

Let this reflection ease the way
On which you should by now be wending,
And may the line you take to-day
Avoid the usual "Cretic ending."*

* "In the composition of iambic verse, the 'Cretic,' preceded by a spondee in another word, should be rigorously avoided at the end of a line."
—*Beginner's Guide to Greek Verse.*

Horticultural.

Daisy (to her father's gardener). What do you call those flowers, WILLIAM?

William. Them be 'ollyoxes, Missie.

Daisy. No, WILLIAM, not hollyoxes, hollyoxen.



The Duchess (who takes a great interest in all her Servants, and has a large house-party). "OH, SO YOU'RE THE NEW SCULLERY MAID. I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR PLACE!"

New Scullery Maid. "NO, MY LADY. I WANT TO LEAVE NEXT WEEK. I CAN'T STAND THESE LATE DINNERS. ALL THE LADIES AS I'VE EVER BEEN CONNECTED WITH HAVE JUST TOOK A BIT OF SOMETHING IN THEIR 'ANDS, AND THERE WASN'T ALL THIS WASHING UP!"

NO IMMEDIATE NECESSITY

FOR abolishing the School Board for London and the L. C. C.

For taking off two or three pence from the Income Tax.

For subsidising a National Theatre and Opera House.

For repealing the Act permitting, but not insisting upon, the use of motor-cars.

For adopting the American plan of overhead railways for the benefit of the Metropolis and the large towns of the Provinces.

For winding up the Corporation of the City of London, and applying the proceeds to the reduction of the National Debt.

For extending the principle of the Conscientious Objection Clause in the Vaccination Act to legislation in other directions.

For pensioning off the statutory representatives of the Court of Bankruptcy.

For abolishing the offices of Queen's Proctor and Official Prosecutor.

For declaring HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY Empress of Australia, Canada, and the Colonies.

And last, but not least, for declaring a British Protectorate over Egypt.



He (alluding to "aged" Spinster in mid-distance flirting with young Dash). "MISS ELDERBEY IS VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT HER AGE, ISN'T SHE?" *She.* "SHE OUGHT TO BE QUITE USED TO IT BY THIS TIME."

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EAST.

Damascus, November 4.

HONOURED EFFENDI (I hope you will not be effended at my thus addressing you), I write to tell you that I have not yet been taken up as an Anarchist, though a friend and compatriot has been hauled before the Beyrout police for "masquerading" in Arab costume on an expedition to Baalbec to-day. His get-up certainly *did* rather challenge attention. It consisted of a blue caftan embroidered with gold, a plaid scarf fastened round his waist, and a muslin bandana tied over a Winchester football cap, with his socks pulled up over his trousers. He wanted to study Syrian life, he explained, but he narrowly escaped doing so for life behind the bars of a Turkish prison.

We have seen the Mailed Fist shake hands with the Governor of Jerusalem, and open the new Lutheran Church, and distribute medals to the German blue-jackets on Mount Zion, generally importing an air of "*Deutschland über alles*" into Palestine, but these matters are now ancient history, and are, besides, only to be handled by Court painters and poets-laureate. A lighter treatment would run the risk of prosecution for *lèse-mailfisté*, or some other awful crime.

The Jaffa railway is great in scenery, gradients, associations, and everything except trains and rolling-stock. When an unfortunate accident occurred last Monday a few miles from Jerusalem, there was no available locomotive to transport us to the sea. I regret to say we beguiled the long hours of waiting in a German *Bierhaus* hard by the station. Still, when you are in Jerusalem, you must do as the—Germans do, *i.e.*, in this instance sit on a table with a *Wurst* in one hand and a beer-jug in the other.

Embarking at Jaffa is exciting, in a rough sea, at 1 A.M., or, indeed, at any time. It is a good deal worse than Durban. You are rowed out to the ship in surf-boats, and nearly wrecked, at starting, on the rock whereon Andromeda was chained. After about twenty minutes' pitching and tossing, you reach your steamer and make shots at the gangway, as the waves rise and fall. In the fearful chamois-leap you take from the boat, all your past misdeeds flash through your mind, and thoughts of the old folks comfortably in bed at home, the girl (or the luggage) you left behind you, the sweet little cherub sitting up aloft, the Bay of Biscay, Oh! Full Fathom Five, and Auld Lang Syne simultaneously occur to you, with "Man the Lifeboat!" for encore verse. The rest is imprecation and embrocations. Such is the so-called "harbour" of Jaffa.

Yours Orientally, Z. Y. X.

["The muzzling order has been revoked in Buckinghamshire."—*Daily Paper.*]

Shakspeare (à la COLLEY CIBBER, *adapted to the situation).* Off with his muzzle! So much for Buckingham!



NO SUNDAY MUSIC. BY ORDER OF THE L. C. C.



PLENTY OF SUNDAY MUSIC. BY ORDER OF GENERAL BOOTH.

ON THE CARDS.

SCENE—*The Special Stationery Department. Husband and Wife discovered in argument.*

Husband. I told you it was absurd dragging me here. How do I know what we want?

Wife. You are always so disagreeable if I choose wrong. You didn't like the wreath of "forget-me-nots" last year.

Husband. Well, it was rather ridiculous sending it to one's dentist.

Wife. And then the year before you objected to "For Auld Lang Syne."

Husband. Yes, when we posted them off to people we had met for the first time the day before yesterday.

Wife. There you go! Always sneering.

Husband. I am not. You would say I was rude if I called you a blithering idiot.

Wife (resignedly). Oh, no. I'm accustomed to it. (*Pleasantly.*) My mother always said I ought to have married a gentleman.

Husband. Your mother be blessed! (*With intention.*) I hope she is.

Wife (after a pause). I know you would call me spiteful if I quoted Captain SABRETACHE and called you a c-a-d.

Husband. Indeed! Well, I will dine at the Club. Perhaps I may meet SABRETACHE there and compare notes.

Wife (calmly). Stay away altogether if you like, dear.

Husband (furious). I will.

Attendant. Can I serve you, Madam?

Wife. We want a Christmas card.

Attendant. Have you any preference?

Wife. My husband has. Haven't you, dear?

Husband (to Attendant). Oh, I suppose the usual sort of thing. "Peace and good will," don't you know. Something seasonable!

(*Curtain.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF Christmas books my Baronitess writes:—Possibly owing to the unprecedented success of a certain little girl's quaint drawings of "Animal Land," there is a gigantic boom in the ways and doings of ye bipeds and quadrupeds. Very little ones with a thirst for knowledge of unnatural history, will discover much that is sympathetic to their studies in *The Troubles of Tatters* (BLACKIE AND SON), a poor little waif of a dog with a string of tales by ALICE TALWIN MORRIS, and illustrated by ALICE B. WOODWARD. *Stories from Lowly Life* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by C. M. DUPPA, are full of quiet, pleasurable interest, with pictures by LOUIS WAIN. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts*, by SYBIL and KATHARINE CORBET, is an uncommonly lively spot, though not limited to a bear-garden. Evidently the animals in *The Fables by Fal*, illustrated by Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, have been attacked with that persistent pessimism of fashionable decadence, and the grimness of tragedy is suggested in these stories, especially in that of the "Wail of the Winkles." Both these books are published by DUCKWORTH & Co.

"It is all nonsense," declares the preface; but life would not be worth living without its moments of nonsense, and MARY KERNAHAN's book is *Nothing but Nonsense* (JAMES BOWDEN), and very good it is. The pictures, by TONY LUDOVICI, are simply beautifully ridiculous.

The Golliwogg at the Seaside (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), with pictures by FLORENCE UPTON, and verses by BERTHA UPTON, will be thoroughly appreciated by the most youthful tripper who has tasted the joys of holiday existence by the sad sea waves. Dear little "Red Riding Hood" appears as fresh as ever, artistically re-dressed by WALTER CRANE, in her own *Red Riding Hood's Picture Book* (JOHN LANE), in company with several other old favourites of fairy lore.

These are for the simple student of the nursery. The schoolboy's turn comes next, with his insatiable thirst to read of life as he imagines it should be, one long realm of adventure and romance. In *The Treasure Cave of the Blue Mountains* (OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, FERRIER), by OLIPHANT SMEATON, illustrated by JOSEPH BROWN, this ideal is found in thrilling surroundings. And again, in *The Knight of the Golden Chain* (ARTHUR PEARSON), by R. D. CHETWODE, romance is insidiously welded with history, a delicate method similar to that of giving powders in jam.

The utter fierceness of the two gentlemen on the cover of *Draw Swords*, gives a fair notion of MANVILLE FENN's story, which takes place in the early Victorian pre-examination days, when a youthful soldier's existence was certainly then a very lively and a happy one. *The White Princess of the Hidden City*, by DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, is not a fairy-story, as the title might suggest, but a wonderful romance of adventure in Central America, the land of sudden revolutions. So that the unexpected inevitably turns up. Such a capital situation for upsetting events. Complaints are very often heard that in the matter of literature boys are more considered than girls. For once there will be unmitigated delight among the bashful maidens of fifteen over L. T. MEADE's *The Girls of St. Wode's* (W. AND R. CHAMBERS, the publishers of the books above-mentioned in this paragraph). The "new" girl has evidently a high old time in an up-to-date college, rather different to the prim academy of old, where deportment and the prisms of life were of genteel consideration. For smaller young women, Mrs. MOLESWORTH has one of her charmingly-written tales, *The Magic Nuts* (MACMILLAN), which will prove pleasant cracking. What comes out must not be discovered. "Not for nuts" will we reveal the mystery beforehand. There are pictures by ROSIE M. PITMAN.

Like "Brer Rabbit" of old acquaintance, the animals lie low in *The Hollow Tree*, and only come out to bring these tales, which have been repeated by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, who constitutes himself the story-teller. The pictures are very excellent, by J. M. CONDÉ, and the book is published by A. CONSTABLE & Co.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE LABOUR MARKET.

An Allegory from the Banks of the Nile.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED SOME FINE MORNING AT REGENT'S PARK.

["There are vacancies at the Zoo for a few crocodiles of large size, and the upper reaches of the Nile are said to be swarming with them."—*Daily Paper.*]

HUNTING "DAY BY DAY."

"THE Mudsquashington Foxhounds had a good day's sport from Wotsisname Coverts (which were laid for a large number). They found in Thingamy Woods, rattled him round the Osier Beds, and then through the Gorse, just above Sumware. Leaving this and turning left-handed, he ran on as far as Sumotherplace, where he finally got to ground. Amongst the numerous field were Lord FOOZLE and Lady FRUMP, Messrs. BORKINS, POSHBURY, and TOMKYN-SMITH."*

* Half a dozen similar paragraphs cut out as being too exciting for the average reader's brain to bear.—ED.



BEGINNING EARLY.

Dorothy. "OH, MAMMA DEAR, EVERY DAY WHEN I GO TO SCHOOL, A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY *WILL* KISS ME!"
Mamma. "WELL, DARLING, YOU SHOULD RUN AWAY." *Dorothy.* "WELL, BUT——*SUPPOSE HE DIDN'T RUN AFTER ME?*"

I GUESS THAT'S SO.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

SIR,—I propose (of course with your permission) to place my British heart on exhibition, to show it throbbing with a wild pulsation of pride and ardour for the Yankee nation, to prove that, when the question 's one of liquor, blood takes the cake because it 's always thicker, and that allies when they are out for slaughter think much of blood, but pour contempt on water; that from our theatres—each with quite a full pit—from crowded platform and from thundering pulpit; from the great Banquet where, their waistcoats undone, the merchant princes of well-turtled London gather in throngs about the civic chair and toast creation *plus* the new Lord Mayor; from Court and Castle as from town and village, from teeming street, from less frequented tillage; where Caledonia, neither stern nor wild, nurses at present no poetic child; where emerald Erin, always with some Bill on, now shouts for REDMOND and now yells for DILLON; where the famed men of Harlech in the hollow, armed cap-a-pie, make "billow" rhyme to "follow," and where the Church—this is peculiar, very—of Wales is in the See of Canterbury; from where, resembling lovely flowers that lack scent, English is spoken with an English accent—in fact from everywhere throughout our islands, from East, from West, from South and eke the Highlands, one voice is heard whose echo drowns all others, "Hail to the Yankees, they 're our friends and brothers!"

This being so, I take my heart in hand, Sir—you 'll notice how it beats "to beat the band," Sir—and filled with all good feeling, as I am, offer both heart and hand to UNCLE SAM. He, too, I understand, across the ocean displays a very similar emotion. He 's just got through (it might begin again) a pretty tidy bout of knocks with Spain. I sometimes wonder how to Spain the dose felt when the Rough Riders stormed that hill with ROOSEVELT, and how it looked to see the fiery TEDDY, while his teeth flashed and, riding far ahead, he cheered with fierce shouts (but where was General SHAFTER?) his gallant cowboys who came rushing after.

These are the men, brave hearts and lots of muscle, to push their way through every kind of tussle: these are the men, our stalwart kith and kin, who 'mid the bullet-hail and battle-din set their chins square and in their tattered jeans give to their foeman what they feed on—beans. These are our friends, with them, when war-clouds lower and other nations sulk and growl and glower, we can clasp hands across the stormy sea and face the world, our watchword, liberty! Friendship like ours of oceans is a spanner; who recks of distance when their starry banner and our red flag are side by side unfurled and wave triumphant o'er the attentive world?

Pardon this burst, I merely meant to say, Sir, that musty bygones now have had their day, Sir; that if the Rescript fails and wars continue I pin my faith to Anglo-Saxon sinew, the whole of which—ye kindly fates I thank ye!—is owned by us and by our friend the Yankee.

Robbie Burns re-blacked.

(On seeing the bronze statue of Robert Burns being "renovated" in the Embankment Gardens.)

ONCE more, my BURNS, lest thou thy lustre lack,
We paint thee black;
Because we know 'twould make thee far less bright
To wash thee white.



"DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS!"

PUNCH (*Landlord of the "Two Cross Flags"*). "FILL UP, MY HEARTIES! IT LOOKS LIKE 'DIRTY WEATHER' AHEAD, BUT YOU TWO—JOHN AND JONATHAN—WILL SEE IT THROUGH, *TOGETHER!*"



CHANGELINGS; OR, A STORY WITHOUT (POLITE) WORDS.

"Them's the only Dogs as come by this Train, Sir. The Guard says as 'ow there was three Sportin' Dogs, as 'ad ate their label off, wot's gone on by the Scotch Express."

REMBRANDT—A STUDY.

(*By One who loves Art and Economy.*)

Oh! the delight to hear that the richest treasures of Dutch painting were to be centred in Amsterdam! In a word, Rembrandt! The entire civilised world were yielding specimens of the mighty master! Contributions were coming from Russia, France, England, everywhere. Sovereigns, princes, nobles, and many millionaires were among the contributors! Glorious thought! I should see the greatest of great painters face to face!

I have been—swiftly and economically—to Amsterdam. I braved the terrors of the deep and a third-class carriage from the Hook. I put up at an appropriate hotel. So great was my impatience to see these grand works of art—to be able to inspect the solitary presentment of a horse, the rare mythological subjects—that I took a train. I spared no expense. Then I rushed up the stairs. I threw some forty or fifty small coins on the turnstile.

"Not enough."

"Not enough!" I echoed. But I was imperfectly acquainted with the Dutch coinage, so I pulled out of my pockets several further handfuls of copper discs.

"They amount to half a guilder. Not enough."

"Impossible! How much do you want?"

"Two guilders and a half;" and the gatekeeper pointed to one of my silver cart-wheels.

But this was too much! The Academy costs only a shilling, and the Salon on certain days a franc.

It was too much.

So I have returned. I still love Rembrandt. Adore his work. But I did not see any of his pictures in Amsterdam.

But then, on the other hand, I saved five francs!

FORTHCOMING INVENTIONS.

(*By Our Own Mr. Tesla.*)

["Mr. Nikola Tesla has invented a machine for projecting powerful electric currents into space which will destroy any object against which they are aimed. He also offers to turn the machinery at the Paris Exhibition by electric force from Niagara, which is to be dispatched across the Atlantic without wires."—*Daily Paper.*]

In answer to an appeal from *Mr. Punch* for further novelties, Mr. Tesla offers us the following:—

An electric machine for the distribution of the heat at present running to waste in the crater of Vesuvius among the kitchens of the Metropolis, where it would be useful for cooking purposes.

An extension of Signor Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy by which London could be supplied with water from the canals which astronomers affirm can be perceived on the planet Mars. This should be of great assistance to the London County Council.

A flying-machine propelled by electric waves in the atmosphere, which would enable the business-man to go from Clapham to the City every morning without taking an omnibus. The same machine would take him home in the evening if a return ticket was taken. Fares—3*d.* for the journey, 5*d.* return.

An electric apparatus by which heat waves could be attracted from the Sahara in winter, and cold waves from the North Pole in Summer, thereby providing an equable and pleasant climate for London.

An electric converter by which the X-rays (Y "X"-rays?) could be utilised in the lighting of the London streets, and in propelling motor-carriages between Northumberland Avenue and Richmond.

An electric fog-disperser. This ingenious machine could be set up at every street corner, and could be set in motion at any moment on placing a penny in the slot. Half-pennies or bent coin must not be used.

For particulars of further projects, apply to the Editor of this paper.



Laundress Herschell at the White House.

Stiffening Anglo-American Ties.

["Lord Herschell was entertained at the White House last week by President McKinley."]

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



M. LE PRESIDENT, FÉLIX FAURE.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, on a ground virulent two crosses of the legion of honour couped by a presidential hand sinister from the breast of two dreyfusards of repute, steadfast in rectitude; 2nd, under the shield of the chief of the state tainted with bias, several dapper heraldic scoundrelles of the staff, plumed proper, braided gold to the waist, all banded together and rampant in tort; 3rd, a series of highly-strung journalistic lyres in parry on the garble proper falsette in unison; 4th, on a rock of degradation, interned in exile, a military scapegoat charged with treason, loaded with chains of evidence designed forged and welded in fraud, on the horizon, the first rays of a dawn of hope breaking through clouds of fury. *Crests:* 1st, on a cap of liberty query, stained spotted and ensanguined gules, a peacock in pride proper, his head slightly turned, charged with the riband and star of the order of St. Andrew and a penchant for display verging on puerility; 2nd, on a bend of the upper Nile a tricoloured african interlope of civilization, dumped down squatty on the bank, collared eradicated and reflexed in agony. *Supporters:* Dexter, a russian bear sable, imperially crowned and gorged with loans hysterically courted and caressed ad nauseam, simpery bowy bendy to the last, but reluctant in committal. *Sinister:* A double-faced eagle of muscovy reguardant azure in dismay a kettle of fish à la parisienne. *Second motto:* "Felix fortunatus cæsaris sociusque amicus."

Additional motto: "FÉLIX ILL-ÉGALITÉ."

TO A FOND MAMMA.

In these degenerate latter days,
When *laissez faire* is all the rage,
When boys and maidens go their ways,
And Youth pays little heed to Age;
When fathers, with, perhaps, a groan,
Obey their offspring's stern injunctions,
When the exploded chaperone
Performs mere ornamental functions—

In these degenerate times, I say,
One wholesome fact I must report,
There still exists, thank Heaven, to-day
One mother of the good old sort—
One mother bold beyond the rest,
Her motherly back-seat forsaking,
Pursuing with whole-hearted zest
That fine old industry—match-making!

Dear madam, your appearance rare
Must needs excite our pleased remark,
No longer need we now despair
Of seeing dodos in the Park.
We all know where a match is made,
Yet Heaven, being at a distance
(I think it cannot be gainsaid)
Should profit much by your assistance.

Blest wife is she who tries to make
Her precious daughters likewise blest,
Who bustles round—"for SOPHY's sake"—
And you are bustling all your best.
Then scorn your neighbours' paltry smiles
(For ridicule's the meed of virtue),
And, when they spot your little wiles,
Don't let such trifles disconcert you!

Yet, moved by no intention rude,
I do implore you to amend
Your methods, some of which are crude—
I speak but as a candid friend.
With pleasure I attend your "shows,"
Because by some right intuition
You label me, as I suppose,
Most wisely, "Not for competition."

Then, since it is my privilege high
To play the part of looker-on,
One further word of warning I
Would venture, by your leave, upon.
One sage remark from days afar
(My nurse's) in my memory lingers—
That those who play with matches are
Extremely apt to burn their fingers.

Still, let not that discourage you,
Play out your fond maternal part,
Each failure give you strength anew,
And each rebuff increase your art!
Dear madam, I sincerely pray
Success may some day crown your labours
To plant SOPHIA, JANE, and MAY,
Upon your male reluctant neighbours!

IMPRESSIONS TO BE CORRECTED.

(*To restore the entente cordiale.*)

DOVER SIDE.

THAT one Englishman can thrash at least half-a-dozen Frenchmen.

That London is infinitely superior to Paris, and Notre Dame not a patch on Westminster Abbey.

That our Gallic neighbours like to be reminded of the Battle of Waterloo.

That it would be better to get it over at once.

That "by Jingo if we do."

CALAIS SIDE.

That England was defeated by the French from Agincourt to Waterloo.

That all English "Meeses" have projecting front teeth, and their fathers wear tweed suits and Dundreary whiskers.

That JOHN BULL can be squeezed into any thing.

That London is always in a fog, and consists chiefly of Leicester Square and Vauxhall Bridge Road.

That Albion is always perfidious.

That France is strong enough to master the world, with Great Britain included.

IN THE IMPERIAL TRAVELLING-BAG.

FIVE naval uniforms of various nationalities.

Somebody's infallible cure for sea-sickness.

Death warrant (ready for signature) for the execution of the inventor.

Two hundred telegrams, to an assortment of celebrities, containing congratulations, &c., not sent, as the Imperial yacht did not touch at a post-office.

Hotel coupons for Palestine, returnable on deduction of a percentage.

"Turkish before Breakfast; or, how to be able to converse with the Sultan, in six easy lessons."

Death-warrant (ready for signature) for the execution of the author.

Twelve and a half pounds of costly jewels brought on board at Constantinople.

Draft for a treaty, with dates and signatures omitted.

Twenty-seven proposals for loans—all "under consideration."

"I. O. U." for the "ridiculous sum of half-a-crown."

Shirts, cuffs, collars, and toilette requisites.

A false nose, to be used while preserving an incognito, and large photograph of the SULTAN—very much damaged.

INDOCILIS PAUPERIEM PATI.

"Any Husband to any Wife."

To marry you, I know, was rash,
  Upon an income such as mine.
I know that we have made a hash
  Of what should make all lives divine.
But if my throat I'm not to gash,
  Nor drown me in the Serpentine,
Please from recrimination cease,
And let us have a little peace.

If I were you, I think I'd save
  By sneering less at bombazine,
And would conceal how much I crave
  For butter when there's margarine;
Of oysters I would never rave,
  Nor talk about the might-have-been—
But you would wear and drink and eat
The same as those whose ends can meet.

This would be but a little thing,
  That burden would I meekly bear,
But for the shrill incessant ring
  Which rends the circumambient air,
Which on my head I always bring
  At any word of thrift and care—
You seem to think, when money's tight,
Extravagance your due and right.

So be it—our affairs are bad,
  But that is the concern of fate,
No loans from "uncle" can be had
  Upon an actual uncle's plate.
I don't repine, but let me add
  One word anent our parlous state—
Please from recrimination cease,
And let us have a little peace.

DISCIPLINE ALL AT SEA.

(Fragment from a Nautical Realistic Romance of the possible Future.)

IT was a sad spectacle. The Admiral glanced sorrowfully at the mutineers. They had disabled the quick-firing guns, and put out the fires. The disaffection aboard the *Majestic* had spread to another vessel. It was no longer a matter of throwing about orange-peel and pomegranate-pips, but one of stern principle.

"Will any of you men come out and argue with me?" was the invitation of the Admiral.

There was a movement, and then TOM LANYARD, the smartest and tautest tar in the service, took two paces to the front and saluted.

"It's not for the likes of me to speak to the likes of you, your honour," said the salt, respectfully, but firmly. "All I know is, we take it as hard—very hard."

"My lads, I want to be reasonable. I am sorry to see you here, TOM LANYARD, you whom I regarded as faithful as *William* the betrothed of *Black-Eyed Susan*. You were the pride of the fleet."

"That was I, your honour," replied the sailor, modestly. "I was better than him, because I have a surname, and so far as I know, he hadn't."

"That's true enough, my lad," returned the Admiral, struggling with his emotion. "Then why mutiny?"

"Because you stopped our toffee, your honour. Asking your pardon, we can't do without our toffee. Since grog was stopped and tobacco put on the black list, we can't do without our toffee."

"But be reasonable, my lads," replied the commander. "You know that toffee made your fingers sticky, and how could you keep the quarter-deck clean with sticky fingers?"

Before the man before the mast could reply, a French ship approached, and the British vessel, having their quick-firing guns dismantled, had to surrender. So the remainder of the conversation was carried on in a foreign prison. Owing to this untoward circumstance, the result reached was never divulged to the civilian public.



ON TOUR.

Heavy Tragedian. "DO YOU LET APARTMENTS TO—AH—THE PROFESSION?"
Unsophisticated Landlady. "OH, YES, SIR. WHY, LAST WEEK WE HAD THE PERFORMING DOGS HERE!"

A POLYGLOT POEM.

A MADCHEN jeune et belle amo,
  Mit yeux charmantes of blue,
And moi je sing passim I go,
  Carita zoë mou.

Ma colleen is so kald and shy,
  Quoique divinely fair,
Her cavalier servente, I
  Sum tempted to despair.

Quien sabe? though she may relent
  Elle n'aime pas other men,
I'll pour cette raison be content,
  Dum spiro spero then.

The ne plus ultra of my life,
  To win her cor would be,
Und ganz geuiss une liebe wife
  I ken she'd make for me.

Heureka! mon amour is great,
  Und vult not be disdained,
I muncta her so I will wait
  Until le prix est gained.



Golfer, whose Ball has lodged under Stone, has had several unsuccessful shots, and finally, with a tremendous stroke, smashed his Club.

Old Man. "YOU PUT ME IN MOIND OF MY OLD JACKASS."
Golfer. "WHAT D'YOU MEAN, YOU IDIOT?"
Old Man. "YER'VE GOT MORE STRENGTH THAN KNOWLEDGE!"

AFTER MACBETH'S BANQUET.

(A Shakspearean Supplement.)

BY THE SWAN OF STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE.

THIS is one of the scenes which SHAKSPEARE *would* have written if he had only thought of it. As it is, save for a few vague allusions—guarded, as was natural in members of the house-party—made, in Act III., Sc. 6, by *Lenox* and "Another Lord," we are quite in the dark as to the private opinions of the guests concerning a banquet which, either from a social or a gastronomic point of view, was scarcely a success. Here the omission is supplied, and, in deference to the modern spirit which now animates blank verse, without too pedantic an insistence upon Elizabethan diction.

The characters represent those neighbouring lords who, being invited only to the Banquet and not "to dine and sleep," would naturally walk home so early in the evening without waiting for their respective conveyances, and, being human, would inevitably discuss the eccentric manner in which they had been entertained. They are:—

First Lord (a middle-aged, sensible, and somewhat sententious nobleman).
Second Lord (a Kailyard Chieftain, canny and homely of speech. MEM.—It is singular that SHAKSPEARE, in a play dealing so largely with Scottish history and character, should never once have attempted to suggest the local colour by a touch of dialect. But possibly he was not very good at it).
Third Lord (a light-hearted young Peer with a tendency to cheery colloquialism, which some critics may condemn as out of keeping with the period. But what about the Bard's own anachronisms?).

The scene is outside the Palace Gates, Forres. And now we can get on:

First Lord (*to* Second Lord, *as they pass out*). You go my way, I think?
Second Lord (*with characteristic caution*). I'd no juist say
My road was in a deeferent direction.
First Lord. Good! Shall we walk together?
Second Lord. Gin ye wull.
Third Lord (*calling after them*). What ho! you fellows, wait a jiff for me. [*They do.*

(*Overtaking them.*) Well? . . . What price Highland hospitality?
First L. Think you MACBETH's deliberately done us?
Third L. He cannot boast that he has done us *well*.
To be fired out, our mouths still full of salmon,
And shown the exit e'er we saw an *entrée*,
Was scarce encouragement to come again!
First L. King DUNCAN never would have served us so!
Second L. Ou ay, his denners were a wee bit dooll—
But hoots! a body filled his wame the while!
Third L. MACBETH's idea of being "large in mirth"
Would cast a gloom upon the cheeriest funeral.
Second L. Sal! but the feckless way he sent us in!
"Set doon," says he, "ye ken yer ain degrees."
'Twas naething but rideeculous to see
A MUNKITTRICK below the MACINTOSH,
And auld GLENLIVAT girn abune the saut!
Third L. A jumpier host I ne'er clapped eyes upon;
He seemed incapable of sitting down!
First L. Most upstarts are deficient in repose.
Third L. His Queen supplied the style; you heard his speech?
"Ourself will mingle with Society,
Our hostess keeps her state." How 's that for frills?
Second L. The stoot stand-offish kimmer, set her up!
I mind the day herself, a captain's leddy,
Wad blush for pleesure gin we praised her haggis!
First L. These unaccustomed crowns cause swollen heads,
And self-made monarchs oft outgrow their boots.
Third L. He used to be a decent sort enough,
And really seemed confoundedly cut up
About that business up at Inverness.
Second L. I canna think he 's been the same men sence.
'Tis verra strange——
Third L. Nay, not so *bally* strange.
For when a fellow puts up Scotland's king,
Just for the night, and bundles out of bed
To hear his royal guest 's been foully murdered
By his own sons,—well, put it how you like,
'Tis apt to prove a rather nasty jar!
Second L. I 'm no denying but ye may be richt.
What wull ha' keepit BANQUO from the denner?
Third L. Oh, "unavoidably detained," no doubt.
Or "felt too indisposed"—the good old lie!
First L. The King, methought, was less annoyed than hurt,
So heartily he drank to his good health!
Second L. 'Twas no the first gude health he 'd drunk the day.
Third L. Why, now I think of it, he *did* seem odd:
Complained of seeing things——
First L. (*with interest*). *What* things, my lord?
Third L. Oh, well, *you* know—the usual sort of things.
For instance (if I caught his words aright),
Such creatures as a rugged Russian bear,
An armed rhinoceros, and Hyrcan tiger.
Second L. (*with patriotic indignation*). There 's no sic beasties in the hail o' Scotland!
First L. 'Tis well, indeed, we came without our wives.
Small wonder that his scandalous behaviour
Should so upset the Queen, who little thought
To see the massy superincumbent gilt
Thus soon forsake her royal gingerbread!
It strikes me (but you 'll let this go no further)
Those two have failed of late to hit it off.
I may be wrong——
Second L. Na, na, ye 're no faur aff 't,
She canna bide his blether! I ken fine——
Third L. (*impatiently*). More full we seem of gossip than of grub,
What say you to some supper at the club?
[*They assent as scene closes in.*

**(N.B.—If* Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON *should wish to obtain leave from the Swan of S.-a-B. to include this fine scene in his Macbeth production, his application will meet with careful consideration. Terms reasonable.)*

La Liberté, commenting on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech last week, observed, that when England had frustrated the designs of France everywhere, JOHN BULL would then approach her, and in execrable French would say, "*Volez vos joer avec moa.*" *La Liberté*, having evidently CHAMBERLAIN on the brain, should have written, "*Volez vos 'Joey' avec moa.*"

RACY OF THE SOIL.—Our Champion Idiot is reported to have entered into an unsuccessful speculation in connection with the Cesarewitch. But he did not see the race run. "No," said he, in his epigrammatic manner; "what was the use of carrying coals to Newmarket?"

LIQUEURS OF THE Cᵒᴱ. CHARTREUSE.

L. GARNIER.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

MACGREGOR'S

FAMOUS WHISKY.

'The Spirit of the Age.'

PALATABLE.
PURE.
PERFECT.

Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.
Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.
Net Cash Carriage Paid.

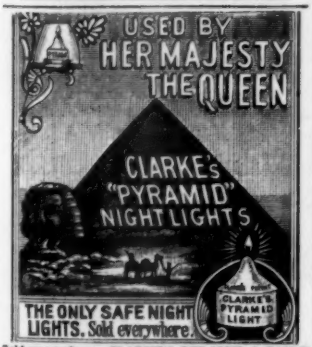
MACGREGOR & TURNER,
(ESTABLISHED 1850.)
2 & 36, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's
"EMPEROR"
CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

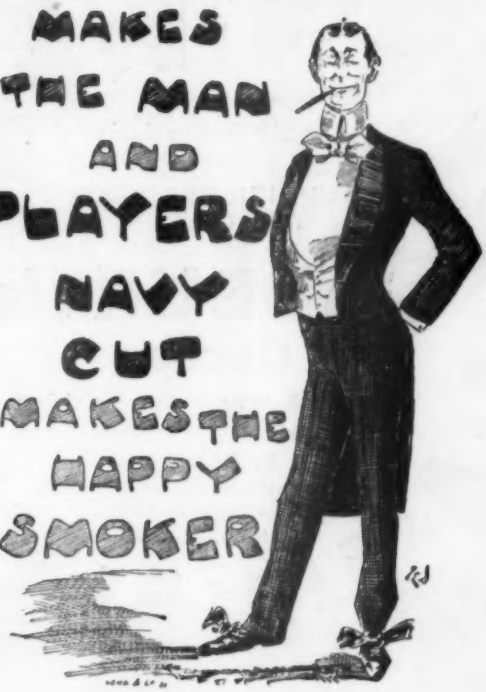


Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

BLISS'S CELEBRATED
ESTABD 1746
CHIPPING NORTON
for Hunting & Sporting wear.
All their stockinet Tweeds are stamped on back of every Twin with this trade mark
TWEEDS
W. BLISS
C. NORTON
TRADE MARK

BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN AND PLAYERS NAVY CUT MAKES THE HAPPY SMOKER



ACARIC
SOCK SUSPENDER.



Those who have never tried ACARIC should at once try them.

The added comfort will absolutely ASTOUND them.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O., 2s., to P. Dept. 6, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C. Retailers can procure from all leading Wholesale Houses or from WELCH, MARGETSON & Co., MOOR LANE, LONDON, E.



CENTLEMEN'S WICS.
Perfect Imitations of Nature.
Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Unshrinkable Material. Instructions for self measurement on application.
CHAS. BOND & SON,
43, NEW BOND STREET, W.
Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Scalpettes.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
FOR ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.
Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170. C179. 291. 303. 431. 659. 1000.

HIERATICA
NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.
Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

"The NEW COFFEE. Delicious, *and enjoyed by those who can take no other.*"
Café Zylak
PEPTONIZED MILK AND COFFEE.
A Doctor writes:—"As near perfection as one can desire."
In Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Obtainable everywhere.
SAVORY & MOORE, London.

Martell's
"Three Star"
Brandy.

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

THURSTON'S
"PERFECT"
BILLIARD CUSHIONS
Still unequalled for accuracy, speed and durability.

The "Perfect" Low Cushions as fitted to the "Thurston" Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne, can be attached to any Billiard Table at a cost of 12 Guineas.

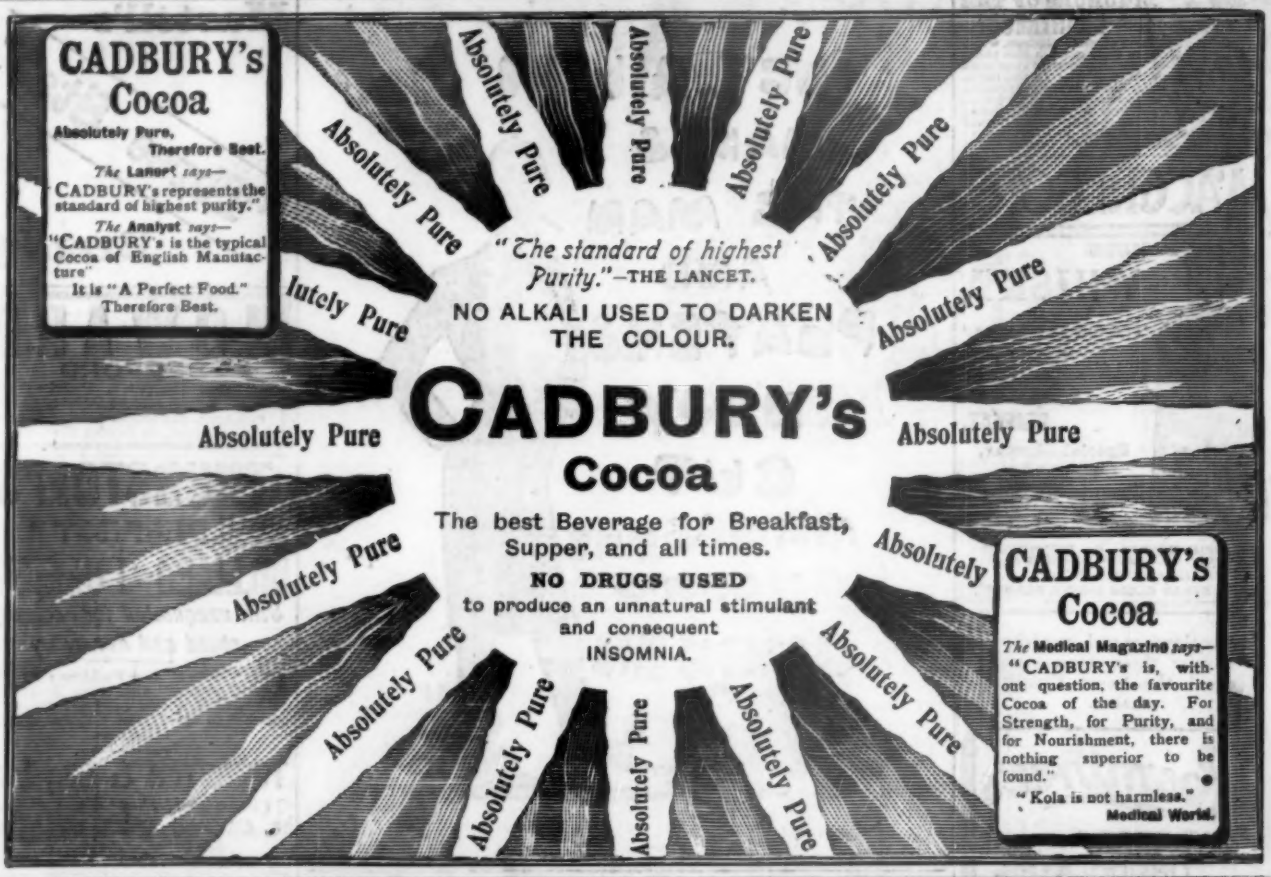
THURSTON & CO., LTD.,
(*The Parent House of the Trade.*)
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.
Sole Makers to Her Majesty.
By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.



This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous HIGHLAND SMALL STILLS. Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.
RICHD. MATTHEWS & CO.,
24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the Colonies.

'K'
BOOTS



PERFECT HEALTH

for the skin, and a complexion creamy and delicate as the **blush**-rose attend the habitual use of

Pears'

soap

"Matchless for the Complexion"

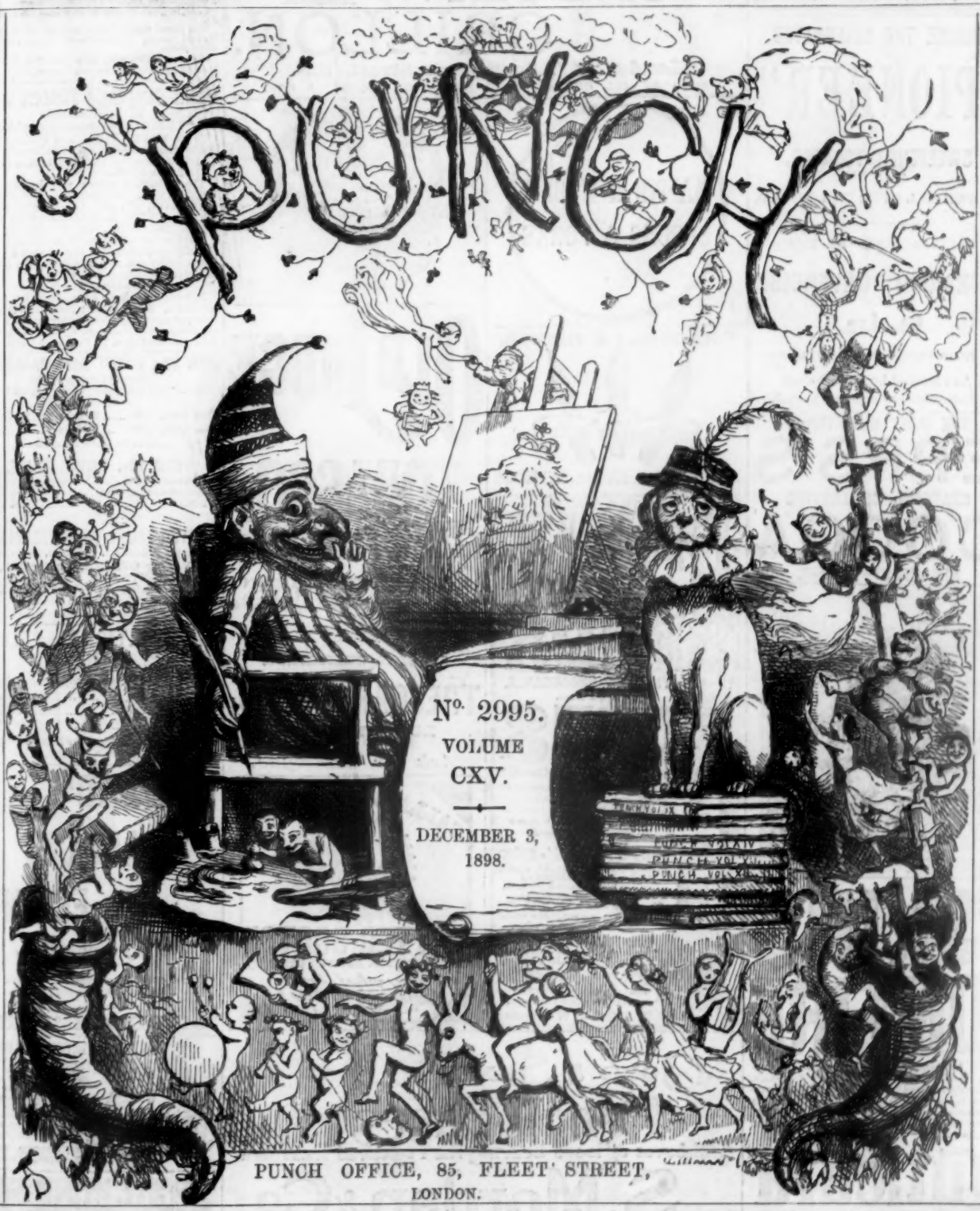
Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 36, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

"APENTA" THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.
Prices 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.
SOLE IMPORTERS: THE APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



Nº. 2995.
VOLUME
CXV.

DECEMBER 3,
1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

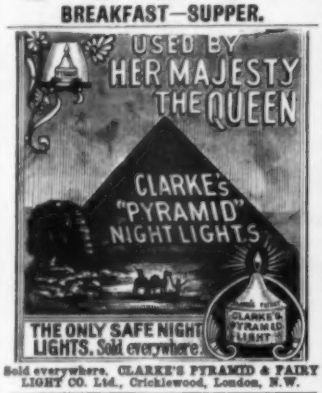
☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether as to Printed matter, Drawings, or Photographs of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CADBURY'S COCOA
MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

HOWARD
BEDFORD
Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO.
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH
CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.
And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.



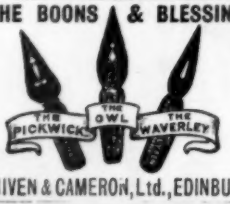
Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

SKINS ON FIRE
With torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humours, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humour cures.
Cuticura
Is sold throughout the world. Brit. dep.: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.
"How to Cure Skin Humours," free.
BABY'S SKIN Scalp and Hair Purified and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENCE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.
FOR
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
CONSTIPATION, Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.
London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. *A BOX.*

MAPPIN & WEBB'S
SPOONS & FORKS



"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."


MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.
FRUIT
Nothing so profitable and easy to grow.
80 Acres of Saleable Trees.
SEEDS
THE BEST PROCURABLE.
Lists Free.
ROSES
HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS
Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage free for Cash with order. 8/- per doz., 60/- per 100.
All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.
ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants, Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis 80,000 from 15/- doz.
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.
GENERAL CATALOGUE
(Over 160 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced, containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.
Please mention this Paper.
RICHD. SMITH & Co., Worcester.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

ORIENTAL CARPETS.
LISTS OF
SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.
TRELOAR & SONS
LUDGATE HILL.
Ask for Catalogue.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery" Lancet

GOLD & SILVER
Pencil cases
with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark
S. Mordan & Co
can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.
£21 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.
EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, &c.
On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,264, h.p. 4,000.
Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.
Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.
The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.
Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise
by their Steamship
"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,
To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA.
Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.
The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.
"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."
Fares from 75 Guineas.
Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£18 18s. EGYPT AND PALESTINE
Pleasure Cruises by the
S.S. "MIDNIGHT SUN," 3,178 tons, leaving Marseilles
Dec. 15th, 1898 ..... 30 days ..... 25 Guineas
Jan. 14th, 1899 ..... 21 days ..... 18 Guineas
Attractive Shore Excursions.

£10 10s. ROME TOURS,
Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days' accommodation. Extensions to FLORENCE, VENICE, NAPLES, POMPEII, VESUVIUS, &c.

WINTER TOURS TO SWITZERLAND.
10 days, 8 Guineas. 17 days, 10 Guineas.
Visiting GENEVA, LAUSANNE, MONTREUX, PARIS, &c.
Leaving London every Wednesday. Illustrated Programme free from
THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

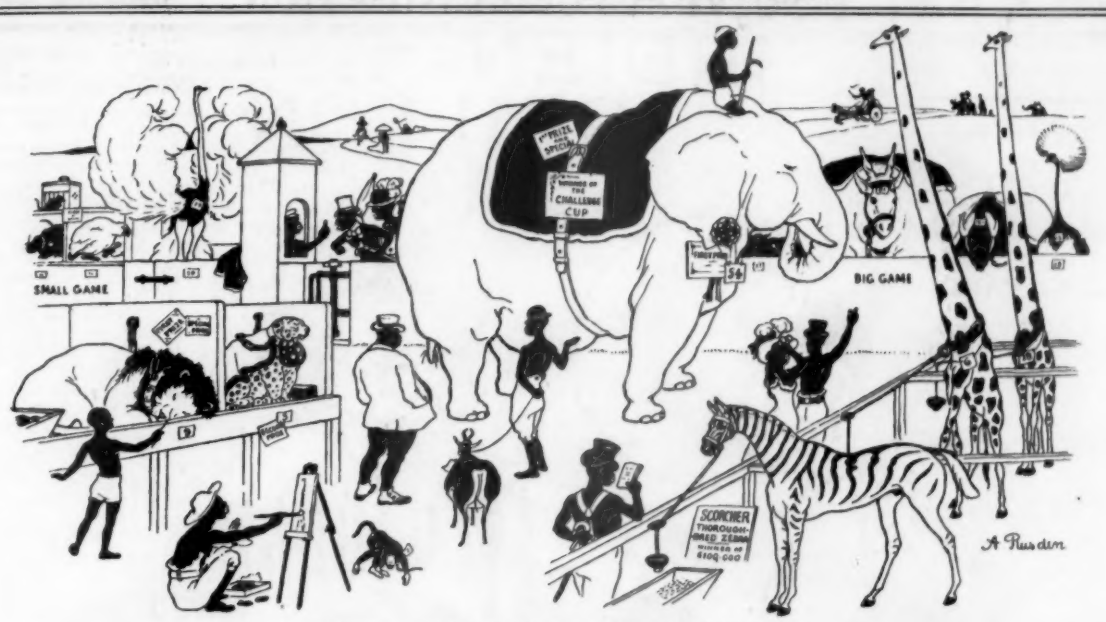
INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.
MONTE CARLO (opens Jan.) Riviera Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From **3d.** *per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS
of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.
Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.

W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

Goddard's Plate Powder
NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be The Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.
Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.



SOUTH AFRICAN SMITHFIELD SHOW.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am not one of those who like to hide their light under a bushel. Quite the contrary. And I particularly hate to do a Public Service anonymously. So I write to you on the subject of a recent achievement of mine.

On November 9 (the fact is complacently recorded in a Sunday paper), I saw a fine sparrow-hawk in Shoreditch Park. "Attracted probably by the deceptive rusticity of the place, the bird had perched on a niche in the wall of St. Leonard's Church, and was lost in contemplation of the municipal activity of Shoreditch."

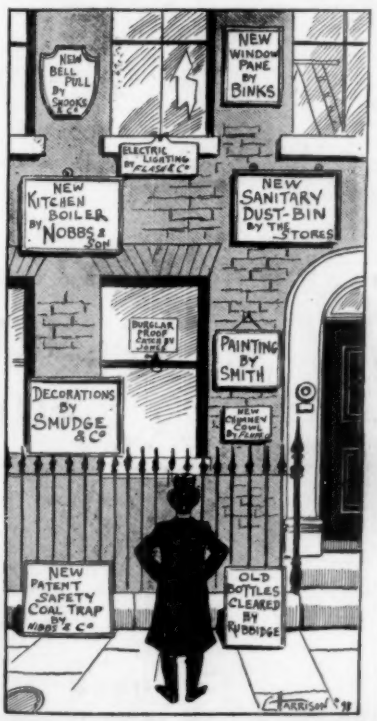
Did I allow this intrusive wild fowl to enjoy the country airs of Shoreditch Park? Perish the thought. To quote the same Sunday journal, "A whack from a stick temporarily disabled her, and led to her being captured and caged." Here was indeed a Public Service. A fine sparrow-hawk was wasting its sweetness on the London air. At any moment it might have flown away and been lost to Shoreditch. I whacked it over the head, therefore, and it is now dying in a leisurely manner in a cage.

This is not the only claim of my family to public gratitude in this direction. I am the person who, with secret catapult, kills the nightingales which even yet disturb the quiet of Campden Hill. All rarer forms of birds and beasts are my prey, and my brother in the country with his gun shoots all the golden eagles that visit these shores, and does his best to destroy all the kingfishers that haunt our rivers. When he has bagged his golden eagle or other unusual fowl, he writes proudly to the *Times* to mention the fact, *and signs his name!* He and I, by our united efforts, are gradually extinguishing whole species of interesting wild creatures in England and in London.

Often our efforts are met with the grossest ingratitude, and only the other day a gentleman called me a stupid brute who ought to be kicked by all decent people, but I don't mind *him*. And meantime the good work goes on.

In full assurance of your gratitude and support, I beg to sign myself,

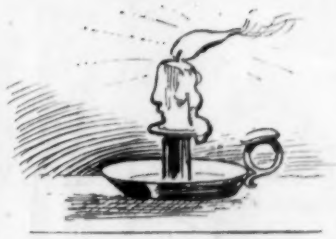
Your obedient servant, 'ARRY.



Suggestion to the Needy Householder who has got the workmen in. Make the various Contractors pay for exhibiting their Advertisement Boards, and thus bring grist to the mill.

NOT SATISFIED.—It is confidently stated that the German Government favours an expedition to the South Pole. We should have thought that the KAISER had quite enough to do to look after his own Poles.

HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



"Tallow unsteady."



"A decline of sixpence."



THE RETURN OF THE TROUBADOUR.

His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor sings—

"GAILY THE TROUBADOUR TOUCHED HIS GUITAR
AS HE WAS HASTENING HOME FROM AFAR,
SINGING, 'FROM PALESTINE HITHER I COME!
LADY LOVE, LADY LOVE, WELCOME ME HOME!'"

DARBY JONES ON THE PAST SEASON AND THE "ILLEGITIMATE CAME."

HONOURED SIR,—At Manchester we rang down the Curtain on that Interesting Drama entitled "Flat-Racing in 1898; or, The Year beloved by the Bookie." It does not take a Sportsman versed in *Memoria Technica* to recall the countless occasions on which the Favourites have been bowled over with the Devastating Result of a First-Rate Spin in a Skittle Alley. The Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks, the Leger, the Cæsarewitch, the Cambridgeshire, the Derby Cup, and many other Upper Ten events, were all captured by Outsiders at prices calculated to make a Sporting Prophet take to sweeping crossings in company with his too confident Patrons. And on the top of this came J. TOD SLOAN, Esquire, who, just to show that He could ride Favourites in Big Races, carried off the Liverpool Cup as a parting present to Lord STANLEY before he made tracks over the Herring Pond Course. Indeed, honoured Sir, it would have made COBDEN'S Statue in Camden Town (I am naming the Hardest Effigy in the Metropolis) weep, to have seen the Gallant Efforts made by Disappointed Owners and Trainers at Derby and Manchester to collect the Wherewithal to supply Biscuits and Cheese and Four Ale during the Winter Months. You may depend upon it, that despite the Sneers of the High Tone, the "Illegitimate," as they designate the Pursuit of jumping Hurdles, Ditches, Brooks, and other Stumbling-Blocks, will be followed this year more largely than ever by those who are famishing for Provender, just as a Billiardist, who has been knocked out in a West-End Saloon, will seek to recoup his Fortune by playing Bagatelle at the *Cat and Mousetrap* in Kentish Town with the Lower Order of Cueists. Though why such Natural Sport as Steeplechasing and Hurdleracing should be dubbed "Illegitimate" I am at a loss to determine. Nearly all our Leading Lights, from the Heir-Apparent downwards, patronise the game, and the Conqueror in the Grand National becomes for the nonce as famous as, say, the SIRDAR, G.C.B., or the latest Vocalist at the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties. But as Captain KRITERION very truly remarks, "Over the Sticks there's such a lot of chance, that when you've got a Dead Certainty, it's as likely as not he becomes dead indeed by breaking his back in a miserable drain." Of course, Hurdles are quite a different feature, and many a Crock who can hardly lift his forelegs off the Turf on the Flat becomes, by crashing at the obstacles, valueless.

Nevertheless, when the Sport is encouraged at such Racing Centres as Nottingham, Windsor, Gatwick, Hurst Park, Wolverhampton, and as the classics have it, *id omne genus*, to say nothing of Auteuil, where the Gay Gaul has no less than Five Gatherings during the present month, I respectfully submit that the adjective "Illegitimate" should be struck out of the Sportsman's Vocabulary. I allow it is a handy word for use by Turf Reporters, but surely such an Epithet as "the Up and Down" (unregistered by yours truly) "Sport" would be more Applicable and cost but a fraction more lucre for Telegraphic Purposes. Trusting, therefore, that an Undeserved Appellation will not deter you, honoured Sir, or other Revered Clients, from gracing the Jumping Arena, I am, as ever, your faithful Achates,

DARBY JONES.



NOTES FROM MR. PUNCH'S FOREIGN SKETCH-BOOK.

FEEDING THE PIGEONS AT ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE.

FOGGED!

I TAKE my pen up and begin
To write. In vain my Muse I jog,
My brains, which were so bright, seem in
A fog.

The jest which yesterday I thought
Sufficient to amuse a cat,
Somehow don't sparkle as it ought—
It's flat.

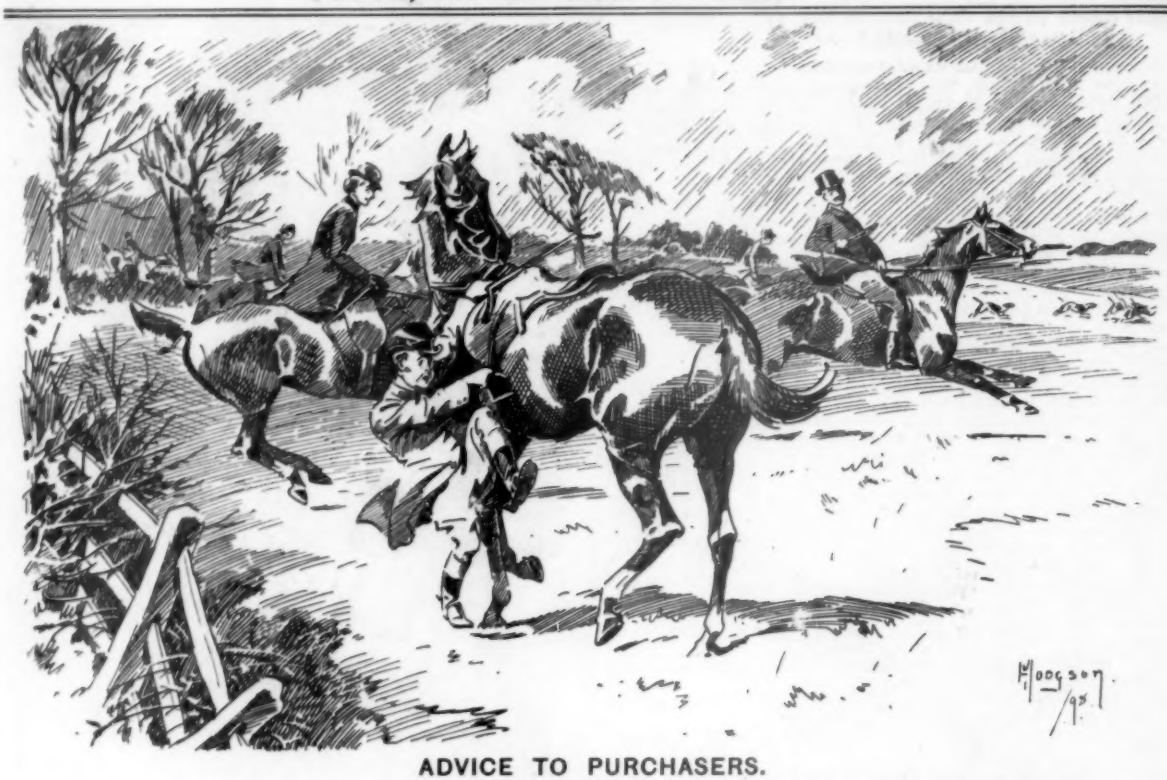
I always had a mirthful mind,
I don't pretend that it is deep,
But now I only feel inclined
To weep.

What is the reason of this state
Of dullness which I can't resist?
It's simply that I loathe and hate
The mist.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.—G. SPARAGNAPANE & Co. have sent a charming selection of bright and attractive-looking crackers this year. An exceptionally pretty set are the *Pensez-à-moi* cosaques, beautifully scented, and each one ornamented with a pansy; they are furnished with eau-de-Cologne satchets, &c. Last, but not least, is a box containing three monster cosaques. Don't be frightened at the word "monster," as these present a very attractive appearance, each fitted up with nine different articles. In a cracker motto should be found this couplet:—

If to perfection cracker-man attains,
His motto must be this, "*Spare-ah-na-pains.*"

We do not say that this is by the Poet-laureate, but he might have done worse.



ADVICE TO PURCHASERS.

IN BUYING A GEE, IT MAY SOMETIMES BE A GREAT SAVING OF INCONVENIENCE TO BE MEASURED FOR HIM ALONG WITH THE REST OF YOUR HUNTING TOGS.

THE MYSTERY OF A HANDSOME CAD.

Luss, Loch Lomond.—We started this morning to cycle round the Trossachs, Mamma and Papa on their tandem, and I on my machine. When we had got well up into the wilds—fifteen miles from anywhere—the tandem punctured. None of us had ever mended a tyre before, but Papa said it was all right as he had the "Instructions," so we set to work under his directions and unscrewed valves and hubs and cranks and things, till Papa said that would do. Then he began to wrestle with the tyre. For a long time he could make no impression, so Mamma and I came to his assistance, and we all pulled and tugged in different directions, till suddenly, to our horror, both the wheels came off and the whole machine collapsed. Papa said we must have done something wrong, but as for Mamma and me, we burst out crying. It was long, long past lunch-time, and oh! we were so hungry, and yet, for anything we could see to the contrary, we might have to stay on that inhospitable moor till we slowly starved to death. We were just contemplating this awful fate when, to our unspeakable delight, a gentleman rode up. If ever there was an angel—— Tall, dark, faultlessly dressed, with the sweetest curly moustache—I could have kissed him then and there! He dismounted, and with a charming bow, asked if he could assist us. In less than no time the machine was put together and the puncture mended; then we set out under his guidance and arrived here.

After all his kindness we could not do less than beg him to dine with us. He is a Mr. HERRING—one of the Yarmouth HERRINGS, a very old family, Mamma assures me. He seems to know quite a lot of our friends in Kensington. I wonder we never met him anywhere. He evidently mixes with the best people. There's Lady PENNIWISE, for instance, whom we were just getting to know: he says he calls on her two or three times a week, and when she gave her great ball last season, she consulted him about the lobster salad.

Inversnaid.—We are staying here two or three days, and so is Mr. H. We can't quite make out what he is, but he is delightful. Yesterday he took us out fishing, and in a very few minutes landed a twenty-pound salmon. Papa congratulated him on the beautiful way he played it. "Evidently it's not the first time you've handled a fish," he said; and Mr. H. blushed modestly, and admitted that it wasn't. Mamma and I think he is an independent gentleman of means and leisure.

The Trossachs.—Mr. H. must be very rich. He has not taken a shooting this season, but last year he had two thousand brace of grouse to dispose of, and Papa says only a very big shooting would yield such a bag. He is a charming acquisition. He gets up delightful picnics, and money seems to be no object. Papa thinks now that he must have something to do with the Stock Exchange, for the other day, the conversation happened to turn on some Refrigerator Company in which Papa is interested. Mr. H. seemed to know all about it, "for," he explained, "I have dabbled in ice a little."

This place is too beautiful. I should like to live here forever! Last night Mr. H. rowed me up Loch Katrine to Ellen's Isle, and we read *The Lady of the Lake* together.

Callander.—Alas! our holiday is over, and we start for town to-morrow. I have said "Good-bye" to CHARL—I mean, Mr. H. Oh, sweet "Good-bye!" This evening, in the verandah—but it is too precious even for you, my Diary! Still, there is consolation. He lives near us in London; nay, he drives in his trap down our road nearly every morning. He must be rich: he keeps six horses, and I *do* love a carriage! Well, well, we have parted, but we may meet again.

Kensington.—How can I tell what has happened? How describe the wrath, shame, fury, humiliation that torment me?

Mamma had long been dissatisfied with her fishmonger, and yesterday, when we were calling on dear Lady PENNIWISE, she advised us to try the Yarmouth and North Sea Fish Supply Association. It is a shop in the Harrow Road, one side full of fried fish, ticketed "Snacks, one penny per portion," the other a common fishmonger-and-poulterer's. We entered. A man in his shirt-sleeves was standing with his back to us, busy at a sink. It was dark; I could hardly see him, but a sudden terror seized me. I clutched Mamma's arm. The man turned round—— Oh! Horrible! Horrible! It was *he*, Mr. HERRING, our hero of the Trossachs, skinning eels in Harrow Road! As he caught sight of us he smiled, bowed, and advanced towards us, but with a shriek, Mamma and I had fled.

AN AUSTINIAD.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.)

So you're at it again, my ALFRED! How stupendously crushing
it must be for the other unfortunate nations,
To say nothing of Great Britain and Ireland, when you break out
in the usual place with one of your (don't take offence at my
language: I don't mean any harm) with one of your versified
lucubrations.
I can fancy how France must be crouching, and how President
FAURE grows purple in a perfectly impotent fashion
When he reads in the *Times* of Wednesday, November 23rd, your
outburst, which, by the way, burst on us from the *Villa di
Bellosguardo*, of patriotism and lyrical passion.
The CZAR, I am told, when he read your ode, gave way to a
terrible fit of Imperial Russian hysteria,
And raved about knouts and the secret police, and (though I'm
not quite certain about this, not having been there at the
time, but still I've no doubt it's reasonably accurate, and in
any case it's likely enough) dropped some highly uncomfort-
able hints about penal mines and Siberia.
And as for WILLY, the tourist, that stout and moustachioed
spouter,
I shouldn't wonder if fury were to prevent him just for once
from yielding to his all but irresistible inclination to drink
champagne and figure as a shouter:
He's bound to cower and shrink (which ought to do him good
for he's certainly on the fat side) and his nerves will be all
in a panic, a
Condition they're not much used to, when he first sets eyes on
your ode entitled "Pax Britannica."
By the way, dear ALF, when next you sit down (or walk about)
with your forehead corrugated in consequence of prolonged
thinking,
With your well-fingered lyre lying close to your side prepared to
be struck like winking,
While your waistcoat-buttons keep popping off with a noise that,
if we heard it, would most profoundly affect us,
Owing to the fearful amount of poetic *afflatus* which happens to
be stirring about in your *pectus*,
When next in fact you start writing an ode at the *Villa di* some-
thing or other,
And you're tired of the usual metres and feel that, even if you
should die for it (but of course I sincerely hope you won't),
you must really try another.
Why shouldn't you try this metre of mine; it's simple and, ex-
cept to those who have to publish it at so much a line, it's
thoroughly inexpensive,
The chief point in its favour being that if you want to say a great
many things you can just go and say them, since, as of course
you have observed, the metre is extraordinarily extensive.
Well, ALFRED, I read your ode, I did, as I am a living sinner;
Read it at breakfast first and then again at lunch, and, having
found it a moderately good digestive, read it a third time
at dinner.
Of course it's a thoroughly sound and patriotic and recklessly
dare-devil effusion,
Filled up to the brim with disdain and sarcasm and every sort
of high-toned allusion,
But—it's my fault, I know; I acknowledge it with deep regret;
still, there it is, you must take a man as you find him and
make the best of it,
Not that I think for a single moment that anything I have to
say will have an effect on your wonderful ode, or be in the
least degree a test of it—
But the fact is, your ode has mixed me up, brewed me, in short,
and I'm not accustomed to brewing,
And in this peculiar condition I can't make out for the life of
me, in spite of ever so many honest attempts, what the lady
you write about is doing.
For at first she's lying behind her ramparts which (but isn't this
rather a new trick for ramparts? Of course, you know best,
I merely mention it incidentally) are rolling,
And she's weaving some long-drawn hours, an occupation which,
under the circumstances, she must find wonderfully consoling.
In the next verse the seasons are mentioned, that is to say,
Spring, Summer and Autumn (N.B. to the printer:
Give them all a capital letter), but in this connection I feel
called upon to remark that it was manifestly unjust and
plainly the result of partisan feeling to omit all mention of
Winter.
I should like to know how you justify this exclusion and what in
the wide world can have been your reason,
For it's obvious that Winter, if he had had a chance, could have
done things every bit as humorous and absurd as any other
season.
Well, to proceed, this lady of yours who when you first introduced
her was lying without any motion,
When we next come across her she's haughtily heedless and she's
still, though you hadn't mentioned it before, ploughing her
peaceful way in strong disdain across ocean.
Now this is an operation during which most ordinary voyagers are
pretty severely billowed,
But the lady you write of behaved in quite a different way, for, if
we may trust the rest of the spectators, who were jealous
nations and naturally wanted to slake their envy, she tra-
velled with a Past on which she was pillowed.
But at last she evidently got back from her ploughing and
stirred like a lion—a lioness would have been apter—
And shook out her strength and flashed and asked where her foes
were, which seems a more or less silly question, but I admit
lions often do ask silly questions, and then in her armour she
wrapped her.
And after that—but I can't go on for the whole business gets
tied up in an almighty tangle of curses,
And fields and forges and lyres and fires and anvils and embattled
hosts and vows that were futile—such a chaos as I never met
with in any one else's verses.
So, ALFRED, when next there's a crisis on, and you're tempted
to play the bard, oh,
Refrain, if you love us, from writing verse at the *Villa di
Bellosguardo*.



TRUE HUMILITY.

Parishioner. "YES, MUM, I DO ADMIRE THE VICAR'S SERMONS—THAT I DO!"

Vicar's Wife. "I'M SO GLAD! AND YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND THEM?"

Parishioner. "ME, MUM! OH, NO! I WOULDN'T PRESUME TO UNDERSTAND THEM!"

FROM THE UPPER HOUSE, OR HOUSE OF "PEARS."—Our attention has been called to *Pears' Christmas Annual*, which should come in with Christmas cakes—of soap. It is a story entitled, "Who fears to speak of '98?" If this is a conundrum, it is satisfactorily answered by the author, R. E. FRANCILLON, with illustrations by that genial artist who delights in the paternal, Christmassy name of "DADD." Dear old Dad! But this is FRANK DADD, bedad! an' more power to his elbow!



Mistress (*engaging Cook*). "THERE'S ONE THING I'M VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT. I CANNOT ON ANY ACCOUNT ALLOW YOU TO ENTERTAIN POLICEMEN IN THE KITCHEN."

Cook. "YOU MAY BE QUITE SHORE I WOULDN'T DO SICH A THING, MUM. I CAN'T *A-BEAR* P'LEECMEN, MUM. FATHER WAS A SOSHERLIST!"

A VELDT WANT.

Being Hymn No. 1 *in the Appendix to the* BOOK OF OOM.

["The Transvaal, finding itself on the verge of bankruptcy, and having failed to raise a loan in Europe, has now laid a tax of five per cent. on the revenues of the Rand mines."—*Daily Paper.*]

Lo! as is laid the fowler's gin
For conies and for hares,
So do the pleasant paths of sin
Abound in deadly snares.

Of such as oft offend his foot
Who wanders from the fold,
Of these the tap-, or primal, root
Is giddy lust of gold.

In pastures green the righteous graze
Like unto fatted kine,
Nor with the wicked choose the ways
Of darkness down a mine.

With godly rage and grief renewed,
Their fervid breast is smit
To mark the naughty multitude
Descend into the Pit.

And, as of wine th' enticing red
They shun within the cup,
So at the ore they shake their head
When it is scoopéd up.

Yea, for the foolish heathen's sake
They labour long and sore
The pleasant paths of sin to make
Less pleasant than before.

And whoso will not turn away
Nor, timely wise, repent,
Upon his lifted oof they lay
A tax of five per cent.

So from the sinful yellow crop,
As with a whetted scythe,
The faithful ones delight to lop
Their wage of half a tithe.

Though pious men of single eye
Not paid can be with pelf,
Who helpeth Heaven may thereby
Be found to help himself.

Thus for an holy end they take
The spoil of them that spin,
And from their filthy lucre rake
The goodly shekels in.

Thus reap they virtue's guileless gains
And may with him compare
Who in his borders entertains
An angel unaware.

No fear of dearth or grievous debt
Their hearts shall e'er appal
Who, like the hungry ravens, get
By faith their wherewithal.

Look not to princes! These at need
Betray the trusting tout;
The ways of Kaisers are indeed
Past hope of finding out!

Blind in their ignorance or youth
By crooked paths they go,
Nor yet have learned the blessed truth
Which runneth as below:—

Who lend the righteous of their store
May build this hope upon,
To reap an hundredfold, or more,
Not now, but later on!

MARCUS WARD'S CALENDARS.—"What do you read, my Lord?" asks old *Polonius* of *Prince Hamlet*, who straightway answers, "Wards! Wards! Wards!" And if the Prince of Denmark had explained that he had substituted "a" for "o" in order to refer to MARCUS WARD'S Calendars for '99, he would not have been understood by his Elizabethan audience, and *Hamlet* might never have come down to us in its present form. The calendars are varied and numerous: the cards are varied and humorous. Plenty of quotations very useful for diners-out wishing to achieve a reputation for being well-read persons with good memories.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER!"

France. "WELL!—BETWEEN FRIENDS—I CAN ONLY SAY, THE WAY THAT RUSSIA HAS TREATED *ME*——!!"

Italy. "AH! AND IF I COULD TELL *YOU* WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH WITH THAT AUSTRIA AND GERMANY——!!!"

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

(A protest against the London County Council's action with regard to the Queen's Hall Sunday concerts.)

AH! County C., why stop our glee?
For bigotry is dead;
The broader mind can nowhere find
Remotest cause to dread
An instant fall of scruples all
If Sunday's gloom should flee;
We're all agreed in word and deed,
Except the County C.

Each one of us would hail a 'bus
Exalting strains to hear,
The Queen her hall would loudly call
(The price was never dear),
And music's star, with beat and bar,
Would shine and urge the plea
Of influence good, if we but could
Escape the County C.

CONFIDENCES.

(Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.)

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The trouble from which I am suffering is so personal and private that I must reveal it to my friend—need I say, to *you*, Sir?

Let me state my case briefly. I am deeply, passionately in love with CICELY DICKINSON, who is the most—but I spare you the epithets. CICELY, I am afraid, does not at present love me, though she ought to do so, since she loves my dog. But the trouble is that the dog isn't really my dog at all, but somebody else's. This explanation is not particularly lucid, but I will endeavour to make it clear.

I only say this because I am perfectly confused. It is my theory that there is nothing like reducing things to paper. So I reduce this to paper in the hope that the process may do me good.

I live in chambers, and the man in the rooms above mine, with whom I have no personal acquaintance, owns a fox-terrier of migratory habits. The beast has a way of wandering into my room, where it establishes itself on the hearth-rug until I happen to notice it. Then I throw a volume of the *Law Reports* at it, and it bolts. One day it happened to be in the room when CICELY and her aunt had come to tea with me; of course, I should have kicked it out had I seen it. CICELY, however, perceived it first, and went into raptures over it.

"Oh, what a perfect beauty!" she cried. "I never knew you were fond of dogs, Mr. TINKLER," and she looked at me with a new friendliness in her eyes that made my heart leap. "What is his name?"

"*Sambo*," I replied, promptly—not because I knew, but it seemed a fairly probable sort of name. Luckily, the animal wore no collar. Of course, I ought to have explained that the dog wasn't mine, but you will understand why I didn't.

"Dear *Sambo*," said CICELY, "come here, *Sambo*," and she proceeded to feed him with my bread-and-butter and cake. Then I had to answer a great many questions about his age and habits, which was rather difficult, as no one can know less about dogs than myself. However, I managed to satisfy her somehow, and I was conscious that CICELY regarded me with much more respect than before—simply on account of that wretched animal. But I did not mind, especially as she stayed much longer than usual.

Presently I heard the sound of feet overhead; the man upstairs was going out. Then there came a succession of impatient whistles, and a voice shouting, "*Snap! Snap!*"

Instantly the supposed *Sambo* rushed to the door, and placed his fore-paws against it, whining eagerly. I thought it better to let him out, because his owner would have been sure to hear him as he came downstairs.

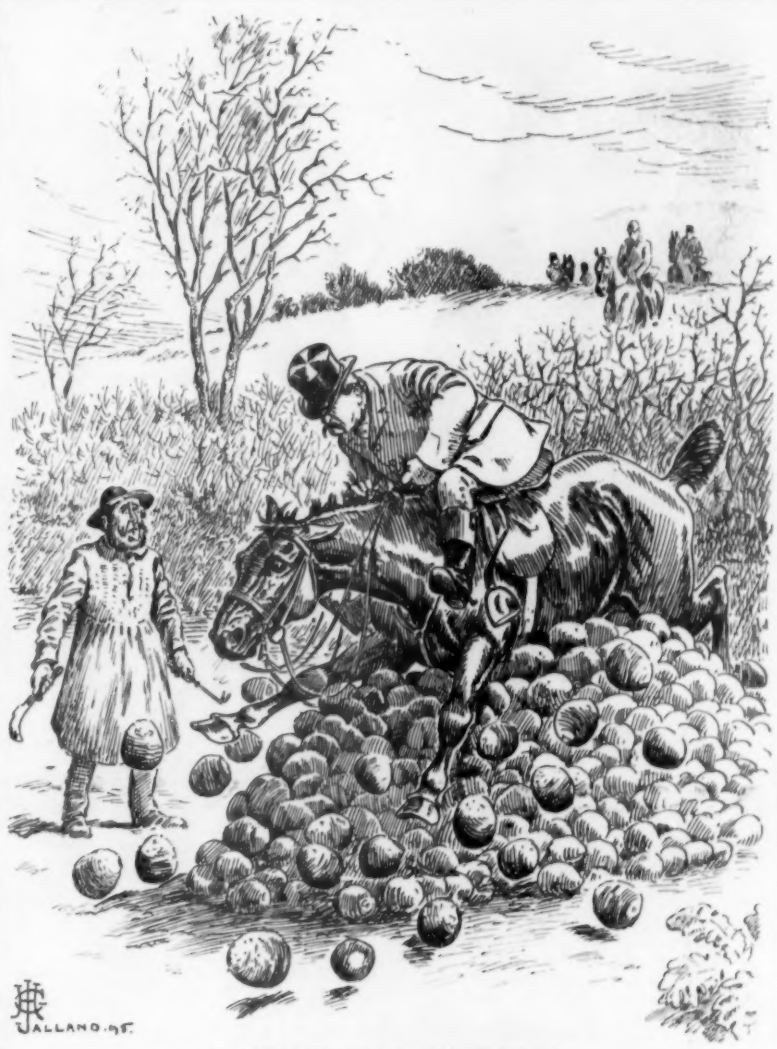
"A—a friend of mine," I explained. "He—he takes *Sambo* out for a walk for me sometimes."

CICELY looked rather surprised. "But why did he call him '*Snap*'?" she inquired.

"It's—it's a nickname he has for him," I said, and managed to change the subject. But when CICELY departed, she made me promise to bring *Sambo* with me when next I came to call. When the time came, and I appeared without him, my explanation that he was confined to the house by a cold in his head was rather badly received. So the next time I bought another dog, and took him instead. This move, too, was a failure. CICELY expressed her surprise that the owner of *Sambo* should have purchased such an uninteresting cur. So I wrote to the man upstairs, offering to buy *Snap*, alias *Sambo*, at his own price. This proposal was declined with such unnecessary warmth that I do not dare to suggest as an alternative that I should hire the beast for a couple of months.

In the meantime, I never meet CICELY without her inquiring after *Sambo*. She and her aunt are coming here again next week on purpose to see him. I shall have to put them off somehow, because the man upstairs has gone into the country, and taken *Sambo*—I mean *Snap*—with him. To confess all would be ruin; CICELY would never speak to me again. What am I to do? Yours distractedly,

THOMAS TINKLER.



A HEAVY FALL IN ROOTS.

Farmer (to Sportsman, who has just landed on a Pyramid of turnips). "DANG IT ALL, MEASTER, THEE BE A-BRUISIN' 'EM CRUEL."



"RICHARD THE THIRD" ADAPTED.

London Smoke (tyrant and murderer). "METHINKS THERE ARE TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD!"

[A Mr. RICHMOND writes to the *Times* in support of the Anti-Smoke campaign of Sir WILLIAM B. RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A. *Mr. Punch* says, heartily, "*Let 'em* ALL *come!*" and more power to their elbows!]

LINES TO A LADY.

She complaining that Gentlemen of Quality have ceased to be witty.

DEAR lady, since you do complain
That gentlemen lack wit,
Now I, your servant, here would fain
Set forth the cause of it.
I am prepared to throw, in short,
A ray of light—a glint—
From study of the tennis-court,
And of the steel and flint.

One fact at tennis I've discerned
(From truth I seldom swerve)—
A ball can scarcely be returned
Without some one to serve.
And one thing more, I pray, remark
(I think there's something in't)—
A steel will not produce a spark
Unless it meets a flint.

Now Heaven forbid I should suggest
(I have not so much nerve)
That you, whose servant I'm confessed,
Should condescend to "serve"!
And, if the man of wit 's a steel,
Dear lady, let me hint
Your heart is far too kind, I feel,
For you to be—a flint!

PACE "PAX BRITANNICA."

SIR,—What if an accidental misprint had occurred to the Laureate's poem in last Wednesday's *Times*? Suppose a "t" had been substituted for an "f"! as thus—

Slowly as stirs a lion from his bed,
Lengthens his limbs, and crisps his mane, She rose,
("She," by the way, is England.)
Then shook out all her strength, and, flashing said,
"Where are my toes?"

I am not a poet, but just ask, for information, is "said" a permissible rhyme to "bed"? I know 'ARRY pronounces "said" as "sed," *e.g.*, "he sez, sezee, to me, an' I'll jest tell yer wot he sed." But of course 'ARRY isn't ALFRED, and ALFRED isn't 'ARRY. I cannot write further on these lines, as the Laureate, with his "rolling ramparts" and "white winged keels" (I know a hawk from a hand-saw, but what sort of a bird is a "keel"?), which "flew fluttering," inspire me with the idea of at once leaving foggy London for somewhere or other on the coast where the South "West wind blows." Also, how about "foes" and "rose"? Of course, had it been "roes," that would clearly have rhymed. Well, if ALFRED be pleased, it's all one a hundred years hence to the

POET TASTER.

A CROSS EXAMINATION ACROSS THE WATER.

Judge. I am obliged to question you, General. It is my duty. And now you swear that he is guilty?

General. On my honour as a soldier!

Judge. That is not enough.

General. Then I swear it on my sword, on my pedigree, on the flag of France!

Judge. Still I am not satisfied.

General. Then I swear it on the graves of my ancestors! You hear, on the graves of my ancestors!

Judge. I am sorry to have to say it, but still insufficient.

General. Then I take the most solemn vow of all—I swear it by my mother! You hear, Monsieur, by my mother! I repeat, with tears, by my mother! By my mother!

Judge. After that solemn declaration I must adopt the English plan—not unknown at Eton. Will you back up your oath by betting sixpence?

General. No, a thousand times no!

Judge. And why not?

General. Because I might lose my money! [*Curtain.*

DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS.

["It appears from scientific researches that London fogs are blessings in disguise, for they contain a number of carbonaceous and sulphurous particles which act as most valuable disinfectants and deodorisers."—*The Globe.*]

WELL, who would have thought it? This thick, yellow choker,
This worse than a Third Metropolitan Smoker,
This Chaos incarnate, this Visible Void,
This taste of Avernus, unblent, unalloyed,
This stifling concoction—one can't call it air—
This pall of depression, this sea of despair
That pours down our lungs and our throats and our eyes,
Who, who would have thought it a boon in disguise?

A boon in disguise, is it? *Credat Judæus!*
We are not quite so green as some scientists see us,
And if they are vexed that we doubt when they tackle us,
At least they must own the disguise is miraculous.
Deodorise, does it? Why, yes, I admit
A drain is as ottar of rose after *it*,
And it may be a good disinfectant, but then,
If it kills the *bacilli*, it murders the men.



TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Ploughman. "AH, THINGS BE DIFFERENT LIKE WI' THEM AN' US. THEY 'VE GOT A TRAP WI' NO 'OSSES, AN' WE 'M GOT 'OSSES WI' NO TRAP."

No, no! As we cough, whiffle, sneeze, weep and sputter,
Collide with a lamp-post or trip in the gutter,
Or suddenly get in a motor-car's way,
There are some of us ready to risk a fine day.
If microbes mean sunshine, and germs a blue sky,
Why, welcome, ye germs and ye microbes, say I!
All hail, ye *bacilli!* Of this I am sure,
We greatly prefer the disease to the cure.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's assistants has been reading *The Others—By One of Them*, by R. NEISH (J. W. ARROWSMITH, Bristol), and reports it to be a charmingly sprightly and humorous piece of work. Mrs. (or Miss?) NEISH discourses with a demure and artfully artless simplicity of the foibles of *The Others*, her relations for the most part. All her characters stand out distinctly, and altogether the book makes most pleasant reading. Most of the stories have appeared before, but it was well worth while to republish them.

Tails with a Twist (EDWARD ARNOLD) is one of that series of eccentric Animal-Land-kind-of-prehistoric-illustrated books started originally by *Mr. Punch's* own Prehistoric Artist, and, therefore, what better recommendation can there be of any such book than to name the artist? His "Leopard," who "waits for hours in the hall," is the gem of this eccentric collection, specially recommended for Christmas time.

My Baronitess writes, concerning some Christmas Books, that *The Boys of Fairmead* (F. WARNE & Co.), by M. C. ROWSELL, though by no means an original plot, is a well-told story, with many touches of pathos. The characters of the two boys are well defined. Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND. *The Owl King*, and Other Tales (F. WARNE & Co.), by Rev. H. C. INMAN, forms quite a new set of short fairy stories, brightly told, with illustrations by E. A. Mason. Fancy! *New* Fairies! The "Old Fairies" were always wicked ones. Imagine how good then these brand new ones must be!

Roundabout Rhymes (BLACKIE AND SON), written and pictured by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER, will give many happy half-hours to little ones. The amusing verses are accompanied by bright and original illustrations which add to their charm.

Dash and Daring (W. AND R. CHAMBERS, Limited, Edinburgh), being stories told by G. A. HENTY, G. MANVILLE FENN, DAVID KER, W. H. G. KINGSTON, REGINALD HORSLEY, and many others. A set of short, stirring adventures in India, Africa, Spain, and other countries. To readers who like to "wander in their minds" through the four quarters of the great globe, this book will be of the greatest interest. It contains eight stirring illustrations by W. H. C. GROOME, a name suggestive of an artist who should have illustrated the work of Dr. GORDON STABLES, the author of *Courage, True Hearts* (BLACKIE AND SON), which is all about a restless youth discovering a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, and picking up no end of shekels. The same firm publish the works of the ever-busy G. A. HENTY, who skips with his boy readers over *Both Sides the Border* during the fifteenth century, when the Welsh and Scotch were getting themselves exceedingly disliked by trying to unseat one of our own particular HENRYS. The youthful hero is quite at his very best in such cheerfully disquieting times, and, as is only natural, he comes scatheless through, to the joy of his family. But in *Aboukir and Acre*, HENTY makes history practically repeat itself by re-telling the invasion of Egypt by NAPOLEON, when *Le petit Caporal* found out that there is no royal road to the Nile. In *Under Wellington's Command*, the same author attempts an imitation of CHARLES LEVER. Evidently the Peninsular War gave the young Irish officers some opportunities for displaying the typical humours of the Green Isle.

Harmless, and without profanity, is the nursery edition of *The New Noah's Ark*, by J. J. BEEL. In fact the pictures are stiffly and correctly conventional, quite on the lines of the perfect propriety models that were the fascination of the ancient Lowther Arcade School. *The Sporting Adventures of Mr. Popple*, chronicled and illustrated by G. H. JALLAND, are of an old-fashioned sporting period, the time of "*Jorrocks.*" *Popple* has his amusing moments brightly depicted by the sportive artist. Both these books come from the stores kept at the Bodley Head, by JOHN LANE.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Mr. Bill Stiggins (Cab-runner by profession, who has been asked to assist in carrying home the Washing). "WHO ARE YER GETTING AT! CAN'T YER SEE I 'M *MOST PARTIC'LER BUSY?*"

WHEN THE POLICE GET THE TELEPHONE.

(*A purely Imaginary Conversation.*)

Scotland Yard end. Constable *at the receiver.*

Constable. Are you there? (*Pause.*) Are you there?

Voice No. 1. What do you want?

Constable. To be put on 304, Araminta Villas, East.

Voice No. 1. Where is it? Do you know the number?

Constable. Yes, 304. Mind, Araminta Villas, East.

Voice No. 1. Araminta Villas—— What?

Constable. No, not "What," but East. 304, Araminta Villas, East. (*Pause.*) Are you there?

Voice No. 2. Yes. Who are you?

Constable. Scotland Yard. Criminal Investigation Department.

Voice No. 2. I see. What can I do for you?

Voice No. 1. Have you done? Shall I switch you off?

Constable (*earnestly*). No, don't do that. I am talking to a gentleman at 304, Araminta Villas, East.

Voice No. 2. Well, what can I do for you? I can't wait here all day.

Constable. Sha'n't detain you a moment. Hasn't there been a burglary?

Voice No. 2. What, here? Why, certainly.

Constable. How long have you been there?

Voice No. 2. About two hours and a half.

Constable. Much stolen?

Voice No. 2. Fairish lot. About £200 of plate and jewellery.

Constable. Have you got hold of it?

Voice No. 2. Yes, it 's in my possession.

Constable. Well, that 's all right! Have you been long on the spot? Couldn't make out what you said just now.

Voice No. 2. About a couple of hours.

Constable. Capital! Have you captured the thief?

Voice No. 2. No, he 's still at large.

Constable. Dear me! How 's that? Aren't you one of the Force?

Voice No. 2. No. I'm the burglar! Ta, ta. See you later.

[*Rings off. Curtain.*

AUGUSTE AND LUDWIG.

A LITTLE TRIP.

Robinson. This is Brighton station. Let 's go straight down to the sea in a cab.

Ludwig. Yes, well. I go not very willing to foot.

Auguste. In carriage? Certainly. Ah, how he make beautiful! A magnificent time! Not of fog, not of mud. Are they detestable the fog and the mud of London!

Rob. It certainly is a jolly day down here.

Aug. Tiens! I astonish myself that one is permitted in England to walk himself at the sun or to regard the blue heaven the Sunday, seen that it is a crime of to hear some music that day there. Is it that this society—how call she herself?—this dominical society, essay not of to prevent the sun of to shine? Ah, I recall me the name so long. It is the Society of the Workers and of the Lords for the Repose of the Day. It is that at little near.

Lud. Ach so! That is not quite righty. So much I remember myself is it something as *Arbeitsameundadelherrschaftlichetäglicheruhegesellschaft.*

Aug. Sapristi, quel nom!

Lud. Bitte?

Aug. How? That is also a German beer? If you have of them, of beers, at you! And you command a glass of—of all that? We other French we say all simply "*Un bock.*"

Rob. No, no! That 's only his German attempt at the name of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association.

Aug. C'est ça.

Lud. Yes, yes, yes! That have I sayed.

Aug. Eh well, this Association desire the dominical repose. Is it that the members demand an absolute repose? Then without doubt they eat a simple little dinner of cold meat the Sunday for not to make to work their cooks.

Rob. Not they! I'll be bound they have a tremendous feed, what people of their sort call a "Sunday dinner."

Aug. Vraiment? But for sure they clean their boots and they make their beds in order that their domestics repose themselves?

Rob. Don't ask me! Hanged if I know! They 're a lot of inconsistent, narrow-minded bigots.

Aug. Tiens, ce cher ROBINSON *se fâche*, angers himself!

Lud. Wunderbar! The Englanders are ever *kaltblütig.*

Rob. Well, both of you would be angry if everything in your countries was done to please a lot of faddists—teetotalers, anti-vaccinationists, Sabbatarians, and so on—the people who make all you foreigners laugh at us. And well you may!

Aug. And however in the other Protestant countries one amuses himself the Sunday. In Germany, by example, one can to go to the theatre, is it not, dear Mister?

Lud. Natürlich.

Rob. The best thing you can do on Sunday in London is to get out of it. Here we are at Hove. Let 's take a walk by the sea.

Aug. What beautiful time! It is not precisely the heaven of Nice, but as English heaven at the month of November it is truly remarkable.

Lud. Wunderschön!

Aug. But what of world there down at the border of the sea! Why that?

Rob. Oh, they come fifty miles down here to breathe the pure air, and then they walk in a dense mass all in one little space where they must breathe the same air over and over again. We 'll keep out of that crowd.

Aug. I believe him well. But say you, my dear, the hour of the *déjeuner* is passed, is it not? I commence to have hunger.

Lud. Hungry? Ah so, that am I ever, and thirsty, very thirsty. In England can man one glass beer on the Sunday drink?

Aug. There is not of *café*, and the taverns are shutted.

Rob. On the contrary. You can always drink somewhere. That used to be the only amusement on Sunday, and if they stop all the music, it will be again. Let 's go to an hotel and have something to eat, which will be *déjeuner*——

Aug. A la bonne heure!

Rob. Mittagessen——

Lud. Glücklicherweise!

Rob. And lunch for the three of us. We shall get back to town soon after six. As for you two in the evening, the County Council will take care that you amuse yourselves in a seemly manner. They are the guardians of London morals.

Aug. Ah ça! If we goed to make a little promenade all the long of the Piccadilly—if he fall not some rain, well heard—for to admire the tranquillity all to fact as he must of the principal street of the beautiful quarter of London?

Lud. Ah no, thank very! *Rob.* By Jove, no!

Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

MACGREGOR'S



FAMOUS WHISKY.

'The Spirit of the Age.'

PALATABLE.
PURE.
PERFECT.

Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.
Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.
Net Cash Carriage Paid.

MACGREGOR & TURNER,
(ESTABLISHED 1859.)
25 & 26, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

THE FAMOUS "MAB" RAZOR



The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.

BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.
Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH
INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL
MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET
REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ETAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 36, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandriff, prevents hair from falling, is most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. The only preparation of its kind that has ever received a Royal Recommendation. 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from

THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,
16, BEVIS MARKS and 233, REGENT ST., W.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous

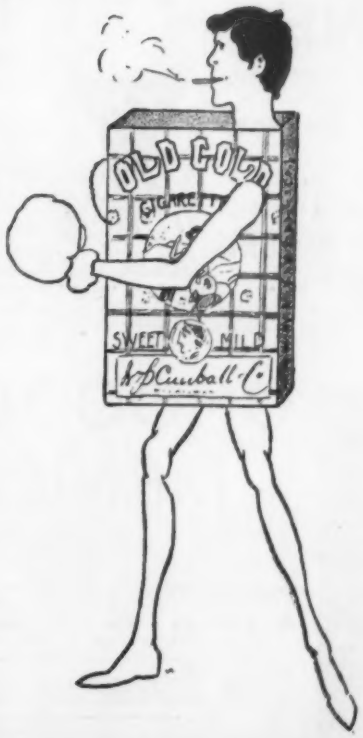


Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
95a, Regent Street, W. }
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

"LET 'EM ALL COME"



LIQUEURS OF THE Cde. CHARTREUSE.

L. GARNIER.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

BUCHANAN BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

HEERING'S GOLD MEDAL COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.
The Best Liqueur.



ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

THE GRAMOPHONE

A RIDDLE—READ.

No tongue have I, no hands, nor yet a voice,
Yet talk, or sing, or play: which is your choice?
There is no instrument that you can name,
I am not mistress of; 'tis all the same
With song, I sing untiring with the purest tone,
I reign supreme, a Queen!

THE GRAMOPHONE.

This Marvellous Invention costs only £5 10s., and a fine selection of New English records can be had at any of

KEITH PROWSE & Co.'s Music Depots.
48 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.
167, NEW BOND STREET, W.
2, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS., TRAFALGAR SQ., W.C.
168, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
12 other Branches and 48, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON
Dr RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED FOOD

FOR SENSITIVE SKINS.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

4D. 4D.

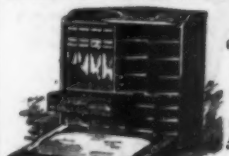


4D. 4D.

FOR THE NURSERY.

CREAMY. BLAND. EMOLLIENT.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.
No. 931, as illustration,
£2 12s. 0d.
IN OAK THROUGHOUT.
Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from
H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.
EXCORE RAZOR
GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excore" on Shank.
Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Canes. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers.
T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.
Ask for "Excore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

MARIANI WINE
FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.
Testimonials from
His Holiness the POPE,
President MACKINLEY,
and 8,000 PHYSICIANS.
UNRIVALLED AS A TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.
WILCOX & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., & all Chemists & Stores. 4/- bottle, 45/- per doz.

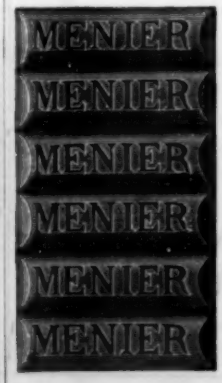
Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.



THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.
Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Outfitters.
THREE GOLD MEDALS.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

THURSTON'S
"PERFECT"
BILLIARD CUSHIONS
Still unequalled for accuracy, speed and durability.
The "Perfect" Low Cushions as fitted to the "Thurston" Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne, can be attached to any Billiard Table at a cost of 12 Guineas.
THURSTON & CO., LTD.,
(*The Parent House of the Trade.*)
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.
Ecle Makers to Her Majesty.
By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.



CHOCOLAT MENIER.
FOR BREAKFAST.
AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.
DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.
SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

POUDRE D'AMOUR
Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.
A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION,
For the Nursery
Roughness of the Skin,
After Shaving, etc.
PURE AND HARMLESS.
BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RACHEL, 1s.
Of PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.
Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 3, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

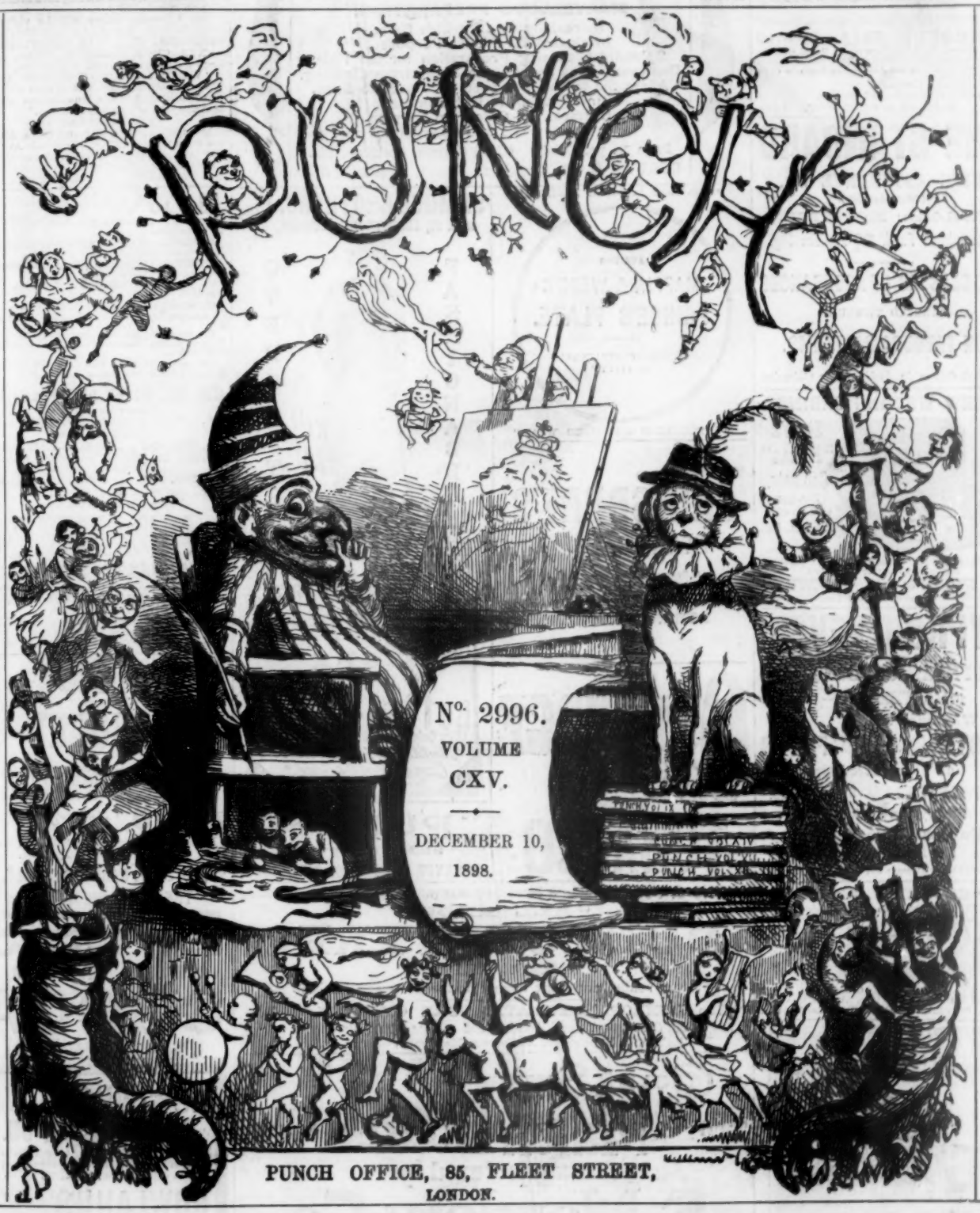
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.
HÔTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.

THE GORDON HOTELS ARE

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, RYDE, I. W.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.
LORD WARDEN HOTEL, DOVER.
HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, FOLKESTONE.
HOTEL MÉTROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



N°. 2996.
VOLUME CXV.

DECEMBER 10, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

TWO GREAT BOOKS.

"Fascinating as Sir Walter Scott."
"This glowing and moving story."
"A masterpiece of narrative."

CHITRAL: THE STORY OF A MINOR SIEGE. By Sir G. S. ROBERTSON, K.C.S.I. With numerous Illustrations and a Map. Demy 8vo, 21s. net.

"Unsurpassed in geographical and human interest."

THROUGH ASIA. By SVEN HEDIN, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With 300 Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs by the Author, and Maps. 2 Vols., royal 8vo, 36s. net.

"A revelation."—TIMES.
"Magnificent volumes."—SPECTATOR.

METHUEN & CO., LONDON.

THE STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES
CARRIED THROUGH
ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.
No. 931, as illustration,
£2 12s. 0d.
IN OAK THROUGHOUT.

Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the
PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER
has been introduced
"TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

"COOPER" CYCLES.



From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £5 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £8. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.
WM. COOPER, 788, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.



Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

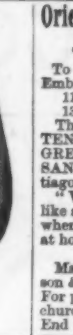
TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.
Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.



"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Regd.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

SAINSBURY'S
LAVENDER WATER,

A Fragrant Bouquet of English Lavender Flowers and Choicest Perfumes.

STRAND, LONDON.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

FASHIONABLE



OVERCOATS

PATTERNS and ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE New Edition, 600 Engravings) Gratis & Post Free.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery!" Lancet

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by
LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

GRATIS & POST FREE! A beautifully illustrated Cycling handbook, telling
"ALL ABOUT
DUNLOP TYRES
FOR 1899."
Now ready, and sent to any address on application.
The DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, Ltd.,
160, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.; Alma Street, Coventry;
Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, &c.

GOLD & SILVER
Match Boxes
manufactured by
S. Mordan & Co.

The Patentees of the ever pointed Pencil-case can be obtained from all Gold & Silversmiths. Observe the makers mark S.M. & Co. in conjunction with the London Hall mark

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruise
by their Steamship
"LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register,
To the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA.
Embarking passengers at London (Tilbury) 11th January, and arriving back in London 13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."

Fares from 75 Guineas.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.

£31 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.

EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, &c.

On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,254; h.p. 4,000.

Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.

The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London-Calais-Paris-Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.

Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

£18 18s. EGYPT AND PALESTINE
Pleasure Cruises by the
S.S. "MIDNIGHT SUN," 3,178 tons,
leaving Marseilles

Dec. 15th, 1898 ..... 30 days ..... 25 Guineas
EGYPT, PALESTINE, PALERMO, MALTA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Jan. 14th, 1899 ... 21 days ..... 18 Guineas
EGYPT, PALESTINE, NAPLES.

Attractive Shore Excursions.

£10 10s. ROME TOURS,
Fare includes 2nd class travel and seven days' accommodation. Extensions to FLORENCE, VENICE, NAPLES, POMPEII, VESUVIUS, &c.

WINTER TOURS TO SWITZERLAND.
10 days, 8 Guineas. 17 days, 10 Guineas.
Visiting GENEVA, LAUSANNE, MONTREUX, PARIS, &c.
Leaving London every Wednesday. Illustrated Programme free from
THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, London.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)
PARQUET FLOORS
From 3*d.* *per foot.*
Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.
25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL
Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO
The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



N.B.—DON'T LEAVE YOUR SHOPPING UNTIL THE TWENTY-FOURTH, UNLESS YOU LOVE A CRUSH LIKE THIS.

HOW TO WRITE A CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Advice to Young Writers.

1. CHOOSE a suitable and seasonable subject, such as murder, suicide, or insanity; if you can work in all three, so much the better.

2. If you want to make your story a success, pay great attention to your characters; the introduction of any character more cheerful than an undertaker might prevent its acceptance and ultimate appearance. A hero with softening of the brain, a heroine who is hysterical, and a villain who is a homicidal maniac, ought, if properly handled, to provide your tale with sufficient interest.

3. For the setting of your story, you can have no better place than a marsh; nothing is more suggestive of damp and discomfort. A gloomy wood, a blasted heath and a chilly cavern also form suitable settings.

4. The weather is very important, so much can be done with "black, impenetrable fog," "the low white mist rising from the lake," "hail-stones stinging like whips of steel," "the blinding rain," "the roar of the tempest," "the howling of the wind," "the numbing, biting cold." Frost and snow are rarely, if ever, used; they are generally kept for the Summer Annuals.

5. Pile on the agony. You cannot write in too gloomy a strain; the more gloom you put into your story, the more seasonable you make it.

6. The ending is very important. If you are unable to kill off all your characters, at least you will exercise sufficient care that your tale ends unhappily; and having done this, and conscientiously carried out my instructions, you may look upon the acceptance of your story by a Christmas Annual publisher as a certainty.



ONE FOR *HIS* NOB!

Winter Strawberry (*to Giant Gooseberry*). "I say, old chap, I think I've knocked *you* out this time."

[The gathering of dishes of strawberries is reported from all parts of the country.—*Daily Paper.*]

MOLLIA TEMPORA FANDI.

(*To a prospective Mother-in-law*)

MADAM, I come—my present task,
I do protest, is far from jolly—
I come, in point of fact, to ask
For MOLLIE.

'Tis true my means are brains and health,
But my affection is unbounded;
With love as fare, she'll be by wealth
Surrounded.

And you—I venture on the fact—
Have still five daughters unprovided.
(I use a courtesy and tact
Decided.)

Though mistress of no courts or parks,
A daughter wed will do you honour.
(We'll pass my father's curt remarks
Upon her.)

I trust that with a proper zeal
I have approached you in the matter.
My hopes I leave for you to seal
Or shatter.

And if you deem us both unwise,
Yet stoop to pardon us our folly—
Let me assume domestic ties
And MOLLIE.

A PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it high time to protest against Ludgate Hill being allowed to claim the distinction of being the "worst station in the world." Have I been dirty, draughty, bewildering, shaky and generally obnoxious for so many years without my demerits being recognised by the thousands who have burrowed into my dirty labyrinths, or been baked, drenched or frozen on my ricketty platforms? If this be the case, I had better be pulled down at once, and some pretentious, absurd, and comfortable edifice erected on my ashes. Really, it seems useless to try and displease everybody.

Yours despondently,
CLAPHAM JUNCTION.



"FRIEND" IRVING AND "FRIEND" TOOLE IN THEIR HIGHLY POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT OF *THE TWO CONVALESCENTS.*

Received by the entire British Public with hearty congratulations and tumultuous applause.



SUPERANNUATED.

Police-Constable Punch A 1 (*to Ancient Obstructive of Georgian Era*). "HERE, YOU ANTIQUATED OLD NUISANCE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DONE AWAY WITH LONG AGO!"

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

["At a recent Women's Convention, one of the speakers electrified her audience by announcing the discovery that the American Eagle was a hen." *Westminster Gazette.*]

AROUSE ye, my Sisters! No longer
Shall Man set his heel on our necks!
No more shall we suffer the stronger
To trample our down-trodden sex!
No more, with alacrity nimble,
Shall we truckle like slaves to the Men,
For hark ye! Our national symbol,
The American Eagle's a *hen!*

The monster that flaunts on the banners
That wave in the bleak Russian air,
Is sufficiently *gauche* in his manners
To prove him a gentleman Bear.
And doubtless the Lion of Britain
Is of masculine gender, but then
Not a line, not a word ever written
Disproves that our Eagle 's a hen.

And this is the way that Men treat us!
O Justice! how long shall they mock
Thy name in this fashion, and cheat us
By making the Eagle a cock?
Up, Sisters! Dispel the delusion!
The cravens will palpitate, when
They learn to their utter confusion,
The American Eagle 's a hen!

WHISTLING FOR THE WHISTLER.—This has Mr. HEINEMANN done by relinquishing his title to the publication of JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER'S *Baronet and Butterfly*, which now "France is to have first." Happy France! Victorious WHISTLER! "NAPOLEON and I do these things," says JAMES MCNEILL. So Mr. WHISTLER has "gone nap" and won. Mr. HEINEMANN is bearing up as well as can be expected.

At Brighton.

Well-known Backer. Hullo, JENKINS. Glad to see you down here spending your money in this town.

Well-known Bookie. Pardon me, Sir! *Your* money!



FIRST APPEARANCE OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"MR. JOHN FROST, I PRESUME?"

"YES, SIR. I HAVE COME EARLY, AND MAY STAY LATE."

[The first snow of the season fell over the greater part of England in the middle of last month.]



Cab Tout. "I SAY, BILL, LEND ME SIXPENCE."
Cabby. "I CAN'T; BUT I CAN LEND YOU FOURPENCE."
Cab Tout. "ALL RIGHT. THEN YOU 'LL OWE ME TWOPENCE."

THE INTELLECTUAL TEN.

["There is a ladies' club in London which consists of spinsters who will not marry because they cannot find men intellectual enough to deserve their company. Last year there were seventeen members. This year there are only ten."—*Globe.*]

A SENIOR wrangler I,
A thing of pure mathematics,
Of tangents, sines and statics,
And cubes of x plus y.

I've toiled by night and morn,
Yet all is ineffectual,
For maidens intellectual
My poor achievements scorn.

Since last the Ladies met,
Of those who were elected,
Some seven have defected,
But ten are waiting yet.

With shame-filled eyes deject,
I feel my blushes tingle
To think that ten are single
For want of intellect.

Yet, must we climb such heights
Of wisdom, ere attaining
A hope of ever gaining
These bright and burning lights,

I rather fear mere men
Will cease the vain endeavour,
And leave as Spinsters ever
These intellectual Ten.

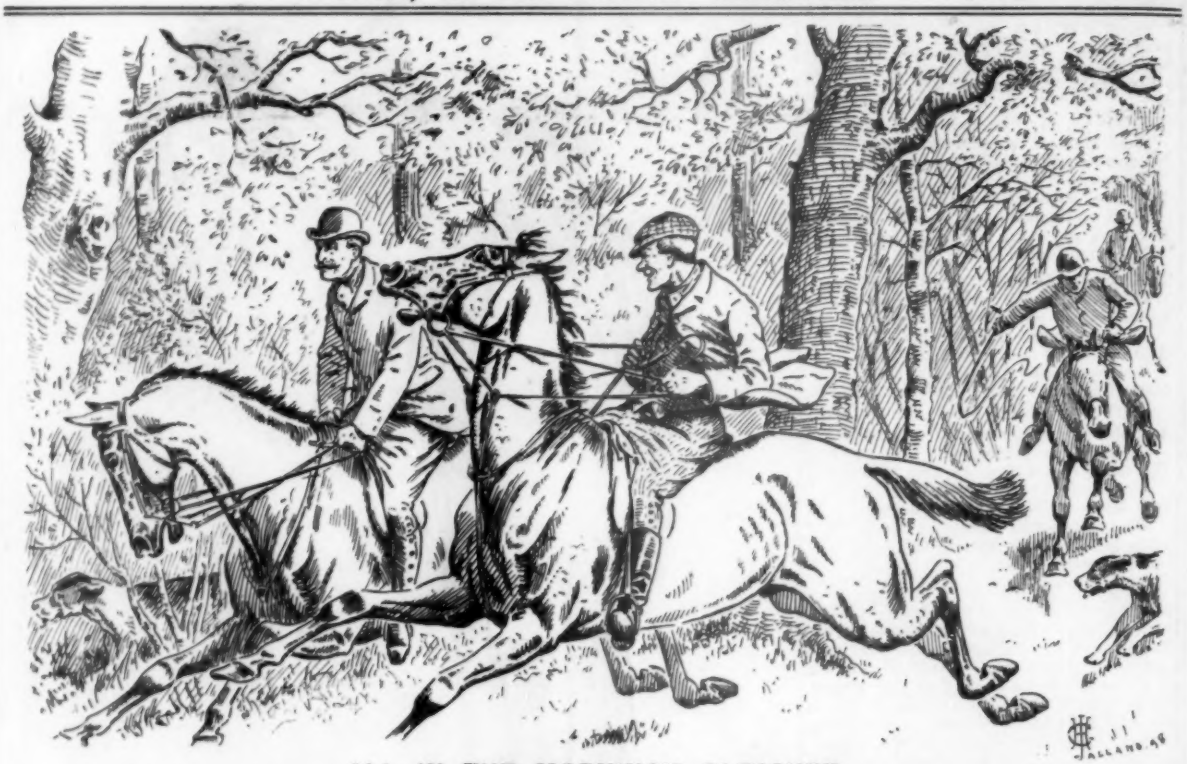
SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

(*In the person of Nicolas the Second, Alexandrovich McCallumoff.*)

[According to the new number of the *Proceedings of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society*, the Románovs derive their descent from ANDREW CAMPBELL, a Scotaman. The Tsar of all the Russias is therefore a Highlander by extraction, and the MCCALLUM MORE is his tribal chief.]

THEY say, whene'er the Pole is found,
A Scotsman we shall see
A-sitting there—the proof is sound,
Shown by a pedigree.

The Tsars are Scotch, and order reigns
While they Warsaw control;
That 's how the canny Scot takes pains
To sit upon the Pole.



ALL IN THE MORNING'S PLEASURE.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE THE COLT, JIM?"

"OH, 'E'S A SCORCHER, SIR, FULL OF HENERGY. BUCKED ME OFF TWICE, KICKED THREE HOUNDS, AND NOW 'E'S TRYING 'IS BEST TO BOLT!"

THE DIARY OF A SUCCESSFUL GENERAL.

October 20.—Home again after victorious campaign against Objibbeway Indians. Wonder how many people in England know who Objibbeway Indians are? No matter. Feel as fit as a fiddle. Hard as nails. Nothing like active service to put you in condition. Shall dine quietly at the Club, and look in at a theatre in the evening. Crowd cheering in the street. Wonder why?

October 21.—I *did* go to a theatre, the Empire. A dreadful experience. As soon as I entered my box the entire house rose to its feet and sang "See the Conquering Hero"—a tune I loathe—led by the band. Buried myself at back of box and tried to pretend I wasn't there. No good. Cries of "JONES," "General JONES"—my name is JONES—drew me out of my retreat and I bowed my acknowledgments, feeling an utter ass. Have promised to open a bazaar to-morrow morning, lunch with the Committee after the ceremony, dine at the Guildhall in the evening. Heavens!

October 22, *Midnight*.—A dreadful day. Road to bazaar lined by applauding loafers who cheered me in the streets. Concealed my rage at all this fooling and smiled hypocritically. At bazaar made a speech about nothing in particular. Am no orator, but Committee insisted. More cheers. Then lunch. Ten courses. Lasted an hour and a half. Made another speech, still about nothing. I am a vile speaker. Finally made my escape in time for Guildhall banquet. Turtle and all the rest of it. Made a third speech. Said I should go away with a full heart. As near the truth as I dared to go. My hosts cheered lustily. They were full, too, no doubt. Bed, 1.30.

October 23.—Feel rather chippy this morning. Liver out of order. Consult a doctor, who advises rest, plain living, and early hours. All very fine, but don't see how it 's to be done. *Must* go to Penzance to-day by the one-thirty train to receive the Freedom of the City. Followed by inevitable banquet. And I always eat too much at a banquet! Lunch off a biscuit and a glass of sherry at station by way of plain living. Sleep in the train.

October 24.—Back from Penzance by morning train, with Freedom (in casket) packed in my portmanteau. Must be at Oxford by three, where honorary D. C. L. awaits me, followed by public dinner in the Town Hall. *Mem.*—Must have my uniform let out.

October 25.—Oxford hospitality itself. Result, another attack of liver. Am quite yellow about the gills, and my uniform threatens to give way at the seams. Shall take a pill and a rest to-day. *Later*.—No rest for the wicked. Will I dine to-night with Commander-in-Chief? Hang Commander-in-Chief! Must go, I suppose. Small and early, I trust.

October 26.—Small and early? No such luck. Thirty people dining. Two hours at table. Smoked too many cigars and drank more than my quantum of champagne. Not greed this. Sheer nervousness. Result, a tongue like blotting-paper and a blood-shot eye. And now must be off to Glasgow to receive a complimentary address. Why on earth can't they send these things by post? After that dinner with the Lowlands Society —I wish I could never see a dinner again!—and then back to town by midnight train ready to go to Windsor to-morrow. Heigho!

October 27.—Just back from Windsor. Most kind and complimentary, but oh, the fatigue! Worse than a dozen campaigns. Digestion all gone to the deuce. No sleep for two nights. Nerves, sheer nerves! Look through my engagements for the next few days. Here they are. Open Industrial Exhibition (luncheon and speech). Dinner at Free Trade Hall, Manchester (speech). Receive an address of welcome, Southampton (dinner and speech). Congratulatory address from working men (speech). Dinner with Authors' Club, Society of Arts, Painters in Water Colours, Omar Khayyám Club, Pioneer Club, Society of Antiquaries, with speech in each case. And I 'm no orator! Was ever well-meaning soldier more woefully abused?

October 30.—Thank goodness. Objibbeway Indians broken out again. Ordered back to the front at once. All acceptances cancelled, as the sporting papers say. A load off my mind. Feel better already. Start from Charing Cross to-night. Conceal time of departure to avoid valedictory addresses on the platform. Catch me coming to England again in a hurry! Not if I know it.

APPROPRIATE MOTTO FOR THE WELCOME CLUB AT EARL'S COURT.—"Let 'em all come."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIMPLY delightful is the collection, published in perfect style and form by "the Old House at Home," *viz.*, Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co., of Master PHIL MAY's drawings, illustrating the truly whimsical notion of *Songs and their Singers*, though perhaps the more appropriate title would have been, *Songs without Singers*, since the talented vocalists, *pour rire*, do not seem in any case quite up to their work. But oblige the Baron by casting your eye on "The Storm Fiend." Isn't he delightful! Likewise admire "The Warrior Bold," with his toes turned in, and the feeblest notes issuing from his un-clarion-like throat, whence issues no "certain sound" for the battle. But they are all delightful and Things of the Beautifully Humorous and Joyous for Ever, especially at the merry time of Christmas, when, in mid-winter, we rejoice in the present ful-PHIL-ment of the promise, in the performance, of MAY.

Most sincerely does the Baron trust that in real life there are not very many such cases as the two that go to make up the story of *Mutineers* (JOHN LANE), as told by A. E. T. LEGGE. A woman, well worth winning, twice marries, and each time it is "the wrong 'un"; the only distinction between the two choices being that number one is utterly wrong, while number two is what may be termed a "*faute-de-mieux*" chap. The other case, in a much lower social scale, is that of a kindly draggle-tailed *fille*, speaking the language of an 'Arriet, who is desperately and honestly in love with the above-mentioned *faute-de-mieux* young man, and having thus aroused the jealousy of her former paramour, a drunken scoundrel of a fellow who has been desperately attached to her, she meets her death at his hands, and then he kills himself. That's the story. The first part of it, "in Society," is pleasant and bright, and the characters lead you on to hope for the excitement that never comes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A WORD FOR THE L. C. C.

(*By Toby.*)

THOUGH LUDWIG and AUGUSTE may fire off their witticisms,
And ROBINSON level the shafts of his criticisms,
Hurrah for the Council! We dogs all agree
They are jolly good fellows, the London C. C.

What say you? Your singers no longer may howl?
They've stopped Sunday concerts?—We don't care a growl!
What's a matter of far more importance to me,
They've stopped stupid muzzles, the London C. C.

There's a cat that has cheeked me for years, but I vow
I'll soon put a stop to her impudence now.
Just wait till I once get her cornered, and she
Will learn what is meant by the London C. C.

The butcher-boys, too, will be almost polite
When they see us unmuzzled and ready to bite.
Yes, a good time is coming, and therefore say we,
Hurrah, jolly dogs, for the London C. C.!

BELLE O' NEW YORK CO., UNLIMITED.

EVEN *Othello*, could he now appear at the Shaftesbury Theatre, jealous as he might be of successful musical farce, would not exclaim, "Silence that dreadful Belle," *i.e.*, the charming *Belle of New York*. Like the renowned Mr. GUY FAWKES, she has "no plot to speak of," but the lively and catching music, the bright and pretty singing and dancing girls, Miss EDNA MAY chaunting sweetly, and Miss PHYLLIS RANKIN as a gay Parisienne, rankin' among the first, carry the musical piece along and keep the game merrily moving through two acts and six scenes, to the great delight of the audience. Mr. J. E. SULLIVAN is first-rate as the eccentric "polite lunatic"; while the whistling and dancing of Mr. FRANK LAWTON, assisted by Miss ELLA SNYDER—"SNYDER! how you wos?"—in the dancing, not the whistling, are things to be heard, seen, wondered at, and applauded. Then Mlle. PROTO, Dancing on her toe-toe, Worthy she of note O. So we *can* say, Go to See the Shaftesburee.

A NEW LAUNCH.—HOPWOOD AND CREW, the well-known music-publishers, have performed the not now uncommon magical feat of "turning themselves into" a Company, Limited. May their board meetings, with the "Crew" all on board, under the command of the Pilot of the *Pinafore*, hight Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, be harmonious, the members of it being bound to one another by the strongest chords of mutual interest! May their "sales and returns" be profitable! They have a CHAPPELL on board, but as there is no Chaplain, perhaps a quiet performance of sacred music will be deemed sufficient for Sundays. CHARLES COOTE, a coot man of business, is one of the officers, and the motto on the flag might be *Coote qui Coote*. All clear. Steam ahead.



THE CLAIMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Substantial Friend. "OH, CHRISSIE DEAR, MY BICYCLE HAS COLLAPSED, AND I WAS IN UTTER DESPAIR, TILL I REMEMBERED YOU HAD JUST GOT A LOVELY NEW ONE, AND I KNEW YOU 'D LEND IT ME DIRECTLY!"

"WHERE FORTUNE 'LEYDS.'"

["Dr. LEYDS, in his endeavours to raise money for the Transvaal, has visited several capitals."—*Daily Press.*]

IN BERLIN.

Dr. Leyds. Can I see the Finance Minister? It is on a little matter of business connected with a loan. My name is LEYDS, and——

Clerk. Afraid everybody is out. Call again in a year.

[*Door shut sharply.*

IN MADRID.

Dr. L. Ahem! I am Dr. LEYDS, and I have come here in connection with a scheme for raising a loan for the Transvaa——

Clerk. Out you go! [*Is promptly booted downstairs.*

IN PORTUGAL.

Dr. L. I have come here on the business of——

Clerk. Is your name LEYDS?

Dr. L. It is. I have come here——

[*Is seized by the waistband and back of his neck and put outside. Slow curtain as he fumbles for return half of his ticket home.*

NOVEL SUB-AQUATIC SCHEME FOR MILLWALL.—There's a plan at the office of the Board of Works in Poplar District, an idea itself likely to be pop'lar. "*Under* the Water to Charley," 'ARRIET will sing.



Mr. Boreham (*in the thick of a long and pointless Story*). "WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, I HAPPENED TO BE IN THE CITY THE OTHER DAY, AND, AS I WAS WALKING DOWN CHEAPSIDE, WHOM SHOULD I MEET BUT MY OLD FRIEND, STODGELEY, WHOM I HAVEN'T SEEN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE DID? HE STOPPED DEAD WHEN HE SAW ME, SLAPPED ME ON THE SHOULDER, AND SAID, 'SURELY THIS MUST BE MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, BOREHAM?'" *She* (*with difficulty keeping awake*). "YES?—*AND WAS IT?*"

DEPRECIATIONS.

I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir W. V. H-RC-RT (*writing*).
Mr. JOHN M-RL-Y (*not there*).

AND you are back among your books again,
Who never should have left that first employ!
So GEORGE TR-V-LY-N thinks; and he should know.
Too giddy-fickle was the life of State
For one who walks i' th' world with single eye
And scorns to wink the other. Good old JOHN!
I, too, the frequent butt of Fortune's spite,
And deafened with the windy war of words
(Your captious -BANNERMAN, your talking -BEACH),
Fall back upon my earliest delight,
Humaner Letters—written to the *Times*.
In serried columns stiff with trenchant type
Taking the morning air they hold their own
Even beside the larger movement in
Encyclopædiæ Britannicæ,
Sold by the job-lot, with revolving case
A trifle extra. 'Tis a noble work.

The year declines: in yonder Malwood glades
The last leaf drops reluctant, leaving bare
The last cock-pheasant. I could hit the thing
From this same window, if he did not move!
I was a fighter once; but that is past,
Except on paper. You recall the time
When, under that great Captain's eagle glance,
I in the golden prime of Derby days,
You at Newcastle (somewhere in the North),
We fought like Kitcheners for Irish Rule—
Or was it Local Veto? One forgets!
How like a dream the youthful splendour fades!
For we were relatively young, and took
Time by the forelock, which is not the same
As Celtic fringes. Life had colour then,
And where the shadows crossed it, you and I,
Did we not let our sunbeam-play of wit
Fall like a glad surprise? I fancy so.
But even Autumn's after-glow is off;
And now a common blueness, winter's wear,
Obscures the prospect—which is also blue.

JOHN, have you ever been a Leader? No.
That 's where the difference comes in. *I have!*
And still the glory clings to me in name
Though not in substance. May you never know
How exquisite a pain it is for one
Built as I am, opaque and something more,
To be regarded as a pervious ghost,
A wraith, a sort of thing through which you walk
And notice no obstruction! This is bad.
But all night long to labour at the nets,
The weary night and never lift a fish,
And then, at 9 A.M., to hear report
About Another breakfasting in bed
On bloated herring—this is even worse!
You take my allegory? There 's a Man
Affects the City functions, moves at large
On sundry platforms Edinboro' way,
Making remarks on books and Grand Old Men
And foreign complications; signs himself
Patriot first and politician next,
And has a curious way of winning hearts!
That is the Man whose blood I wish to have.

I thank my Natal Star that never yet
Was I accused of being popular!
My simpler aims have been to know my place,
And keep it. In the former I succeed,
But sometimes fail to bring the latter off.
Still there are compensations. I shall read
Your biograph, though you, I fear, have missed
My letters on the Church. I often wish
That you could feel yourself more closely drawn
To Cleric matters! Good-bye, Honest JOHN.

Pons Asinorum.

(*By an "Eton Scug"—No Form.*)

["In consequence of the judgment of the House of Lords, Windsor Bridge has been freed, and the gate and posts demolished."—*Daily Paper.*]

AT last is Windsor Bridge unbarred,
No gate or post the road may block,
No more the bronze-compelling guard
The coinless charioteer shall mock!
No more illegal dues we 'll pay,
Freed by most righteous of awards;
Eaten and done is Windsor's prey
Since Eton 's *winned, Sir,* in the Lords!

GEOGRAPHICAL MEM. FOR THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."—Lüttich is the German name for the Belgian town of Liège. This fact may save further Lüttich-gation, either on the part of the Duke of ORLEANS or any other high personage.



"DREAMING TRUE."



CONSOLATION.

SCENE—*At a Yeomanry Ball.*

Little Major Simkin (who fancies himself considerably, and has a knack of running after the finest and most beautiful women in the room, coming up for the fifth time with his engagement-card to Mrs. Boyd, who is en route *for the ball-room with Colonel Haines).* "OH! MRS. BOYD, I'VE COME TO——"

Mrs. Boyd. "SO AWFULLY SORRY, MY DEAR MAJOR, I'VE PROMISED EVERY DANCE. BUT (*taking pity on him*) YOU SHALL FETCH MY CLOAK AND CALL MY CARRIAGE. *NOW MIND*, I SHALL *DEPEND* ON *YOU*."

Major S. "WITH PLEASURE!"

[*But as it is a pouring wet night, and Mrs. Boyd will probably stay for another couple of hours, the ardour of the little Major is considerably damped.*

"WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30. ST. ANDREW."

SWEET are the joys of reminiscence, my fellow Old Etonians. (Ah! JONES, I'm glad to see you about again. That was a nasty attack of rheumatism you had. What! SMITH! I never expected to meet you. So that's your grandson? A likely-looking lad. At the old shop, is he? Glad to hear it. "Train up a child," &c. *Lowry's* House? Ah! he's long after our time.) Doesn't a glance at the calendar refresh your minds with pristine vigour? St. Andrew's Day. A day of days, and much better than your fourths of June. Do you remember? But that's a sad question, and of course we all remember, be it ten, twenty, or fifty years ago. And the old wall is still standing. May it stand for ever! And you can still sit there, drumming your heels, and shouting yourself hoarse? (Of course I mean this in a general sense. You or I, JONES, could scarce climb up there now, ladder or not.) May it be sat on for all time!

I should like to go down there to-day, and watch the old game once more. But my daughter won't allow it. It's too cold, she says. (It always was a cold day. I wonder why?) And I do remember going down—oh! a long time ago—about ten years after I had left. It was rather painful. The new faces of boys who stared at me got on my nerves. I seemed to have no part or lot in the old place. And yet I felt the old right of possession. Then I got very excited over a bully in calx. I shouted. But it was a poor shout, and a sense of shyness and timidity cut it short. Nothing like the old long-drawn "Co-o-o-ollegers," which used to issue from my lusty throat. Oh! it was very sad. I could have sat down by the waters of Babylon—or anywhere else—and wept. Don't you think of going down, SMITH, although I know you were my fag, and like to consider yourself a mere stripling still. It would only make you sad, too. And then you would be sure to overeat yourself at the club in the evening, and give your family a bad time all next day.

No, old friend. We are out of the race. Let us dine quietly at the club, and hear all about the match from that young nephew of mine, who is dining with me. He is going down to see it. But he only left four years ago. Then, over our bottle, we can discuss old times, and drink to POSTHUMUS and other absent friends. Ah! we were giants in those days. They are very small boys now. But the old shop never changes. *Floreat Etona.*

EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

["The SIRDAR is reported to have told an East Anglian friend, at the reception the other night, that since his arrival in England he has received over a hundred laudatory poems."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHAT time through many minor throats
The stream of minor verse is rippling,
In minor lays of dulcet notes,
From minor maid and half-fledged stripling,
Amid the quire of warblings transcendental
Be mine to raise a record monumental.

It is not that my minor verse
Is better polished, crisper, smoother
Than theirs—more limpid or more terse,
Or even cramper or obscurer—
My reams like theirs the threadbare carpet litter,
Like theirs my output is a feeble twitter.

Ah no! but thus I bid for fame—
Not that I problems disentangle,
Or wing my shafts with nobler aim—
But only that of all who mangle
Their honest mother-tongue, and metres murder,
I never wrote a line about the SIRDAR.

COMING FROM THE DOG.

(*Mems. from a Canine Note-book.*)

MUZZLES likely to come off. Hooray! They have been removed in the country for ages. However, London has had to wait. But that's all over.

Now what have I to do?

Bark at the postman, the butcher-boy, and the lad who comes for the daily papers.

Have a fine time with the cats.

Look out for that bicycle, and go for the chap in knickers.

Chivey the small child that walks about with a bun.

And—but this must be done with great caution—if I have only the opportunity, have a real good bite at the legs of the police.



THE TRIALS OF OUR ARTISTIC FRIEND, LEONARDO DA TOMPKINS

(Who lives in an unappreciative Suburb).

'Arriet (nudging her Lidy Friend, and in an ostentatious stage-whisper). "'AMLET!"

DARBY JONES ON THE HARVEST OF THE TURF.

HONOURED SIR,—Those who have deigned to peruse the Unobtrusive Effusions which you have graciously permitted to appear in all the Assertiveness of Printers' Ink will, I trust, have given me credit (when sordid traders would not) for having never ceased to impress upon my Patrons that the Sport of Emperors and lesser Potentates is not game whereat those but mediocrely endowed with the Spondulicks of Fortune can play. The Account Rendered of the Flat-Racing during the Past Season fully bears out my assertion that in this diversion, even as Sweets go to the Sweet, so are Riches heaped on to Riches, with but few of those Exceptions which serve to prove the Aureous Rule. At the summit of the Golden Pippin Tree all good Sportsmen must be glad to find Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, who, by the prowess, among other quadrupeds, of *Goletta*, *Fosco*, *Jacquemart*, *Golden Bridge*, *Trident*, and *St. Bris*, places the very comfortable sum of £30,267 10*s.* to his banking account. It would be interesting to know what (doubtless) Unsparing Outlay on Mr. LEOPOLD'S part was so handsomely recouped. Then follow in order named the Duke of WESTMINSTER and Mr. C. D. ROSE, almost making a dead-heat of it with £16,295 10*s.* and £16,265 10*s.* a-piece (I appreciate these honest half-sovereigns); after whom follow Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, Lord ROSEBERY, and Mr. LARNACH (the lucky Proprietor of *Jeddah* and *Victoria May*), Mr. P. LORILLARD, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Mr. WALLACE JOHNSTONE, Lord WILLIAM BERESFORD, Mr. R. C. VYNER, Sir JAMES MILLER, Prince SOLTYKOFF, H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, Captain GREER, Mr. JERSEY, Mr. H. V. LONG, Sir R. WALDIE GRIFFITH, and Lord DURHAM. All these top the "Five Thou." Limit, and below them, in the "Four and Three Thou." Division, there is not a Needy Owner from Mr. DOUGLAS BAIRD down to Mr. J. A. MILLER. If I can trust my somewhat Defective Memory, I think it was a noble Northerner and Steward of the Jockey Club, who once declared that Wealthy Prizes attracted Wealthy Patrons, and that this fact conduced to the Glory of the Turf, which, being interpreted, means, "only Millionaires need apply!"

Far be it from one so humble as Myself to cavil at the *Ipse Dixit* of a Great Authority, but in quite a Uriah-Heep-like vein, I venture to suggest that if, instead of having Three "Ten Thousand Pounders" per annum, the authorities were to spread their Golden Syrup over some of the Dry Crusts offered to the Little Equine Speculators, it would do much to do away with "Bottlers" in Selling Races. There are many Honest Harvesters who would like a Cut at the Corn, without being compelled to resort to continual Gleaning for a subsistence. I am no JACK STRAW or WAT TYLER, honoured Sir, but if you or any other Bulwark of Equine Equality will consult the Record of Foreign Racing, you will readily perceive that in the matter of distributing Prize-Money, they do these things better in France, though to be sure, from our point of view, the Gaul is wofully lacking in Free Trade principles, and prefers to keep the majority of his "Bits" for Home-made bridles. Captain KRITERION prophesies, that if I persist in my "ill-advised theory," I shall be warned off Newmarket Heath. I need scarcely say that in this respect he has the advantage over your dutiful servant, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I humbly submit my remarks to that Great Gimcracker, Lord DURHAM, who appears to be a sort of Jockey Club General BOULANGER. There is a Minister for Agriculture, why not one for Turfculture? Lord DURHAM might take the office, and be Government Handicapper, Starter, Chucker-out, and Head Lad all rolled into one. His ancestor killed the Lambton Worm. His Lordship might slay the Hydra-headed Horrors, which are apparently bred on the Turf like rabbits. They would be sure to succumb to Durham mustard.—D.J.

UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW.

You who in multitudes appear
In humdrum London year by year,
When fogs are chilly,
Still crowding in from every hand
To Holborn, Islington, the Strand,
And Piccadilly;

You view our sober shops, arrayed
With signs of unaccustomed trade,
See all, or try to,
While shows that else we never see,
This week we, also, busily
Are fain to fly to.

Through London as your way you wind
It staggers the bucolic mind,
And overawes it;
Yet does it not occur to you,
The busy turmoil as you view,
'Tis you that cause it?

We tolerate the noisy show,
Wait patiently until you go
(Great though the stir be),
Till once more with its normal hush
London recovers from the rush
Of *rus in urbe*.

Shakspearian Advice to the Bald.

"AWAY and mock the time with fairest flow,
False hair must hide what the bald pate would show."



Bluejacket (who has been hauled twice round the sick bay, yelling inarticulately, by the Surgeon with the forceps). "WHY, YOU 'AD ME BY THE TONGUE!"

IN FUTURO.

["By means of the new railways, Southern China will be not only modernised but Russianised. . . . In connection with the development of the Soudan, a telegraph office has been established at Omdurman."—*Daily Press.*]

CHINA DAY BY DAY.

MAY-KEE-FUN was charged with *lèse-majestying* the CZAR, and fined five taels.

We are requested to state that the Government still has a few eligible spaces on the Great Wall to let for advertising purposes. All pictorial representations should be first submitted to the Pekin County Council.

A very smart function was that given by Mandarin and Mrs. NIEU-WED at their town-house in Fash-shun Street. Royalty was represented by Prince HAW-TEE and Prince FAT-TUM. The Governor of the province, SQUEE-SEM, was also there, whilst Generals RUMOLDCOCKSKI and WATRYSKI, Madame BONNETORF and Bishop PILOTSKI might also have been noticed amongst the numerous guests. Owing to indisposition, WUN-LUNG, WEE-KART, LI-ING-TUNG, WONT-KUM, and General ORFULKORF were unable to be present. The refreshments were supplied by the famous Russian caterers, Messrs. JAMTARTOFF AND PENNIBUNSKI.

Attention has been called to the growing practice of tipping railway-guards to secure separate compartments. This causes inconvenience to other passengers, and is also provocative of annoyance to the man who gives the tip, when the Russian guard, after taking your tael in his hand, pulls it—the door, we mean—open, and admits half-a-dozen women and babies. The Russians, in this instance at least, *do* believe in the policy of "the open door."

UN-SUNG, the poet, is collaborating with M. IVORYSPANKEROFF, the well-known St. Petersburg musical genius, in producing a comic opera, to be played at the Slang-Tung Theatre. The work will be dedicated to the CZAR, and will be entitled, *Always a Loan.*

Extracts from the "Omdurman Daily News and Khartoum Courier," a Nileist newspaper:—

We are glad to see that amongst the latest improvements to our town, an automatic penny-in-the-slot weighing machine is to be placed at the corner of all the principal thoroughfares. We venture to think that if our respected townsman, FATTEH PASHA—a thorough good Fellah, by the way—patronises one of these appliances, he will not find himself of those who are "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

IBRAHIM BALMY-ONTHER-KRUMPET-BEY was, we regret to announce, removed to the Khartoum Lunatic Asylum on Monday last.

In the great aquatic Derby, competed for yesterday over the usual course on the Nile, MAHDI PASHA'S smart three-year-old crocodile, *Persimmoneh II.* (L. DE ROUGEMONT up), scored an easy win by a couple of lengths. The winner started favourite at six to four on.

The praiseworthy efforts made by our excellent and pushing Town Councillor, YUSUP REFF YUSE, to generate electric power for the street tram-cars, out of dust and cinder ashes, have not met with the success which they undoubtedly merit. But we hope he will persevere; and let him remember, that even Fashoda was not evacuated in a day.

INFEHMY MUSTYFEH SQUIFFEH was sentenced at Bowstringeh Police Court to fourteen days for "D. and D." The charge was proved by P. C. RUNIMINSES, who said prisoner was a terror to all the other inhabitants of Tel-el-Kebir Villas, where he resides.

At the same Court, SWARIN PASHA was fined five shekels for damming part of the Nile.

A glove-fight is announced for Wednesday next between HITTIM MAULEY EFFENDI (amateur champion) and WATTAH FITIN BEY. TOOPHATTOPHITE PASHA will act as referee.

At the Town Hall, nightly, SHERBET KAMMEHBELL sings the popular topical song, "*Daddy wouldn't give 'em Fashowow.*"

A MOST POPULAR REVIVAL AT THE LYCEUM.—The re-appearance of Sir HENRY IRVING, when he shall have thoroughly recovered from his recent serious illness. *Mr. Punch* is delighted to hear that he is on his way to perfect recovery, *vid* Bournemouth and Torquay. Sir HENRY'S best health! "*Ad multos annos!*"



Keeper. "RABBIT TO YOU, SIR!"
Nervous Sportsman. "HERE! HI! *WAIT A BIT!* CONF—— I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CARTRIDGES IN!"

MANX.

["Of the Manx language it was said it was the best for courting in, as there were in it no fewer than ninety-seven ways of saying 'my dear.'"—*Daily News.*]

I HAVE sometimes noticed, darling, as I stroked your sulky head
And sought for glowing words wherewith to woo, my dear,
There was just the least monotony about the things I said,
A tendency to sameness—haven't you, my dear?
In my most impassioned moments, when I've gazed into your eyes,
And vowed that I would love you evermore, my dear,
It has jarred upon me harshly as I seemed to realise
That I'd said as much a dozen times before, my dear.

But the happy, happy Manxman, he may sing his mistress' praise,
In language made by Venus for her son, my dear,
And the rogue! he whispers gaily in some ninety-seven ways
What I can but reiterate in one, my dear.
He can murmur, "Love, I love you!" in the pleasant morning shade
Till the shadows of the night are falling dark, my dear,
And he never need be conscious that he has already made
Ad nauseam a similar remark, my dear.

Manx is certainly *par excellence* the language for Love's song,
The tongue that Cupid speaks when he would court, my dear,
For the lovers in the Isle of Man may cut their tales as long
As pussy-cats are wont to cut theirs short, my dear.
And as I would fain be courting you when Dawn begins to smile
Till dews are falling on the primrose banks, my dear,
I propose we spend our honeymoon up yonder in the Isle,
Where you and I might learn to woo in Manx, my dear.

"SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE."—Judging from the highly eulogistic descriptions given by the papers of Major MARTYR, he must be one of the very finest "*Flores Martyrum.*" To cease talking of Major MARCHAND, and to be occupied entirely with Major MARTYR, is like proceeding from mere business to the glories of chivalry.

ENGLISH QUESTIONS AND EGYPTIAN ANSWERS.

Being the first Gordon-Kitchener General Information Examination Paper set and worked out by Our severely Matter-of-fact Enthusiast.

Question. What is the benefit of being able to read?
Answer. The art enables us to acquire all sorts of knowledge.
Q. What is the finest language in the world?
A. The English language is certainly the finest in the world. There is none other.
Q. Do not some people speak French?
A. They used to do once—a very long time ago—before the distant days of ARABI PASHA.
Q. Do you know how to write?
A. Certainly. I can transcribe "Britannia rules the waves" in a hand that might be taken for copper-plate.
Q. But have you the power of writing for the papers?
A. Alas, no! And I am unacquainted with any of the editors.
Q. Do you think you could serve as a special correspondent?
A. Certainly not, as special correspondents are, or should be, obsolete.
Q. What is the end of your education?
A. To become civilized.
Q. What is meant by civilization?
A. The use of the topper and the National Anthem.
Q. And what should be your proudest ambition as an undergraduate?
A. To send a four to Henley, a company to the Inns of Court R. V. C., and to entertain socially the gentlemen who wear turbans and hail from the West Indies.

ENJOYABLE?

"CHRISTIAN UNDERGRAD., aged 24, proposes spending an enjoyable Christmas Holiday with one or more BOYS at Bournemouth; coaching if desired. References to his uncle, Gen. Sir E., Bart., his aunt, the Lady S., or College authorities."—*Advt., Times, Nov.* 30.

OH, TOMMY of the Fourth Form, here 's enjoyment to be had,
To spend a cheerful Christmas with a Christian undergrad.,
Where, may be, 'twill be possible to shake hands with a Bart.,
And in the Lady S.'s home to play a humble part.
There 's coaching on the premises—'tis by the College blest—
In balmy Bournemouth you will find this rare patrician nest.
Ah, would I were a boy again—'twould be a pleasant job
To teach the priggish undergrad. how not to be a snob!

WELL UP IN FRENCH.

Fond Father. NOW, JOHNNIE, my boy, you've been learning French for some time at school, let 's see how you've got on. Translate this:—"*Le soir aura lieu la curée suivie d'un feu d'artifice.*" I'll write it out for you. [*Does so.*

Johnnie (*after some minutes' reflection*). "*Le soir,*" the night—(*explains*)—meaning "to-night"; "*aura lieu,*" will have a place; "*la curée*"—(*smiles knowingly*)—the curate's wife—(*explains*)—because it 's feminine, you see; "*suivie,*" followed; "*d'un feu d'artifice,*" by a fire of artfulness. (*Explains.*) That is the *literal* translation, but it *means*, you see, that "there will be rather a dangerous sort of person, up to all kinds of dodges, sitting next the curate's wife at dinner."

[*Is astonished at sudden change of expression in fond father's countenance. Exit hurriedly.*

RHYTHMS FOR ROSEBERY.

A MOST happy thought on the part of Lord ROSEBERY to get up at the Egyptian-Hall-Sirdar-College-Fund Meeting and beg every one to subscribe, so that Lord KITCHENER, returning to Egypt on the 7th, might "go away happy." His Lordship would have capped his own inspiration, had he at once started the well-known chorus of,—"and—

"He *won't* be happy till he gets it!"

with a last line from another chorus,

"So *now* we sha'n't be long!"

THE SIRDAR "ON HIS LEGS" AT CAMBRIDGE.—*Mr. Punch* has been overwhelmed by cuttings from the *Daily Graphic*, Friday, 25th inst., showing how the SIRDAR, at Cambridge, on the occasion of the Mayor presenting the freedom to Lord KITCHENER in the Guildhall, was compelled to use two maces of the Mayoralty instead of his own legs as "*props* of the Corporation"—"props," *bien entendu*, being, in the theatrical sense, "properties." Certainly the effect *was* remarkable, and in all probability, during the considerable interval, some "lightning-caricaturist" has reproduced the burlesque effect of the picture, which is well worth a quaint record.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

Imported Original Cases of

HEERING'S

CHERRY BRANDY,

containing 1 doz. Bottles, or 2 doz. Half-Bottles, make

MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

and may be had of all Wine Merchants.

"It is peculiarly well adapted for medicinal purposes."—LANCET, 28 March, 1896.

KINAHAN'S

LL AND GLENISLE

The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies. | The Finest Scotch Whisky Sold.

WHISKIES.

GUILDFORD STREET, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.

From All Wine Merchants.

BEKMANN'S

(ST. PETERSBURG)

DRY AND RICH

KÜMMEL

OF THE TZARS

A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR AND A SPLENDID DIGESTIVE.

Samples free from the Sole Agents—

A. BECKMANN & Co.,

47, Mark Lane, LONDON.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

CIGARES de JOY

(Joy's cigarettes)

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE

ASTHMA

WHEEZING

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Box of 35 1/6 Post free from Wilcox & Co. 83 Mortimer St. London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores.

SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP

BLISS'S CELEBRATED

ESTAB^D 1745

CHIPPING NORTON

TWEEDS

For Hunting & Sporting wear. All their stout mixed tweeds are stamped on back of every two yards with this trade mark

W. BLISS C. NORTON

TRADE MARK

BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.

Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

OLD JUDGE

TOBACCO

EVERY HOME

is beautified by

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES

AFTER

CELEBRATED PICTURES.



Illustrated Catalogue 1/-

BERLIN PHOTOCO., 133, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

ANYONE

— whether old or young —

CAN TAKE

without any previous practice

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS

of views, home scenes, seascapes, &c.,

WITH A

daylight-loading film system

KODAK

Prices £1 1s. to £7 7s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,

Head Office—

43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches—

60, Cheapside, E.C.

215-217, Oxford Street, W.

171-173, Regent Street, W.

THE GRAMOPHONE

A RIDDLE—READ.

No tongue have I, no hands, nor yet a voice,
Yet talk, or sing, or play: which is your choice?
There is no instrument that you can name,
I am not mistress of; 'tis all the same
With song, I sing untiring with the purest tone,
I reign supreme, a Queen!

THE GRAMOPHONE.

This Marvellous Invention costs only £5 10s., and a fine selection of New English records can be had at any of

KEITH PROWSE & Co.'s Music Depots.

47, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.

167, NEW BOND STREET, W.

2, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS., TRAFALGAR SQ., W.C.

166, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

12 other Branches and 48, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.



Black Handle .... 5s. 6d. | A Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia leather case, 21s.

Ivory Handle .... 7s. 6d.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

"Shaver's Kit and Outfit," *Post Free.*

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., London, W.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.

BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

Peptonized Cocoa and Milk

MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS AND REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON

IN TINS 2/6

HALF TINS (SAMPLE) 1/6

"APENTA"

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers.

Prices: 6d., 1s., and 1s. 3d. per bottle.

MACGREGOR'S

FAMOUS

WHISKY.



'The Spirit of the Age.'

PALATABLE.

PURE.

PERFECT.

Special Liqueur, 48/- per doz.

Famous old Scotch, 39/- per doz.

Net Cash Carriage Paid.

MACGREGOR & TURNER,

(ESTABLISHED 1859.)

25 & 26, GREAT CLYDE STREET, GLASGOW.

HOWARD

BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

THURSTON'S

"PERFECT"

BILLIARD CUSHIONS

Still unequalled for accuracy, speed and durability.

The "Perfect" Low Cushions as fitted to the "Thurston" Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne, can be attached to any Billiard Table at a cost of 12 Guineas.

THURSTON & CO., LTD.,

(The Parent House of the Trade.)

16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Sole Makers to Her Majesty.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

CELLULAR

DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.

ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.

And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.

See Price List for Names.

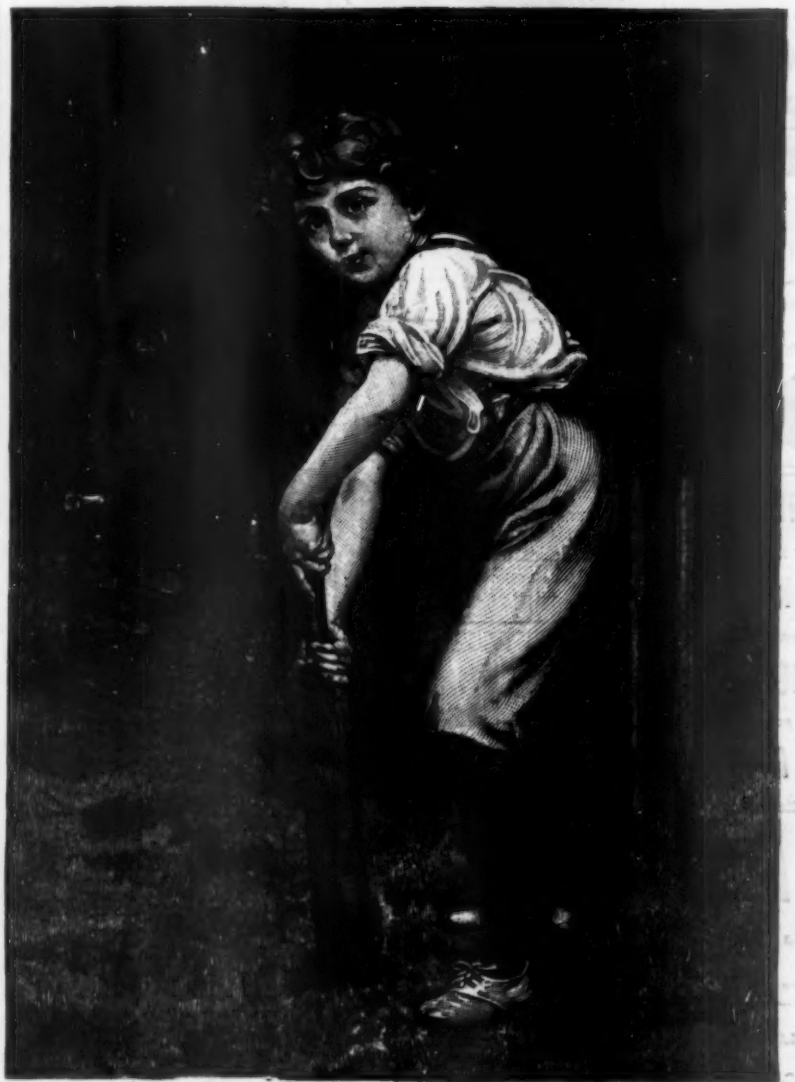
'K' BOOTS

NOW READY.

A PICTURE GALLERY FOR ONE SHILLING!!!

PEARS' ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS, 1898,



Reduced facsimile of one of the Three Presentation Plates.
"Captain of the Eleven."
By the late P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
Size, 28 by 19½ inches. Printed in Sixteen Colours.

CONSISTS OF ANOTHER

Delightful and Stirring Novel,

ENTITLED

WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF 'NINETY-EIGHT?

From the facile pen of

R. E. FRANCILLON,

WITH

32 Illustrations in Black and White,

Specially Drawn by

FRANK DADD, R.I.

THREE LARGE PRESENTATION PLATES,

1. Captain of the Eleven.
   From the Original Painting by the late P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
2. Naughty Polly.
   From the Original Painting by A. W. HOLDEN.
3. The Sunny South.
   From the Original Painting by W. S. COLEMAN.

THE WHOLE ENTIRELY PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

PRICE 1/-

HONESTLY WORTH A GUINEA.

Postage in the United Kingdom, 4d.

PRICE 1/-

Published by the Proprietors—

Messrs. A. & F. PEARS, Ltd., 71-75, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

And by Messrs. GORDON & GOTCH in Melbourne. Sold by Booksellers and Newsagents all over the World.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 10, 1898.

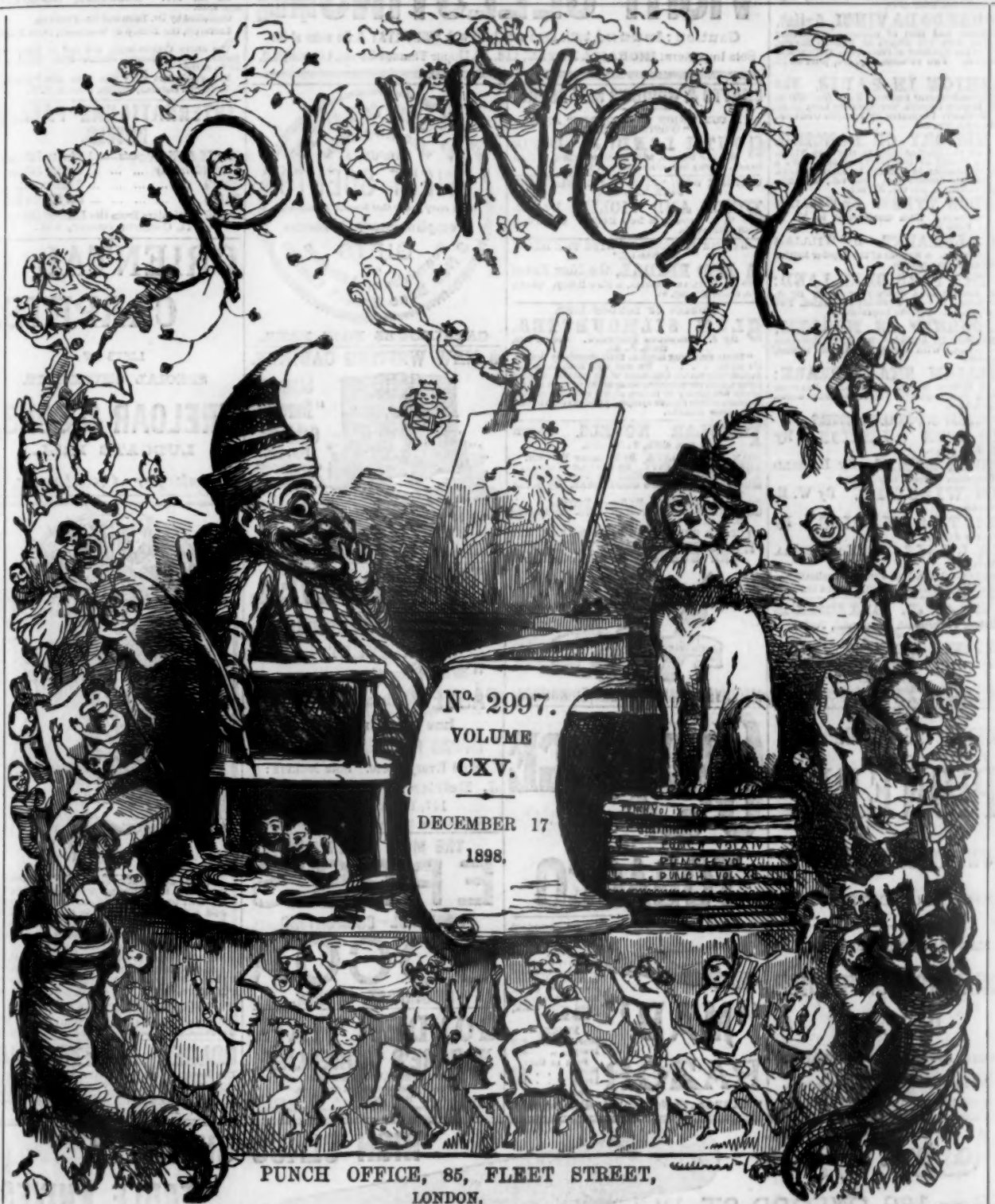
STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE

Grand Christmas Double Number

Twenty Attractive Songs and Pieces,—Illustrated Articles,—Biographies, etc.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Published at 84, New Bond St. and sold at all Booksellers and Bookstalls.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

No. 2997.
VOLUME CXV.
DECEMBER 17
1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS
For Christmas Presents.

GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS PLACE IN ENGLISH ART. By WALTER ARMSTRONG, Director of the National Gallery, Ireland. Magnificently Illustrated. One vol., large imp. 4to, gilt top, price £5 5s.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, Artist, Thinker, and Man of Science. Authorised translation from the French of EUGENE MÜNTZ, Member of the Institute of France, &c. With superb Illustrations. Two volumes, imp. 8vo, price £2 2s. net.

FASHION IN PARIS. The Various Phases of Feminine Taste from 1797 to 1897. By OCTAVE UZANNE. Translated by Lady MARY LOYD. Profusely Illustrated by François Courboin. One vol., imp. 8vo, 36s.

A HISTORY OF DANCING. From the Earliest Ages to Our Own Times. From the French of GASTON VUILLIER. With a Sketch of Dancing in England by JOSEPH GAZNO. With Splendid Illustrations. One vol., 4to, cloth, 25s. net; in vellum, gilt top, 30s. net.

LONDON TYPES. By WILLIAM NICHOLSON. With Quatorzains by W. E. HENLEY. Price 5s.

AN ALPHABET. By WILLIAM NICHOLSON. A Reprint of the Popular Edition on stout cartridge paper, 5s.

IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND: An Account of a Journey in Tibet. By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. Profusely Illustrated. Two vols. £1 12s. net. (Second Impression.)

A JOURNEY IN MOROCCO, MOORES EL ACKSA. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. With a Portrait. In one volume, 8vo, price 9s.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A Critical Study. By GEORGE BRANDES. Two vols. Roxburgh gilt top, in buckram uncut. Demy 8vo, 24s. net.

NEWEST SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE OPEN QUESTION. By C. B. RAIMOND.

GLORIA MUNDI. By HAROLD FREDERIC. (Second Impression.)

THE WIDOWER. By W. E. NORRIS.

THE TWO MAGICS. By HENRY JAMES.

VIA LUCIS. By KASSANDRA VIVARIA.

Complete Catalogue, Post Free, on Application.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

T. J. & J. SMITH'S
Clerical, Professional, Commercial, Pocket and Scribbling
DIARIES for 1899
In every variety of Size, Style and Binding ARE NOW READY.

To be had of all Booksellers and Stationers in Great Britain and Abroad, and at the Railway Bookstalls.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO.
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND CAVENDISH Co., Ltd.,
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.
And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK
VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring
Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ETAT & the name of the Sole Importers: **INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.**

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.
A COMPANION TO "LONDON" AND "WESTMINSTER."
SOUTH LONDON, by SIR WALTER BESANT, with 119 Illustrations, is Now Ready. Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 18s.

UNIFORM WITH "FAMOUS VIOLINISTS AND FINE VIOLINS."
VOICE AND VIOLIN, by DR. T. L. PHIPSON, is Now Ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 5s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WITH THE RED EAGLE."
A RED BRIDAL, the New Novel by WILLIAM WESTALL, is Now Ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

STORIES OF LONDON LIFE.
SLUM SILHOUETTES. By J. DODSWORTH BRAYSHAW. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"Their crowning merit is their singularity dramatic style. . . . We can well believe, as the author informs us, that some of his stories are based upon actual occurrences; some of the darkest are relieved not merely by flashes of wit and humour, but by traits of fine human sympathy and heroic virtue."—GLASGOW HERALD.

POPULAR NOVELS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.
JOAN, THE CURATE. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
THE PHANTOM CITY. By WILLIAM WESTALL.
A TRAGEDY IN MARBLE. By ADAM LILBURN.
MRS. CARMICHAEL'S GODDESSES. By SARAH TYTLER.
RACHEL LANGTON. By SARAH TYTLER.
ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME. By GEORGE R. SIMS.
CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."


MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

THE FAMOUS

"MAB" RAZOR
The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."
PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.
"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

PIESSE & LUBIN
RARE & PRECIOUS PERFUMES
SWEET SCENTS
From every flower that breathes a fragrance
Complimentary Presents
GIFTS OR Souvenirs of Affection
2 NEW BOND STREET LONDON
CATALOGUES POST FREE.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.

Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets. No. 931, as illustration, £2 12s. 0d. IN OAK THROUGHOUT.
Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from
H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.
Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

TYPHOID FEVER.
OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—
"Wherever the **PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER** has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."
Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:
J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.
West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

GOLDEN HAIR
ROBARE'S AUREOLINE.
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, and all principal Patent Medicine Warehouses, London.

£15 15s. CRUISE.—GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, ALGIERS, TUNIS, MALTA, MESSINA, NAPLES (19 days), December 20th.
£21 CRUISE.—NAPLES, ATHENS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, January 11th, 1899.
EXTENDED CRUISES, including Constantinople, Beyrout, for Damascus, &c.
On the S.Y. "ARGONAUT," tonnage 3,356; h.p. 4,000.
Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.
Lecturers, the Bishop of Worcester, Dean Farrar, &c.
The above Cruises begin and end at Marseilles. Return ticket, London-Calais-Paris-Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.
Full particulars with plan from the Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.
MONTE CARLO (opens Jan.) Riviera Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.
Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.
LISTS OF SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.
TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.
Ask for Catalogue.



KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandriff, prevents hair from falling, is most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. The only preparation of its kind that has ever received a Royal Recommendation. 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from
THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,
16, BEVIS MARKS and 233, REGENT ST., W.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ZERINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ZERINE is invaluable.

Mappin & Webb,
158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W.;
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.
LONDON.
(Facing the Mansion House.)
Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.



HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD TABLE KNIVES.
Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—I.

THE MALWOOD EASY CHAIR.

Wood grown in the New Forest. A big, comfortable Arm-Chair, suitable for the cultivation of one's own fireside. This Chair has had many vicissitudes. Was finally sold at Derby in 1890 with a presentation set of china and a water-bottle. Now permanently at Malwood. It has a Welsh fringe.

AN UNFORTUNATE MORNING.

WITH the careful economy of the newly married, I had set aside a certain sum for my Christmas presents, arranging beforehand the exact amount I would expend on my wife, my relatives, the dear little GARWAY children, and others.

To *flâner* down Bond Street, conscious of the agreeable power of giving immense pleasure to those one loves, by a few seasonable gifts, is a sensation of luxury. But things happened rather awkwardly.

In the palace of silver and leather, where I lingered looking for a suitable present for DOROTHY, I met a cigarette-case of such obvious suitability to myself, that not to order it—with my initials in plain, heavy silver-gilt—seemed almost a foolish extravagance. Again, at the jeweller's, where I sought for a single gem to sparkle in my wife's pretty hair, a certain pair of turquoise studs and a pin, of exquisite though severe workmanship, appealed, beyond resistance, to my sober, cultivated taste.

Searching for a "useful" present for a pet aunt of practical leanings, I found in the celebrated umbrella-shop a perfect little stick. It was neither too large nor too small. It was distinguished, but not eccentric; it seemed made for me, and I hoped it would accompany me on many a pleasant ramble.

I now rather hastily passed into a bookshop to get *Every Boy's Annual* and *Little Folks*. How pleasant it would be to see the bright eyes of the dear little GARWAYS become brighter still as they read the delightful stories and put their sticky fingers on the lovely pictures! Children always judge of artistic productions, when it is possible, by the sense of touch—sometimes even by that of taste, and there may be much to be said for their view. But in this too fascinating home of literature, ill-luck again pursued me. I am a bibliophile at moments, and the atmosphere of a library goes to my head and warps my calmer judgment. Some exquisitely bound volumes of a favourite work, and a valuable first edition of another I had long wished to possess, forced themselves upon my notice. After all, some one else was sure to give the GARWAYS their picture-books!

When I got home I found that, though I had exceeded the sum put aside for that purpose, I had not bought a single present. I was ten pounds in debt, and the parlour-maid had to pay my cab. All this is caused by weak good-nature. It is a fault I must guard against.

DOGS AND THEIR DUTY.

(By Our Own Reporter.)

A MEETING was held, within the last week, at midnight, in the absence of the moon, to consider the recent speech of Mr. LONG about the muzzling order. The chair (a garden one) was taken by Mr. FOX TERRIER. The spot chosen for the gathering was a little-frequented square.

The chairman said that he had great pleasure in presiding on that occasion, as he felt his canine colleagues had a distinct grievance. Personally, he was little affected by the iniquitous muzzling order, as when he took the air it was in a carriage.

Mr. SHEEPE DOG protested against "side." No one wanted to hear about Mr. FOX TERRIER'S carriage-drives.

The chairman intended no offence. He only desired to say that he was acting unselfishly in the matter. He called upon Mr. POODLE to move the first resolution.

Mr. POODLE, at this appeal, begged to move "that it is the opinion of this meeting that the entire human race is becoming INSANE, and consequently, if the muzzle be necessary, it should be removed from the dog to be placed on the mouth of his so-called master." Statistics proved that man was rapidly becoming *non compos*. It really was too ridiculous that mad men should interfere with sane dogs. He trusted that his proposal would be carried.

The discussion was continued by other speeches. When a division was about to be organised, a sudden cry of "Police!" brought the proceedings to a close.



If Sir Edward Bradford cannot allow Cabs to have Foot-warmers, may we suggest that Constables on point duty have them? They would be much appreciated these cold days.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—II.

THE "JO JO" EXPANDING CHAIR,

As worshipped in the savage dependencies of the Empire. A very elegant chair, constructed on screws (patent monopoly). Can also go higher. Now at the Colonial Office. [From the collection of the Marquis of SALISBURY.]

SALADE DE SAISON.

[Flower salads are the latest fashion in Paris.]

To be ever in the fashion
With some people is a passion,
And to help them is the object of this ballad,
By directing their attention
To the latest French invention
Gastronomical, the famous Flower Salad.

Tho' to some it may seem silly
To eat salad made of lily—
Picca-lilli is the sort they have a mind for—
There are others who 'll devour
Ev'ry kind and sort of flower,
Tho' it 's cauliflower they really are inclined for.

At chrysanthemums and roses
Some may turn up scornful noses,
And decline to eat them even on compulsion,
But those who the Fashion follow
A convolvulus will swallow,
Tho' it nearly sends them into a convulsion.



THE RIGHT SORT.

Afrikander (to John Bull). "I DID THINK OF GIVING YOU A SHIP, BUT I'LL MAKE IT THIRTY THOUSAND A YEAR INSTEAD."
John Bull. "THANK YOU, MY BOY! IT'S UNCOMMON HANDSOME OF YOU!"

"IF WISHES WERE HORSES."

"IF wishes were horses, beggars would ride."
Ah! that is a proverb my heart endorses.
What stables would Fate for us all provide,
If wishes were horses!

When longing and fancy unite their forces,
In our dreams at least we are "deified,"
Day dreams that are Joy's unfailing sources.
And you and I surely might side by side
O'er the stiffest of Life's cross-country courses
"Ride, ride together, for ever ride,"
If wishes were horses!

CONFIDENCES.

(*Extracted from Mr. Punch's Post-bag.*)

III.

DEAR SIR,—I venture to ask your assistance in a most delicate matter. Nothing short of destitution could have caused me to make such an appeal, and I am sure that you will regard it as written *in strict confidence*.

I am, Sir, a Family Ghost. In the good old days, I did uncommonly well; my work for leading novelists kept me busy through most of the year. But it was in the months of November and December that my best season came, for there was hardly a Christmas number published in which I didn't get a job. Punctually as the last stroke of midnight on Christmas eve faded into silence, I appeared at the heroine's bedside. Beckoning with impressive forefinger, I bade her follow me, and together we passed through the lonely oak corridors of the ancestral mansion. Outside the wind moaned drearily, and the snow fell fast. (I often thought that it must be horribly cold work for the poor girl, but of course that was no business of mine.) Arriving at last at the topmost attic, I pointed to the spot in the wall where a secret spring released the sliding panel. The girl pressed it, and fell forward in a swoon. Next morning she was found there, with a scared face and the Missing Will, which proved, of course, that the ancestral mansion was really the property of her young man. Scores of writers have hired me for this job, and I've always given complete satisfaction. Now and then my line was to terrify the villain and cause him to confess. But for my assistance in this way, the story could never have been ended at all! But I always succeeded; no one ever gave a villain a worse kind of fits than I did. Then I could gibber. Now, it isn't every ghost that can gibber really well, I assure you. Also I may add, that none is better at the clanking-chain business than myself. In fact, I was a ghost whom the public loved, and upon whom the writers felt that they could rely.

Alas! For some reason which I cannot understand, my work has fallen off lamentably of late. Each year for some time past my services have been less in demand, and—strictly between ourselves—this Autumn *I have not had a single engagement*. Most of the Christmas numbers have already appeared, the rest will follow in a few days, but not one writer in them has offered me a job. Could there be blacker ingratitude for many years of faithful service? There was indeed one exception; a young novelist did ask for my assistance, and though he wasn't by any means a leading man, I agreed to help him through with his story. One can't afford to be particular in these dreadful days. Imagine my disgust when, having obtained a post at last, the story was returned to my employer by a brutal editor, with the following insulting note, "No thanks. Spooks are 'off'!" "Spooks are off," indeed! I ask you, Sir, is that a proper way to speak of an old-established and highly respectable ghost like myself?

And so, Sir, I venture to appeal to you. Your sympathetic heart will feel for me; you will pity, I am sure, a spectre who has seen better nights, and is now out of work through no fault of his own. If you can't yourself find a job for me, may I ask you to recommend me to your friends? They won't regret employing me; they will find me as punctual and energetic as ever; and surely the public has not lost all liking for its old favourite?

For obvious reasons, I will not append my name. If, as I trust, you wish to help me, kindly let me wait on you in your office at midnight.



Governess. "NOW, LINSLEY, YOU MUSTN'T HAVE ANY MORE PLUM-PUDDING. IT 'LL MAKE YOU ILL!" *Linsley.* "NEVER MIND, IT 'S WORF IT!"

THIS CORRESPONDENCE MUST NOW CEASE.

IN vain, O Tailor, you expend
Your penny stamps. In vain you send
Letters persuasive, letters short,
Letters that threaten County Court,
Letters cajoling, that repeat
The old, old "heavy bills to meet";
I tell you, Tailor, 'tis in vain,
I'm down upon my luck again;
Have you none others you can fleece?
This correspondence must now cease.

No longer, MABEL dear, from you
Must I receive these *billets doux*,
No longer must you summon me
To lunch *à deux*. It must not be.
For now your husband—oh! no doubt
He 's bald and middle-aged and stout,
And dull and prosy; still, you see,
You married him and jilted me,
So, to preserve domestic peace,
This correspondence must now cease.



O'Brien. "OH, MURTHER ALOIVE! BARNEY, COME AND HELP ME! PAT HAS FALLEN INTO THE MORTAR, AND HE 'S UP TO THE ANKLES!" *McGeorge.* "OCH, IF HE 'S ONLY UP TO THE ANKLES, HE CAN WALK OUT." *O'Brien.* "OH, BEDAD, BUT HE 'S IN HEAD FIRST!"

BACK IN BERLIN.

(*By Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.*)

WELL, WILLIE, it 's jolly to get back home with all your uniforms safe, and the Empress's new Sultan-diamonds, and your white silk dust-cloak (my eye, it was a one-er!): I bet you had done up your moustache and put an extra curl in

When you saw you were really arriving at last, after all the speechifyings and ridings about and all the backsheesh-spendings, back again in dear sandy old Berlin.

You 've had no end of worry, old man (it 's so delightful to be familiar with an Emperor even on paper; you don't mind my country manners, do you?), for it isn't all beer and skittles

To knock about in these Eastern countries, and to feed on kabobs and pillauw and every sort of horrible Oriental victuals.

I wonder if you smoked a nargilhé, just by way of turning on the right kind of local colour, when you dined with your friend the SULTAN?

I did once, only once, and I may tell you (but don't let it go any further: you 're a pal, and I tell you things I wouldn't tell anybody else) that I found directly afterwards that my colour was a pale green diversified with a disagreeable kind of dull tan.

It wasn't bad, of course, to stand up with your helmet on your head and your sword at your side and your spurs jingling, and to proclaim a message of peace to the universe:

Though I admit that the subject is almost too grand and wonderful and suggestive to be spoken of in what I 'm half afraid you may possibly call my puny verse.

And it 's simply topping to assume protectorates over religions and dedicate churches and read lessons and to make outflights (that 's German) in Jerusalem and round about it,

And to show your imperial countenance to carefully-selected and mildly-demonstrative crowds—my only wonder is, by the way, how they managed to get along all these years and how they 're going to get along in future without it—

But the fact is, you see, there were such a lot of crisises going on (is that the proper plural of crisis? it doesn't look right, does it?), and there was such a vast amount of botheration

In the United States and in Spain, and in France, particularly in France, and in almost every other nation.

The CZAR, for instance, was busy about his Rescript and was requesting everybody to sign a

Disarmament pledge, and he wasn't winking the other eye, but was keeping it open on China.

And the French were raving about Major MARCHAND (who was weeping) and the miserable result of all their sly fuss,

Devoting to the operation all the energies they could spare from cutting one another's throats on the subject of Captain DREYFUS,

And Great Britain was telling France to "git," in a dangerous chorus of *Cave*

Leonem expergefactum (you 'd scorn to have this translated), and for the rest, we were reckoning up our available navy.

And though, of course, properly considered, Emperors are to a mere fighting general as peacocks to the ordinary barndoor bird are,

It was just at this time that we burst our lungs in shouting, "Hurrah for the SIRDAR!"

So you see, taking one thing with another, the net result is this—it 's very unpleasant, but true, Sir

(You 'll notice how respectful I become when telling an unpleasant truth), that we none of us had a moment to spare for giving a thought to you, Sir.

However, I understand, dear WILLIE, that you yourself, in pondering over your recent trip, and on reckoning up the cost of it,

Have come to the melancholy conclusion that on the whole the stage was poor, the audience scanty and unappreciative, and that, in fact, to continue this theatrical metaphor, though you did have the leading part, somebody "crabbed" you all the time, with the painful result that you managed to make a frost of it.

And the worst of it is that on coming back you found, in spite of all the trouble you had taken, and your dramas and paintings and sermons,

That there were all kinds of ructions going on even amongst your own loyal and peaceful Germans.

I don't refer to editors, for of course everybody knows that there 's only one way to deal with them, and that they always look best as

Perpetual convicts in heavy chains—which is what they can generally count on getting for poking fun at you, in other words, for the crime of *laesa majestas*.

But there 's the Prince of LIPPE DETMOLD; he 's a small Prince, of course, but he didn't seem to be funky,

For he upped and said to your sacred face that you had been sending him such letters as a man might send to his flunkey.

And Italy went and made friends with France, and (isn't it a case of *et tu Brute*,

Since in firing out Austrian foreigners your ministers only did what they fondly supposed you would say was their duty?)

Here 's Austria cutting up very rough, and it 's plain that you 'll have to revise all

Your schemes of alliance when Austria threatens a drastic course of reprisal.

However, I daresay things will come out all right in the end—they generally do if people can only be persuaded to leave them alone and not keep nagging and worrying;

And it 's never the slightest use when you 've got a long way to go to start on it by breathlessly hurrying—

I haven't any doubt at all that SMITH and Müller (I mention these two celebrated men as admirable representatives of our two nations, the British and the Teutonic)

Will shortly be shouting together in a chorus which, in spite of poor old SMITH'S shortcomings as a songster, they will try to make both harmonious and harmonic.

But a word in your ear, my Imperial old *Knasterbart*, I should like to know if you don't consider that, though it 's delightful to roam, Sir,

There 's more genuine advantage to be got by looking after your folks, which can best be done by staying at home, Sir?

THE "MAILED FIST."—Before this who would not tremble! But its terrors are nothing to the "Blackmailing Fist" which forces the "Blackmailed Fist" to be open-handed and to unwillingly disburse.

AN EVIDENT SEQUITUR.—If France continues her present pin-prick policy, England will end by "getting the needle."

DARBY JONES ON LINGFIELD.

HONOURED SIR,—I trust, like Charon, you are going merrily over the "Sticks." This quip is not mine own, but a Replica of a jape uttered by your friend Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, whom I encountered the day before yesterday in Great Portland Street, filled with a Piscatorial Dish which he had just consumed at a Pagan Eating-house in the immediate neighbourhood. This Delicacy, so the Eminent and Jocose Baronet informed me, is a native of Marseilles, is called Bouillabaisse (I trust that I have the correct caligraphy), was celebrated by the great W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY in verse, and, as Sir FRAISER declared, "though fishy, will not *poisson*-us" (Anglo-Gallic jest registered by Sir F. P.).

After this *bon mot*, Sir FRAISER (doubtless inspired by the Bouillabaisse in question) asked me, on what racecourse in England a fish-preserve was kept by a Poultryman? Being no Soothsayer with regard to Sphinxes, I was unable to solve the Conundrum, which Sir FRAISER somewhat unfeelingly left me to consider on the muddy side-walk, while he deposited his Exquisitely Varnished Boots in a Hansom Cab.

If there be one Torture, barring the solving of Acrostic Lights, to which I object, it is that of being asked a Riddle without having the Answer supplied, and it may (or may not) grieve your Wilful Wag of a Bart. to know that his Query cost me great consumption of Spirituous Liquor, Soda Water, and Nicotine before I was able to grasp the Solution of his puzzle. The Honourable FLIFLATT was the Solutionist. It appears that he is in the habit of filling in Coupons dealing with the Prizes generously presented by the Proprietors of various Broad-sheets devoted to Sporting Topics to those Erudite Minds capable of fathoming the Deep Sea of Conjecture. The Honourable FLIFLATT, who was compelled to leave Oxford College on account of some Puerile Difference with an Inspector of Police, locally known as a Proctor, and accompanied by Bloodhounds, is one of the Few Men about Piccadilly Circus who was able to point to the Whereabouts of Fashoda at the time that Major MARCHAND was planting Brussels Sprouts in that region. Consequently I was not dumbfoundered (or should it be dumbfounded?) when the Honourable explained to me that Sir FRAISER PUNNETT alluded to Lingfield, whereof Mr. FOWLER is the Presiding Genius, "Ling" being a fish, and "Poultryman" a pretty playful allusion to the Secretary of this Popular Meeting. I gave Mr. FLIFLATT an order for "Wonderland" E. in return for his information. It is not my fault if he has been unable to use the Brief.

I like Lingfield because it is conducted on Straight Principles. It has a Straight Mile, a Straight Run from Victoria, and a Straight Management. It is the Kempton Park of Sussex, and if I may trust my knowledge of Equine Contests, the only gathering which has been successfully established on a LEIGH-shore. Captain KRITERION says that Mr. FOWLER is too partial to Policemen, but I take it that he has never looked with Equanimity on the Boys in Blue since he was rather rudely rebuffed, some four years ago, by an Inspector, who could not be persuaded that he possessed an Invitation (left unhappily at home) for the Royal Inclosure at Ascot. Such little Jars often cause a good deal of Bottled-up Wrath. These Lingfield Lyrics may, I trust, be of service to persons less warped in mind than is the Captain:—

The *Hater of Man* with the *Girl Path* I'll choose,
And the *Dramatist* have on my side;
While the *Lad with the Blade* won't refuse,
And the "Earl" a good winner will ride.

The above is a four-leaved Shamrock; the last of this year's crop. Soon I hope to be plucking the Lotus at—but no! I shall have quitted the Empire by—again, no!

We are all Children of the Empire—I am not referring, honoured Sir, to Leicester Square—and I am glad to learn that Mr. SEPTIMUS MILLER, Chairman of the Victorian Racing Club, has been "sent off" by Lord BRASSEY at a Big Banquet to these Shores. Here's grist to him! That SEPTIMUS may be in the Seventh Heaven of Delight during his Sojourn, is the honest desire of

Your peripatetic serf,
DARBY JONES.

POPULAR FOREIGN PLACE OF RESIDENCE FOR AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.—Cotch-in-China.

THE SMOKER'S PET BIRD.—The Puffin.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF OPENING A GATE FOR THE HUNTSMAN, DON'T FALL INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE PACK!

A DILEMMA.

(By a Poet who has a strong belief in Leather.)

VENERABLE "trotter-cases"—
Easy, if undignified,
With your pliant mohair laces—
While I fashion still deride,
Daily, weekly, have I worn you
(Butt of every well-shod toff)—
Now the *Lancet* bids me scorn you,
Science cries out, "Taken 'em off!"

On the self-complacent fogey,
Lo! it bends its searchlight stern,
And the dread bacillus bogey
Bids him everywhere discern;
Proves that nothing like old leather
Harbours such malignant germs,
Soles, welts, uppers—all together
It reviles in good set terms.

Dear old friends, then, must I drop you,
While my tortured feet grow numb,
Fling you on one side, or "swop" you
For a pelargonium?
Nay, my well-tried boots, I'll chance it,
Though proud Prudence comfort scorns,
Spite of hygiene and *Lancet*,
Microbes I prefer to corns.



Seedy Provincial Actor. "YOUNG MAN, I HEAR THAT YOU PROPOSE TO ESSAY THE *RÔLE* OF THE MELANCHOLY DANE. WHAT INDUCED YOU TO DO IT?"
Prosperous London Ditto. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. THEY EGGED ME ON TO IT."
Seedy Provincial Actor. "H'M. THEY EGGED *ME* OFF!"

THE GREAT UNGAGGED.

["Many who are joining in our *plébiscite* distinctly state that they do not compete for the prize. They merely wish for an opportunity of expressing views which their own journals industriously suppress."—*Daily Mail.*]

THE noble offer made by the *Daily Mail* to compensate with £100 that *bonâ fide* member of a Liberal Association whose opinions on the question of the future Leadership and Policy of the Party approximates most nearly to the commonplace, has caused *Mr. Punch* a deal of trouble. His staff has been almost asphyxiated by pressure of correspondence, of which the following letter, taken at a venture, fairly represents the general tenour; though of the adjoining solutions of the triple enigma each betrays a distinct and poignant individuality.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I note that my *Daily Chronicle* is very vexed with the *Daily Mail* for its cynical enterprise; though with customary impartiality it consents to allow a life-size advertisement of the projected *plébiscite* to appear in its own generous columns. Myself, as a True Liberal, I shrink from committing myself in a notoriously Conservative organ. Yet, keen dog that I am, I yearn to throw off the muzzle; to defeat that journalistic conspiracy of silence which has lain like a pall on the still lively corpse of Radicalism. But where shall I find a fitting vent for my cooped-up feelings? It is to *you* I turn; to the one great and untainted medium of Liberal Conservatism; so please find enclosed my answer to the Three Burning Questions:—

1. Who is to be the Leader of the Liberal Party?
2. What is to be its Policy?
3. Shall it worry on with Home Rule? Say *Yes*, or else *No*.

You may conceivably offer an overflow prize; but I ask for none; my aims are pure, and here are the answers:—

1. Sir George Newnes, Bart.
2. (a) One Man, one Tit-Bit.
   (b) Bill to encourage Immigrant Aliens (Swiss preferred).
   (c) Bill to limit inquiry into their antecedents.
   (d) Purification of the Lords by wholesale creation of Liberal Peers.
3. I can't guess this one.

Yours ever,
A WIDE-WORLDLING.

We take, again at random, a handful of post-cards, all containing intelligent attempts to cope with the great Conundrum of the day.

DROPPINGS FROM A VILLAGE PUMP.

1. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.
2. (a) Municipalisation of the Great Soda-Water Companies.
   (b) *Révision* of the Kitchen Committee.
   (c) Local Poption.
3. Am doubtful. Fear it might foster consumption of local poteen.

A SPRING-GARDENER SOWS THE GOOD SEED.

1. The Chairman *pro tem.* of the L. C. C. (if Progressive).
2. (a) Compulsory closing of everything always.
   (b) Rate-paid housing of Progressive Poor.
   (c) Bill to facilitate obstruction by costermongers.
   (d) Bill in restraint of short skirts.
3. Yes. Let London pay for it.

MESSAGE FROM A MAYO MARTYR.

1. Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P.
2. (a) Repeal of *entente cordiale* with United States.
   (b) Spirited policy to promote Franco-Irish Alliance.
   (c) Bill to amend so-called National Anthem.
   (d) Bill to disband Irish Constabulary.
   (e) Nationalisation of congested landlords.
3. *Erin-go-bragh!*

A HENT FRA' THE HIELAN'S.

1. The Member for Ross and Cromarty.
2. (a) Bill to regulate the netting of minnows on Rivers Tay and Dee.
   (b) Bill to expedite intercourse with the Outer Hebrides.
   (c) Bill to prohibit the Member for Fifeshire West (Mr. Augustine Birrell) from making jokes in the House.
   (d) Bill to render illegal all jesting in the House.
   (e) Other important Scotch measures.
3. Why should Scotland wait?

A LITTLE ENGLANDER'S IDEA.

1. Mr. Henry Labouchere.
2. (a) Abolition of Navy.
   (b) Do. Army.
   (c) Do. Peerage.



"PIPING TIMES OF PEACE!"

Peace (*to* Vulcan). "I SUPPOSE THIS DISARMAMENT PROPOSAL HAS SERIOUSLY INTERFERED WITH YOUR TRADE?"

Vulcan the Armourer. "LOR' BLESS YOU, MISS, NEVER WAS BUSIER! GOT A NICE LITTLE ORDER FROM RUSSIA ONLY THIS MORNING!"

(d) Abolition of Ground Rents.
(e) Do. Church.
3. Yes, if Rosebery says *No*.

FROM THE QUARTIER ANGLAIS.

1. Sir Edmund Monson.
2. (a) More New Diplomacy.
(b) Freedom of Speech at Embassies.
(c) Anti-pincushion Policy.
(d) A long-lived Ministry.
3. Do not feel quite at home on this topic.

A PEER-DIRECTOR WIRES:

1. Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley.
2. (a) Simplification of Company-promotion.
(b) Inalienability of Real Estate of Financiers.
(c) Abolition of Registrars in Bankruptcy.
(d) Bill for facilitating Purchase of Titles.
(e) Do. Do. Membership of Political Clubs.
3. Why not run it as a Syndicate?

A SECRET ADMIRER OF THE "DAILY MAIL" WRITES:

1. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.
2. (a) State-aided distribution of certain magazines under cost price.
(b) Abolition of Book-stall Monopolies.
(c) Free passes for War-Correspondents to the Front.
(d) Bill for providing Ministers with *Answers* at question-time.
3. Strictly between us, I will say —— the thing!

THE JUDGMENT OF MAN.

1. Mr. Hall Caine.
2. (a) State-directed elevation of the masses by means of literary Masterpieces.
(b) Bill to distinguish booming from other actionable nuisances.
(c) Greater profusion of Titles for Men of Letters.
(d) Bill to restrain W-ls-n B-rr-tt from playing the unauthorised Christian.
(e) Compulsory Manx for the People.
3. Why not imitate "The Island"?

A FRIEND OF OUR DUMB CREATURES HAS A FANCY.

1. Mr Toby, M.P.
2. (a) Introduction of conscience-clause into muzzling legislation.
(b) Scotland-Yard-aided education of Bloodhounds.
(c) Bill to facilitate admission of Dogs to Places of Amusement.
(d) Bill to legalise ground-poaching.
3. I rather like Irish Terriers.

[N.B.—If any further correspondence of the above type is addressed to this office, it will be at sender's risk.—ED.]

DRAMATIC CRITIC IN 1832.

How pleasantly nowadays do the most severe dramatic critics phrase their censures in comparison with some of them within the first third of this present century. Looking over some old numbers of *Figaro in London*, we select a few brief notices at haphazard:—

"*Waverley* has been brought out at Covent Garden, and went off amid the snores of a very quietly disposed audience."—*October* 27, 1832.

Relying on tradition and on the surviving popularity, even to the present day, of the music in *Midas*, we had always been under the impression that that piece was in its day a great favourite with everybody. So it might have been with most persons, but not with *Figaro in London*, who in his number for October 6, 1832, says:—

"We forgot last week to notice Miss FERGUSON's appearance as *Apollo* in that heap of trash, *Midas*."

"That heap of trash"! No mincing phrase there.

In *Figaro* for August 18 the same year is a notice of Mr. KEELEY, whose name is associated, in the recollection of the oldest playgoer (*pace* Mrs. KEELEY, who is still alive and hearty), only with comedy and farce. He is mentioned as—

"enacting *Shylock* (at the Strand) for his own benefit, but certainly not for the benefit of those who witnessed it."

We, not having been either thought of or born at the above date, can only suppose that Mr. KEELEY had not then achieved the exceptionally high position in his profession that he afterwards attained.

The appearance of a French dancer, who subsequently achieved celebrity as a melodramatic actress, is thus politely and pleasantly described:—

"In bounced Mademoiselle CELESTE, the star of the night, an old woman apparently of about fifty years of age, dressed in a very short blue petticoat. The old lady capered away for some minutes with a force frightfully muscular," &c., &c., "while she occasionally gave a *spin* of such endurance that at the moment one might have fancied her *the top* of her profession."

Then follows what in these more delicate times would have most certainly brought down on both Proprietor and Editor an action for libel; but as we have not come across any subsequent allusion to such a very natural consequence, it follows that the professionals of those days did not consider themselves injured by this style of attack, and so the *Figaro* continued its bitterly satirical course through the years of what may be termed "the terribly plain-speaking thirties."



"OH, MISS BROWN, I WAS *so* SORRY I DIDN'T SEE YOU WHEN YOU CALLED THE OTHER DAY. I HAD SUCH A DREADFUL HEADACHE, THAT I HAD TO TELL MY MAID I WAS NOT AT HOME TO ANY OF MY FRIENDS. BUT OF COURSE I SHOULD HAVE SEEN *YOU!*"

BEVERAGE FOR A MUSICIAN.—Thorough Bass.



PARLIAMENTARY CONSTELLATIONS.

(After the projection of Monsonius Ambassadorius.)

["But it would seem that the failure of the meteoric display in the heavens, which should have come off in November, has been redressed by the large increase in the coruscation of eloquence which has been flashed upon appreciative audiences, urban bucolic, throughout the provinces of our native land. Not only the greater and more luminous components of the constellation which rules the destinies of England, but also the minor members of the stellar system, have been emitting beams of more than ordinary brilliancy, and dazzling observers by their unwonted radiance."—*Sir E. Monson's Paris Speech.*]



Mistress. "DID MRS. BROWN SAY ANYTHING WHEN YOU TOLD HER I WAS OUT?"
Maid. "YES, 'M. MRS. BROWN, MUM, SAID, 'THANK HEAVEN!' MUM."

"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY—OH!"

(*Extracts from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.; First.*)

P. and O. Mail Steamer "Peninsular," Monday.—The exclamation in the headline must not be regarded as one of pain. It rather indicates pleased surprise. Bay of Biscay is the bad dog of ocean pathways. Has got a bad name; might as well hang it—which, I believe, passengers crossing it occasionally do. Have personal experience that confirms general prejudice. Coming home from India, found the Bay inconveniently elated at our (so far) safe return. Tossed its arms aloft in wild delight of welcome. Recklessly threw up its cap,—many caps, all white, with glistening green trimmings. Well meant, but a little embarrassing; provocative of absence from meals.

A year after, met in a London club a man who warmly shook me by the hand. "Haven't seen you since," he said.

"No," I answered, dubiously. (Nothing offends a man so much as being forgotten.)

"Rather rough time, wasn't it?"

"Something terrible," I said, shuddering. (Fancy we must have met in a snow-storm.

"You remember how she rolled?"

"Most extraordinary!" I said. (What it was she had rolled floored me. Must have been her eyes.)

"Nice fellow, the captain. Ever seen him since?"

Now I knew where we had foregathered. It was on the voyage home from Bombay. But many fellows on board. Which was this?

Just then my friend, sitting in low arm-chair in smoking-room, crossed his legs, placing sole of right foot in full view. Instantly recognised him. He was Captain VAN TROMP of the 30th. Joined us at Marseilles. Ship unusually full; every one going round by sea; room found for new-comers only by pulling table adrift and lengthening it by placing chairs in interstice. All well till we got into Bay. High jinks there. VAN TROMP sat nearly opposite me; when ship gave unusually heavy lurch his chair went backward, he with it, feet in the air. In course of a few meals I got rather more familiar with the soles of his feet than with the aspect of his countenance. Hence recognition in the club smoking-room. Odd, I know; but strange things happen at sea.

Tuesday.—To-day the Bay is nearly as smooth as the Serpentine; infinitely more beautiful. Blue above; blue below; with soft breeze belying the almanac that swears it's November. Cheerful to find the right thing done. Folks going to the Riviera usually take train to Marseilles; a bad passage across the Channel; hurried, costly journey by *train de luxe*, which usually breaks down soon after leaving Paris, enforcing hasty change into ordinary carriage. Why not go to Marseilles by P. and O.? Usually plenty of room; best berths available; travellers for India, lingering over farewells, catch up the ship at Marseilles or Brindisi. Going round by sea makes all the journey holiday; comfortable berth; good food; cheerful company if you want it, and when you don't, a deck-chair and a book, with glimpses over the top of the page of the blue Atlantic.

Reading to-day *The Castle Inn*, STANLEY WEYMAN's last story. A picturesque study of England one hundred and thirty years ago. Much struck with the ingenuity and variety of the ramifications of the plot. The practised reader sees from the first how it will all end, but is constantly surprised by the blind alleys into which the author artlessly leads him. No hare with the hounds in full cry ever made such unexpected turns as does this rattling story.

Wednesday.—Worst of life on board ship is that you become unwillingly privy to confidences next door. Last night heard a female voice saying, "Steward, if there's any danger in the night, will you come and call me?" "Yes, Ma'am," said the practical-minded steward.

Out of the Bay of Biscay now, skirting the rock-bound coast of Portugal; in the sunlight it takes on a hue of rosy-brown; charming framework for the azure blue of the sea, flecked with white foam. Once out of the maligned Biscayan Bay, the Atlantic certainly becomes a little lively. Scarcely worth mentioning; allude to it merely by way of introducing a new game I—or rather the Atlantic—invented. Think of calling it "The Bay of Biscay Billiards." Not that the Bay, strictly speaking, had anything to do with the conception. But in case of wide advertising, apt alliteration's artful aid is useful.

The process is simple. Take, as the cookery-books say, two



"HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?"

Golf Player. "NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT, BOY? DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE THE BALL IS?"

Caddie. "YUS, SIR. I KNOW, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, THAT THERE DUN COW 'VE SWALLERED IT!"

oranges; serve them on a plate placed on a camp-stool by the side of your berth. The steamer rolling to starboard pitches the camp-stool over; smashes the plate; sends the oranges flying under the opposite berth. Now the game begins, and is worth watching. When the ship rolls to port the oranges come along exactly as billiard-balls, stricken by a well-directed cue, course the green baize cloth. Crossing and recrossing, they make cannons with a neatness and surety that would make FRED ROBERTS—especially if he 's not a good sailor—green with envy.

On this board there 's only one pocket. That is the narrow passage between two portmanteaus under the berth. It is a difficult stroke. But the Atlantic wasn't born yesterday. In one break he pocketed both balls.

Regarded as a parlour game this has the disadvantage of requiring, to begin with, an ocean and a roomy berth in a liner. But the idea may be adapted. There is at least no harm in throwing it out.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

How can a Lever need a lift? It is we who are lifted by a Lever, and the heavier we feel, and the more "down" we are, the greater force will be required, and there must be plenty of Levers ready at hand. The supply of Leverage is to be obtained *chez* DOWNEY & Co., whose excellent edition of all CHARLES LEVER'S works is now complete in twenty-seven volumes. Looking through them, the Baron comes to the conclusion that if no other writer, taking up the same line as did CHARLES LEVER, could even rival him, so CHARLES LEVER could not beat such inimitable works of his own creation as *Jack Hinton*, *Charles O'Malley*, *The Knight of Gwynne*, *Harry Lorrequer*, and *Tom Burke of Ours*. But all of them are well worth a shelf among "Our Noble Shelves" in any well-found library.

Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, author of *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (CASSELL & Co.), the "safe bind safe find" man, who, as one of H.M. Inspectors of Prisons, has had unusual opportunities for collecting the materials which, in book-form, might be described as a "Drawing-room edition of the *Newgate Calendar* for delicate readers." Not that he minces matters to any great extent: "Bowdlerism" is not his line; but he so narrates the most unpleasant stories of most abominable crimes as to render them insinuatingly palatable to polite taste. It is almost impossible to read through the Major's two volumes at a sitting; though, by the way, one work of his, an Edgar-Allan-Poe-ish kind of story, *The Night Express*, you *must* read at a sitting, even if the dinner-hour has to be postponed; but of these stories you can select here one and there one, making up a parcel of six at a sitting. When the Baron was a boy, did he not revel in AINSWORTH'S *Dick Turpin* (who never accomplished that wonderful feat of riding to York on *Black Bess*) in the same author's *Jack Sheppard*, and in BULWER LYTTON'S *Claude Duval*? Major GRIFFITHS gives some information concerning one WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq., the son of a Nottinghamshire Bart., which will be of considerable interest to all Etonians, especially to those "Old Boys" who may still remember the "Montem," which gave its last performance about half a century ago, on which occasion Etonians in fancy costumes used to stop the coaches and carriages on the King's Highway and demand "salt" (money in any form) from the occupants. Such a custom was an admirable preparation for any lad with a natural turn for "the road," as had WILLIAM PARSONS, who, commencing with petty thefts at Eton, finished "*per varios casus, per tot (dis)crimina*," at Tyburn. *Barry Lyndon* was not "in it" with this amiable Etonian. In "Upper School" are preserved busts of the Etonian Worthies. Why not set apart some hitherto unused room beneath the Lowest Class Room of the Lower School for the Eton Unworthies, and commence with WILLIAM PARSONS? Also let there be started an Eton "Chamber of Horrors," in which should be kept old blocks, old "swishes," and any instruments of torture used in the darkest days. GRIFFITHS Major's two volumes are most fascinatingly and absorbingly interesting.

The Baron strongly recommends Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S *Idols* (JOHN LANE) to all novel readers. It is well written; no time is wasted in superfluous descriptions; there is no fine writing for fine writing's sake; but the story, the general probability of which is not to any appreciable extent discounted by two improbabilities, will absorb the reader. At all events, it is a novel that, once taken up, cannot willingly be put down until finished.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

(*From a Single-sided Point of View.*)

SCENE—*A room in a Government Office. Enter an Officer.*

Officer. Will you please let me see the confidential report on my regimental conduct?

Official. With the greatest pleasure. The novel system is to tell everything to everybody. (*Hands papers.*)

Officer (*after a hurried perusal*). Thank you, so much. And now to have it out with my Colonel! [*Exit.*

SCENE—*Editorial Sanctum. Enter Would-be Contributor.*

Would-be Contributor. And you like my article?

Editor (*with enthusiasm*). My dear friend, it is a long way the best thing I have read in my life!

Would-be C. And yet you refuse to insert it! Do you mind giving me the reason why?

Editor. Not in the least. We like to be free-spoken and above-board. The reason why we can't insert it is because you speak disparagingly of a man who married a second cousin twice removed of one of our principal supporters. That will never do, my dear fellow; that would never do!

Would-be C. Oh, indeed! Then I will tell the story in the columns of a rival newspaper! [*Exit.*

SCENE—*Offices of a Club. Enter Aggrieved Member.*

Aggrieved Member. I want to know why my friend, Mr. JONES, was pilled? I don't want to embarrass you, but can you give me any information?

Secretary. Only too pleased. The latest idea is to have no secrets. The fact is, one of the committee got his colleagues to blackball him. He said any friend of yours must be an unsuitable person.

A. M. Oh, indeed! And do you mind telling me the name of the member?

Sec. With pleasure. Mr. SMITH.

A. M. I am infinitely obliged to you. And now to my lawyers to commence an action for slander against SMITH! [*Exit.*

SCENE—*A Bank Parlour. Enter a Respected Customer.*

Respected Customer. Of course, I don't want you to be indiscreet, but is the bank shaky?

Manager. Only too delighted to afford any information in my power. It is the new system. Fact is, the bank is very shaky indeed.

R. C. A thousand thanks! And now to fill in a blank cheque with the amount of my balance, and then to my stockbroker to sell for the fall! [*Exit.*

LIQUEURS OF THE Cᵈᴱ CHARTREUSE.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

BUCHANAN BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

MARIANI WINE

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

Testimonials from His Holiness the POPE, President MACKINLEY, and 8,000 PHYSICIANS.

UNRIVALLED AS A TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.

WILCOX & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., & all Chemists & Stores. 4/- bottle, 45/- per doz.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET PRICE 2/6.



ALSO IN PATENT METALLIC BOX PRICE 1/-

Savory & Moore's

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.

Self-Digesting. Sold Everywhere. In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c

A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET

REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS

IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.

Of Highest Quality; and having Greatest Durability, are therefore CHEAPEST.

Nos. with exquisitely Fine Points, for ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS, and DRAUGHTSMEN—170. 1179. 291. 303. 431. 659. 1000.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous



Made in 3 SIZES at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 95a, Regent Street, W. } LONDON. 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

"PUNCH" is being set up every week by LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

"No Better Food Exists." —London Medical Record.

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET. Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

FORTNUM & MASON, LTD.

NOW READY.

New List of DELICACIES, LUXURIES, BONBONNIÈRES, FANCY BOXES, AND CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES of EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FORTNUM & MASON, LTD., 181, 182, 183, PICCADILLY, W.

BOARD of DIRECTION



Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

CARLTON WHISKEY

RICHD. MATHEWS & Cº

TRADE MARK

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the produce of the most famous Highland small Stills.

25s. the Gall., 60s. the Dozen. Cash only.

Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.

RICHD. MATHEWS & CO., 24 and 25, HART ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the COLONIES.



ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

HOWARD BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines, & Light Railways.

PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS



of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c. *Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.* W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF

SQUIRE & SONS, *Her Majesty's Chemists,* 413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be The Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN ON DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD



WON'T WASH CLOTHES. BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP. WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

FOR

KITCHEN TABLES & FLOORS, LINOLEUM & OIL-CLOTH

FOR POLISHING METALS, MARBLE, PAINT, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, MACHINERY, BATHS, STAIR-RODS.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

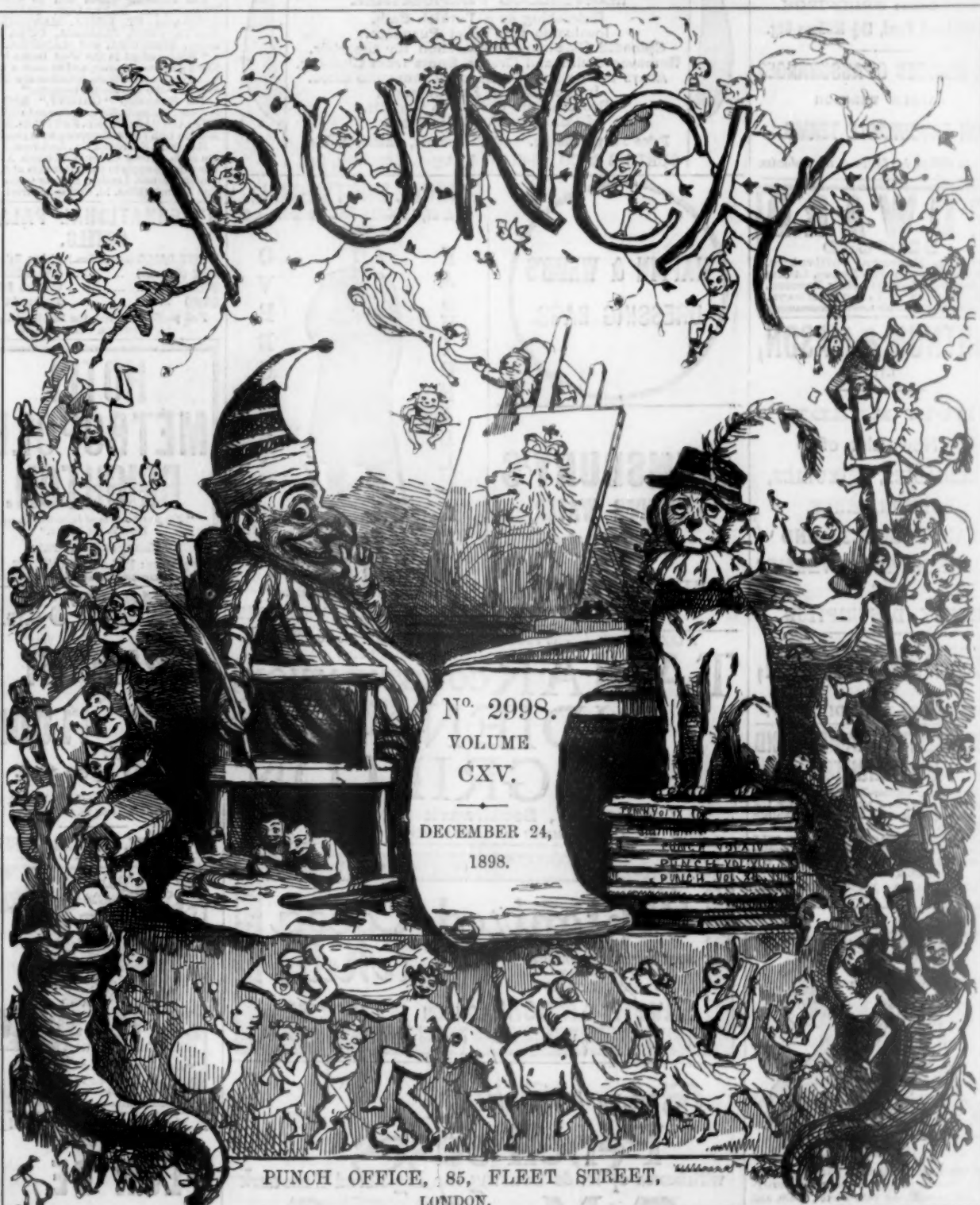
REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 17, 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

PUNCH



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

No. 2998.
VOLUME CXV.
DECEMBER 24, 1898.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

275 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"The richest in flesh-forming and energy-producing constituents."—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

Head Office: EDINBURGH.

Accumulated Fund, 8¾ Millions Stg.

ALL CLASSES OF ASSURANCES

CARRIED THROUGH

ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

Branch Offices in India & the Colonies.

HOWARD

BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines & Light Railways.

FORTNUM & MASON,

LTD.

NOW READY.

New List of

DELICACIES, LUXURIES, BONBONNIÈRES, FANCY BOXES, AND CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES of EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FORTNUM & MASON,

LTD.,

181, 182, 183, PICCADILLY, W.

"CRICKLITE" LAMPS AND WAX LIGHTS.

A NEW BRANCH SHOW-ROOM at 132, REGENT STREET, W., HAS NOW BEEN OPENED for the Sale of these Charming Lamps for Lighting a Dinner Table.

N.B.—These Lamps can be OBTAINED ONLY at the "CRICKLITE" LAMP COMPANY'S SHOW-ROOMS, 75, 132, and 156, REGENT STREET, W., or from the Patentees,

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.



No other treatment is so pure, so safe, so speedy, so economical, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying baby's skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every form of itching, scaly, and pimply humours, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

"All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., Guildford Street, Lambeth, S.E.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S DRESSING BAGS.

SAINSBURY'S

LAVENDER WATER,

A Fragrant Bouquet of English Lavender Flowers and Choicest Perfumes.

STRAND, LONDON.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, LTD.,

65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

FASHIONABLE



OVERCOATS

PATTERNS and ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (New Edition, 600 Engravings) Gratis & Post Free.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by

LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENCE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.

FOR CONSTIPATION, Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles, Headache.

London: 4., Southwark Street, S.E.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

Peptonized Cocoa and Milk

MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS AND REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON

IN TINS 2/6
HALF TINS (SAMPLES) 1/6

GOLD & SILVER

Pencil cases

with boxes of leads bearing the registered Trade mark

S. Mordan & Co

can be obtained from all Jewellers & Stationers.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises.

The Steamship "LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register, will leave London (Tilbury) 11th January for the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA, and arrive back in London 13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."

The Steamship "ORIENT," 5,365 tons register, will make the next Cruise to SICILY, CYPRUS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, &c., leaving London 15th Feb. and arriving back 11th April.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO (opens Jan.) Riviera Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.

HÔTEL METROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World."

Charges Moderate.

Proprietors: THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.

HOWARD'S (LTD.)

PARQUET FLOORS

From 3*d.* *per foot.*

Finest quality produced. Solid Oak Wall Panelling from 2s. 6d. per foot.

25, 26, & 27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH

(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)

Really wholesome Confectionery. Lancet

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.

BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.



Little Boy. "HOW MANY STEPS CAN YOU JUMP, GRANDMA? I CAN JUMP *FOUR!*"

CHRISTMAS.

(From various Points of View.)

FILIUS.

HURRAH! Good old Christmas for ever!
Adieu to old SWISH and his cane,
And I shall be able to sit at a table
In relative comfort again.
And as for old CÆSAR, and LIVY,
And XEN. with his blest parasangs,
We 'll give 'em the chuck, boys, and jolly well tuck, boys,
At turkey and cream and *meringues.*

The grub! Oh, to think of it! Crikey!
Unlimited trifle and jam,
With dozens of dishes undreamt of at SWISH'S,
And nothing to do but to cram.
Oh! why is it Christmas so seldom?
While Sunday, by some silly freak——
If I had arranged 'em, by Jove, I 'd have changed 'em,
And ordered a Christmas a week.

PATERFAMILIAS.

What! Christmas here again? Absurd!
Impossible! I vow, Sir,
It 's not six months—— Upon my word,
It 's *always* Christmas now, Sir!
Our painted world, with every year,
Spins faster on its axis,
Until the whirling daubs appear
One streak of rates and taxes.

The boys are home—the little bears!
Just listen to their riot
As they toboggan down the stairs—
Farewell to peace and quiet!
They racket through the livelong day,
They make the whole house muddy
With dirty boots, and ugh! they play
At football in my study.

Christmas, I dread thee! Dread to meet
My pack of noisy gluttons,
I dread to watch them over-eat
Until they burst their buttons.
Thou, Christmas, if it lay with me,
With thy unsettled weather,
And more unsettled bills, shouldst be
Abolished altogether.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

When Christmas-tide was drawing nigh,
And turkeys roasted at the range,
Was none so blithe of heart as I—
Then what has brought about this change?
'Tis not that I am altered, not
That I am older. 'Tis because
Christmas is now no longer what
It was.

And Christmas fare is not the stuff
That used to make my bosom glad;
I never used to get enough
To satisfy me, when a lad.
But now I swear—it is no whim—
This stodgy stuff you feast your boys on,
It is not pudding, it is simply poison.

Again, when Winter froze the lake,
Swift as a swallow I would fly,
And vines and figures I would make,
"The cynosure of every eye."
But now I shudder when I see
The slides the boys make at my gate—
Ice has become so slippery
Of late.

No! Christmas is no more the time
It used to be, beyond a doubt,
Ere yet the world was past its prime
Or I a martyr to the gout.
And since the cooks no longer know
Their art, I will not dine. Instead
I 'll sip my arrowroot, and go
To bed.

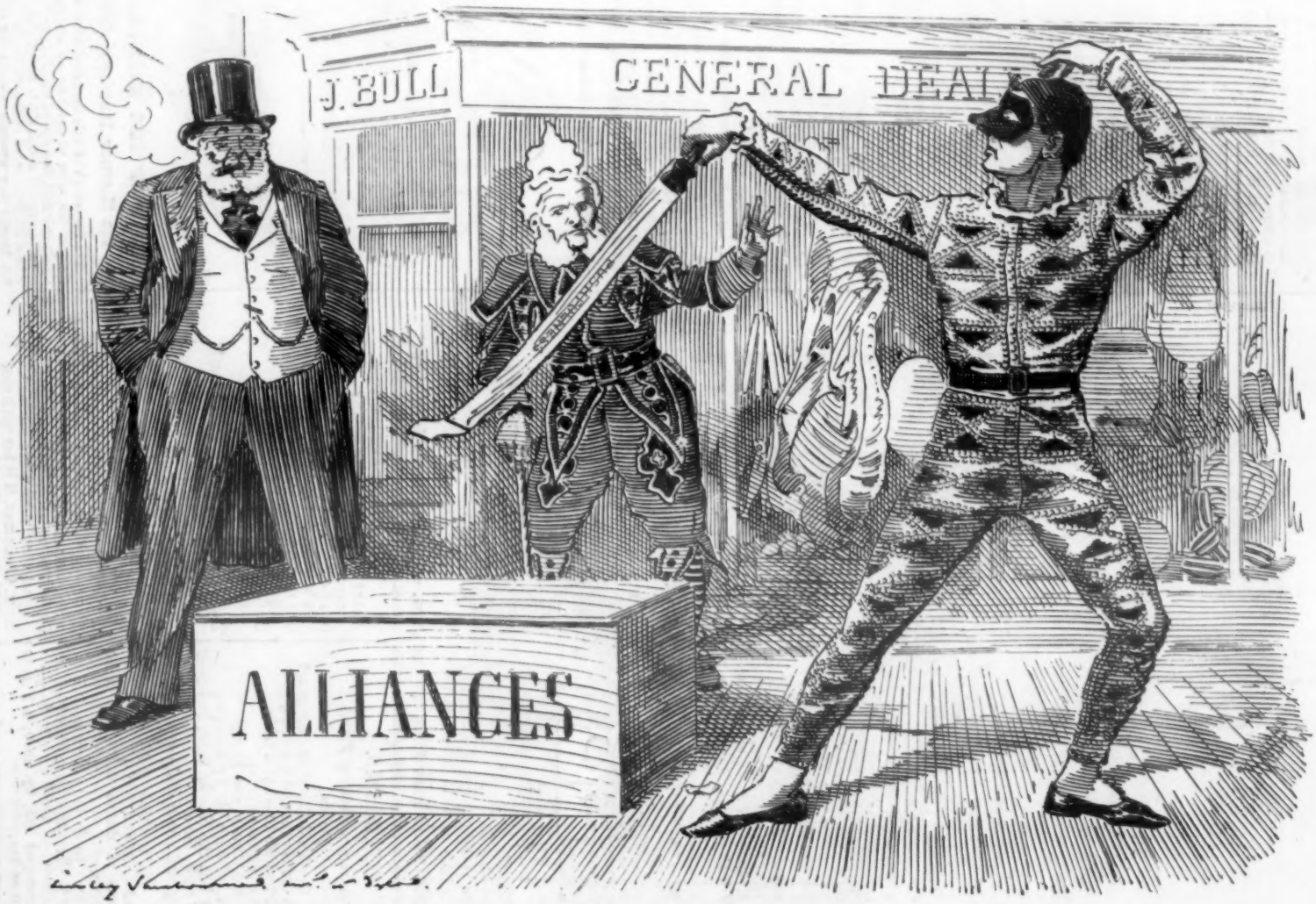
A SUGGESTION TO A PUBLISHER.—Mr. HENRY FROWDE, announcing the Oxford edition of the Poets, commences by advertising *The Oxford Whittier.* Why doesn't MACMILLAN of the sister university go one better, and bring out "The Cambridge Wittiest"?



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—III.

THE HATFIELD DIPLOMATIC CHAIR.

The framework of this charming piece was for a time in the office of the *S-l-sb-y R-v-w.* Since much enlarged, and stuffed with "graceful concessions" (prepared chemically). Lately this chair has shown an unexpected stiffening in the back, and has become very uncomfortable to any diplomatist who trys to sit upon it.



"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

Stage-Manager (*S-l-sb-ry*). "THAT TRICK OF YOURS DOES NOT SEEM TO WORK, MR. HARLEQUIN."
Joe (*Ch-mb-rl-n*). "WELL! I'VE WAVED MY WAND LONG ENOUGH. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MACHINERY!"

MORTE D'HARCOURT;

OR, THE BALLON D'ESSAI.

(Being a Fragment adapted from the Idyll told "At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve.")

* * * *

THEN murmured HARCOURT: "Place me in the car."
So to the great balloon they strolled along.
And those three knights, the doleful Jean l'Honnête,
Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-poule,
Over the side heavily hoisting him,
Took out their handkerchiefs, and wept therein.
But he that had the sternest eye of all
And wettest, he the penman, Jean l'Honnête,
Arranged the Chieftain's head upon his lap,
And loosed his morion and chafed his chin
Duplex, and ran his fingers through the locks
That like a lion's or the rising sun
High o'er the field would flame with ardent fringe.
Then he unlaced the cuirass, letting out
The breath in grievous pants; and dropped a hint,
Darkling, of foul play, mentioning no names.
So like an extinct mammoth lay the Chief;
Not like that HARCOURT who, from head to heel
Plantagenet through all his azure blood,
Let off his Budget underneath the eyes
Of gracious ladies beaming through the grille.
Then loudly called the doleful Jean l'Honnête
For ink and plume, and took his scroll and wrote:
"O my dear HARCOURT, what are we to do?
For lo! the former times are now defunct
When every day produced some gallant scheme
For riding out to tilt at human wrongs—
The Union, or the Church, or else the Drink—
And every scheme some gallant lance to run it.
Such times have not been since our errant knights
Took shame of wearing shamrock in their hair.
And now the whole ROUND TABLE breaketh up,
And on its legs the heathen hack their names,
And I, the last of all thy true Elect,
As in a dim-brown study I am left
To write the record of the days that were."
He ceased, and made a copy for the Press,
And on the fallen warrior's failing heart
Pinned the original; and so with pain
Over the side, fearfully clinging, dropped.
Then slowly murmured HARCOURT from the car:
"The good old order changeth; ay, perchance
It was too large an order—who shall say?
For men may have too much of one good thing.
Therefore I go; I have done my work, and feel
My conscience all serene. Yet let thy voice
Roll like an organ for me in the Press,
That men may learn the worth of what they lose.
And now farewell! I am addressed to go
A strange excursion—*if indeed I go*,
(For I myself have had my doubts of this)—
To some far-off aërial Lotus-isle,
A land where it is evermore P.M.;
Where falls not any noise of party-strife,
Nor horrid hum of rival leaderships,
But all is inward calm, with ample space
For writing reams of letters to the *Times*."
He ended, having finished. Then the twain,
Sir Bel-champ Porte-drapeau, Sir Cop-la-poule,
Planted on *terra firma*, cut the rope,
And looking each on other slowly winked.
But the balloon, unwitting how it bore
The weightiest remnant of the TABLE ROUND,
Made for the *Ewigkeit*. Then Jean l'Honnête
Deep-pondering stood at gaze, until the car
Shewed as a flea athwart the vast inane;
Then, turning through the Forest, wearily drew
To Lyndhurst Road, and took the train for town.
Here ceased the speaker's tale. So I to bed;
And dreaming far into the Christmas dawn,
Beheld a parachute, and therewithal
Pendent a personage of stateliest port,
That earthward shot; and all the people cried:
"HARCOURT is come again! We knew he would!"
And Cymric voices echoed: "Come again!
He never meant to die!" Whereat I woke,
Rose, dressed, and told my dreaming to the wise,
But there was none that could expound the thing.



"I SAY, BILLIE, TEACHER SAYS AS IF WE ANGS OUR STOCKINGS UP ON C'RIS'MAS EVE, SANTA CLAUS 'LL FILL 'EM WITH PRESENTS!"
"IT 'LL TAKE 'IM ALL 'IS TIME TO FILL *MINE*. I 'AVEN'T GOT NO FOOTS IN 'EM!"

A Diplomatic Solution.

Archibald. I say, grandpa, why do the Russians begin the New Year on a different day to what we do?

Grandfather (R.N., retired). Oh! I suppose that one of our ambassadors once signed a treaty on the first of January, and the shifty beggars wanted an excuse for breaking it.



DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY.

Master of the House (just returned from the theatre). "WH GILES, YOU 'RE—YOU 'RE DRUNK!"
Giles. "WELL, IF I AM, WHOSE FAULT 'S THAT? ISH YOUR *WINE!*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Dickens and his Illustrators (GEORGE REDWAY), by FRED. G. KITTON. It is not merely to "students of DICKENS" that this admirably-produced book will appeal, but to all who take an interest in the works of such illustrators as GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, R. SEYMOUR, Hablôt K. Browne, JOHN LEECH, MARCUS STONE, R.A., LUKE FILDES, R.A., DICKY DOYLE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL, CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., GEORGE CATTERMOLE, and other good names, of which the least known is that of ROBERT BASS, who seems to have been generally successful except in the few illustrations he was, on SEYMOUR'S death, called upon to do for *Pickwick*. To the Baron's thinking, no one, on the whole, illustrated DICKENS, that is, pourtrayed the figures that DICKENS intended, so well as did "PHIZ." Farcical, burlesque, outrageously so occasionally, yet the figures (such, for example, as *Micawber*) were only Dickens out-Dickens'd. Yet, are not the novelist's eccentric creations imprinted indelibly on our memory through the medium of their representations by "PHIZ"? Perhaps after a term of uninterrupted collaboration, DICKENS came unconsciously to create the types that "PHIZ" could most successfully draw. Then, of JOHN LEECH'S illustrations to the Christmas books, how memorable are his *Trotty Veck* and *Tilly Slowboy!* The Baron has before him the first edition of *The Haunted Man*, with five illustrations by "J. TENNIEL," five by LEECH, three by STANFIELD, R.A., and two by FRANK STONE. The delightfully-fantastic yet graceful frontispiece and illustrated title are "very Tenniel." One would think twice before allowing a playful Kitton to remain in a library; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any Dickensian student as to the propriety, if not necessity, of giving this particular Kitton a place on an accessible shelf as soon as possible.

"That 's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, *Sammy!*" which being old *Mr. Weller's* inquiring criticism on *Sam's* love-letter, is very much what the Baron would observe, without the "*Sammy*," to Mr. W. W. JACOBS, after reading almost any one of his capitally-told stories in his volume entitled *Sea Urchins* (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN). To which Mr. W. W. JACOBS would simply reply, with *Sam Weller*, "Not a bit on it; she 'll vish there wos more, and that 's the great art o' letter writin'." And, substituting "short story" for "letter," the Baron, on consideration, is fain to admit that Mr. JACOBS would be quite right. Yet his stories are so humorously tantalising, he tells you so much, and that much so well, that when they break off suddenly and you part with the characters, never to see or hear of them again, the reader experiences a sense of loss; he returns over the ground, searching carefully to see if he has missed anything, and finding that he has not, he goes on to the next story, expecting that this fresh one at least will amuse and interest him as much as have those he has already read, and will also satisfy his curiosity in regard to the future of the individuals in whom he is sure to become interested. But the stories as they are finished or unfinished, are all good; not an indifferent one in the whole lot. For choice, the Baron would select "The Smoked Skipper," "The Cabin Passenger," "Choice Spirits," and "Brother Hutchins." But, capital as these are, "The Grey Parrot" "takes the cake." This troublesome bird, on account of his impolite language, strong even for a parrot, is put in an out-of-the-way room, where, "with a cloth thrown over its cage," it "spent most of its time wondering when the days were going to lengthen a bit." There 's a dash of tragedy in one story, but it soon merges into comedy, and "An Intervention"—a most original incident—ends in a quiet chuckle. The collection of stories must be bracketed with the same author's *Many Cargoes*, and they would be hard to beat even if "BOZ" were with us to give a fresh series of his "sketches."

Of *A History of the Dreyfus Case* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co.), by GEORGE BARLOW, I need only say that those who wish to know the wretched and tragic story of DREYFUS from the beginning, cannot do better than read this excellent account. It is set forth with admirable clearness, and with very high literary ability, and is more deeply interesting than any novel I have read for years past. By George! Barlow has done it—rather.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

KITCHENER.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's Poems, recently published.)

BACK to the Soudan, sun-smitten, calorific, scorchant,
Gone!
Far from the quenchless, tonant town-councils, no longer amort,
Persistent to harry his leisure, immeasurably scant,
With receptions repercussent and addresses adulatant, or something of the sort;
Far from dinners, magnanimous, galopshus stodge;
Far from orators, catastrophic, gurglant, glummering on,
Some mumble, with hesitations murmurant,
Some, fluent with indefinite jaw-cackle, prank,
All glaucous and tommyrottant;
Far from redundent busybodies difficult to dodge.
Oh, my eye, after such a fling,
What paradisiacal peacefulness in the incalescent, arenaceous deserts, which flank
The equinoctial ups of the Nile!
There, later on, in the College, cumulative, quenchless, of the SIRDAR,
Highcockalorumjig hip hip hurrah Panjandrum,
The inconscient, tenebrious blackamoors
Will learn
The English tongue.
Not, let us fervently desiderate, the English of CARLYLE,
Bogglant, Teutonic, repellent hoots glum,
Jaw-gapes athwart booming far,
Ridged up for boors;
Nor yet the English of KIPLING,
Lambent with exotic gabble-quirks,
In a "Madrissa for Hubshees,"
A College for Soudanese, dolorous, decrescent, nigerous, young;
No!
Not the English of KIPLING, who makes "fourth" rhyme with "worth,"
And "men" with "again"; evocative jerks!
What on earth
Made him do it? Neither of these,
Nor yet the graceless, unapt English of the crowd,
Of the braggart butcher, the bodeful baker, or the calamitous candlestick-maker,
Of the scornful omnibus-conductor,
Staggerant in the spirally upward of the omnibus steps.
Of the stockbroker, white-waistcoated, declamant, penetrant, loud,
Of the tolerant tinker,
Of the triumphant, tonant, towering tailor;
No!
They ought to learn that immarcessible English,
Clarion, equipollent, succourful,
Clamant as the magnanimous ballyrag when cabbage-stalks spurn,
Veridical as the adolescent hippopotamus,
Voicing the delinquent chimney-pots forthwith,
Grumous as fried fish,
Rumpling lapis lazuli boomerang electro-plated bull
Mountainous brain-awake friable malignant omnibus;
That is what the Soudanese must learn—
The English of GEORGE MEREDITH.

CLOWN IN FUTURO.

A Voice from the Juniors.—Now that we are within measurable distance of Boxing Night, it is just as well that it should be understood that the young do not require any of the so-called "childish fun" of our ancestors. The clown is out of date, and no boy or girl cares a fig about the clumsy inanities of the Pantaloon. What we of the rising generation desire is beautiful scenery, interesting and expensive dresses, and lots of intricate dancing. What can there be amusing in a person with a red patched face making a butter-slide for the discomfort of some score of wretched supers? Dancing may help our sisters how to comport themselves at a ball, and an effective spectacle may satisfy the cravings for the æsthetic of our brothers. And then let the portion of the entertainment intended for the younger members of the audience commence at a reasonable hour—say nine o'clock. Then, after the play is over, the boys and girls can go either to the club for bones and a smoke, or the boudoir for a soup and a chatter. Not that I admit myself to be a boy, as I am forced to sign myself A FOSSIL OF FIFTEEN.

A Voice from the Seniors.—I really must protest against the idea that seems to be gaining ground that people who have come to years of discretion want to see dancing and scenery. All that sort of thing may do fairly well for our descendants. What we want is the drollery of the red-hot poker. There is nothing pleasing in watching a lady—who is old enough to know better—walking about the stage on the largest of her toes. And as for stage cloths, don't we know that they have a seamy side, and that all is not gold that glitters? The fun of our old friend the Christmas Clown is always vastly entertaining. If any one is to be cut out, let it be Columbine, with her pointless posing. No; let us have plenty of "spill and pelt." And as for the time, let our portion of the pantomime come reasonably early—say seven. A dinner at five, and bed well before ten is the rational *régime* of the seniors. Then, even those who admit to be elderly, will enjoy what is known as "beauty's sleep." Not that I admit I am aged, as I beg to sign myself,

A CHILD OF SEVENTY.



LINKS.

Gertie (to Cousin, a beginner). "AND WHY DO THEY CALL THE BOYS 'CADDIES'?"

Cousin. "OH—ER—BECAUSE—ER—DON'TCHER KNOW, THE 'CADDIE' HOLDS THE 'TEE.'" *Gertie.* "OH—H—H—H!"

WHAT! OUR OLD FRIEND SMITH?—Perennial TOM SMITH! Crackers again! "Artistic Crackers," "Toy Crackers," "Mandarin Crackers," "Blossom Whispers," and varieties of all sorts of Crackers, except nut-crackers! Evidently TOM draws the line here, that is, for this year, as the omission having been pointed out to him, TOM SMITH will puzzle his "nut" in devising some entirely new sort of cracker for the end of the century, to equal which will be the despair of future TOM BROWNS, TOM JONESES, and TOM ROBINSONS. As the convivial chorus goes:—

Here 's to you, TOM SMITH,
Here 's to you, with all our heart.

But what the rest of it is—substituting "BROWN" for "SMITH," in the original—we are at a loss to recollect; only, once upon a time, it was a chorus which evoked sentiments of eternal friendship—late, very late, in the evening.

FROM "GOLDEN LANE."—This sounds quite a Fairy Locality, where dwells the Fairy FAULKNER, from whom *Mr. Punch* has received delightful specimens of his magic in the shape of Christmas cards, pictures, almanacks, and other faërie fancies. There are very pretty diaries, which make the year look gay throughout; there are eccentric games and cards of all sorts, pretty, plain, comic, but always the "Correct Cards" for Christmas.

PROPER PLANT FOR A CLOWN.—The Columbine.



GIVING HERSELF AWAY.

Mistress. "JANE, I 'VE MISLAID THE KEY OF MY ESCRITOIRE. I WISH YOU 'D JUST FETCH ME THAT BOX OF ODD KEYS. I DARESAY I CAN FIND ONE TO OPEN IT."

Jane. "IT 'S NO USE, MA'AM. THERE ISN'T A KEY IN THE 'OUSE AS 'LL FIT THAT DESK."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"A MERRY Christmas!"—Yes, I know
How blandly people smile to hear
That good old phrase of long ago—
It is so smart (and hard) to sneer!
That Christmas now 's a cheerful pose,
Good will to men and Christian charity
Exploded myths, each baby knows,
And learns to crow with forced hilarity.

Your youthful cynic, rising two,
Turns up his nose at Santa Claus;
At three, the childish joys are few
He fails to damn with faint applause.
At four—the *blasé* age of four—
He finds the pantomime detestable,
Bran-pies and Christmas-trees a bore,
Plum-pudding even indigestible.

So he grows up, all joys and griefs
Dissecting with a cynic knife,
Destroying all the old beliefs,
And losing half the salt of life.
Worst of all modern ills I hold
This cheapening of childhood's treasures,
This reckless hurry to grow old
And slay with sneers youth's simple pleasures.

"A Merry Christmas!"—You and I
Can greet without a sneering tongue—
I pray that as the years go by
They find your heart and mine still young.
"Grey head on shoulders green" to-day
Commands the applause of all beholders,
Yet more to be desired, I say,
Is a green heart beneath grey shoulders!

As in the Western Hemisphere,
So in the map of Life are seen
Two continents—one green, one sere—
With a long isthmus in between.
And all mankind, both great and small,
Both good and bad, both dull and clever,
One stage a year are journeying all,
And journeying Southward, downward, ever.

Some never reach the isthmus, some
Their steps far South beyond it bend—
Yet all men, come whate'er may come,
With hearts still young their course may end.
I, having passed my thirtieth stage,
Not yet half way across the isthmus
That joins the Lands of Youth and Age,
Can wish you still—"A Merry Christmas!"

A MODERN REHEARSAL.

Leading Lady (to Stage Manager). Who 's that man in the ulster-coat talking to the call-boy?

Stage Manager. Don't know, I 'm sure. Perhaps a gas-fitter. Now, as I was saying, Miss FRISETTE, I think that all your alterations in the dialogue are quite up to date, but we must give SPLITTER a chance for *his* cackle. Ah! here he is.

Splitter. Well, old boy, I 've worked in that scene to rights, but the boss thinks that some allusions to Turkey served up with German sausage would fetch 'em. So you might chuck it in for me.

Stage Man. Of course I will. Capital idea. (*Marks prompt-book.*) I wonder who that chap is in the wing?

Splitter. Haven't the faintest idea. Looks like an undertaker. Hallo, WOBBLER, brought your new song?

Wobbler. Yes, it ought to go. And I 've a gross or so of capital wheezes.

Splitter. No poaching, old chap.

Wobbler. Of course not. I 'll not let them off when you 're on. Morning, Miss SKID. Perfect, I suppose.

Miss Skid (brightly). I 'm always "perfect." But—(*seriously*)—I had to cut all the idiotic stuff in my part, and get PETER QUIP of *The Kangaroo* to put in something up to date. Here 's the boss!

[*Enter* Mr. FOOTLYTE, *the manager, amid a chorus of salutations.*

Stage Man. Places, ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. Footlyte. Before we begin the rehearsal, I would point out that I have completely rewritten the Second Act, and——

The Stranger in the Ulster. But, Sir, I beg of you to remember——

Mr. F. Who is that man?

Everybody. We don't know!

Mr. F. (advancing). Who are you, Sir, who dare to trespass on my premises?

The S. in the U. Don't you remember me, Mr. FOOTLYTE?

Mr. F. No, Sir, I do not. What 's your business?

The S. in the U. (nervously). I am the author of the piece.

Everybody. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. F. Then you 're not wanted here. (*To Stage Manager.*) JENKINS, clear the stage.

[*The author is shown out. Rehearsal proceeds. Curtain.*

PROVERBS GONE WRONG.

You can't burn your candle at both ends and eat it too.

It 's a thankless child that has a serpent's tooth.

Where there 's a Will there 's a Codicil.

It is an ill wind that never rejoices.

A watched pot never rejoices.

One man may look at a horse over a fence, but another mayn't.

A stitch in the side sews you up.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

MISS WILHELMINA HARCOURT (*to* MISS JOANNA MORLEY). "REALLY, MY DEAR, I DON'T THINK IT SEEMS MUCH USE OUR STAYING HERE ANY LONGER. . . . THEY WON'T COME!"



Proprietor (a well-known Fox destroyer, who has on the quiet had a "bagman" turned out). "UNCOMMONLY FINE FOX THAT! ALWAYS ARE THAT WE BREED HERE."

Huntsman. "H'M—YES, SIR, VERY FINE FOX. BUT, 'SCUSE ME, SIR, DO YOU ALWAYS BREED 'EM WITH STRINGS ROUND THEIR NECKS!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Old Stager once more takes his part in Life's Pantomime.

ONCE in our Christmas pantomime,
Years ago when our hearts were young,
And our mirth was ringing with madcap rhyme,
And thistledown jests to the wind we flung,
I was the Clown, a boisterous wag,
Who rattled along on the broad-gauge line,
With perilous leap and noisy gag,
And you were the dainty Columbine!

Then in a bygone pantomime,
Less of the rattle and less of the noise,
We 'd been drilled a little by Father Time—
He 'd transformed us all from girls and boys!
I was the Harlequin tender and true,
Very conceited those steps of mine,
In the *Pas de deux* that I danced with you,
How happy was I with my Columbine!

Now is another pantomime,
And still there are parts for us to play.
While the bells around as merrily chime,
"To-morrow is Christmas Boxing Day."
"What is my part?" I hopefully croon.
"Something of course in the good old line."
Old! Ah! that twinges! I'll be Pantaloon,
But *you* shall be still my Columbine!

GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS GAME REVIVED WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY ALL THE POWERS IN THE FAR EAST.—Snap-dragon.

THE MAD MULLAH INTERVIEWED.

OUR special correspondent succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Mad Mullah recently, and sends us the following:—

Chakdara, Monday.

I found the Mad Mullah seated on an inverted egg-chest, pensively chewing a straw. He nodded as I entered his tent, and said, "Be seated. There 's plenty of room on the floor." Then, after a pause, he added, "Bismillah! Allah is great and Mahomet is his prophet."

I replied, "Yes, so they say. What do you think of affairs in the Swat valley?"

"Oh! I shall go out of the Mad Mullah business," he answered, rather despairingly. "Nothing to be made in it nowadays. Think of turning it into a limited company. Could you give me an introduction to HOOLEY, or RUCKER, or any of those chaps? You see, if the public would introduce some capital, I feel sure that there would be some proph—profits, I mean—at all events for *us*, if not for the common or garden investor! But at present, the outlook 's discouraging. Flight is my strong card, just now. Of course, I 'm worth a good bit to English editors hard up for copy. Always good for an eight-line par, 'Flight of the Mad Mullah,' or 'Another Outbreak by the Mad Mullah'; but mostly they 're 'flights' now. Game 's getting a bit played out though, and if HOOLEY or the other fellow will take me up, I 'll certainly sell out of the business at once. But I must have cash down. No Five per Cent. Cumulative Prefs. in part payment for *me!*"

A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THE joy of Christmas shopping! Now
The world goes daily forth, I see,
With busy steps and serious brow,
To shop from early morn to tea.
People, as swift the hours flee,
From shop to shop untiring wend,
I too must buy—some two or three—
The presents which I have to send.

And, since to Custom I must bow,
I storm the Stores with chastened glee—
But let me, oh, my friends, avow
One proposition frank and free!
Old Masters, jewels, lands in fee,
Which might to you themselves commend,
(For reasons of mere £ *s. d.*)
Are presents which I do not send!

DICK, now eighteen, do I endow
With meerschaum fine (his weird he 'll dree!);
Books, toys, and so on—and somehow
My Christmas shopping 's done, D. G.
One gift on which I glad would be—
How glad!—"my little all" to spend,
Remains, alas! by Fate's decree,
A present which I shall not send.

Envoi.

Princess, accept unsent by me,
Who only am your humble friend,
All that I fain would send to thee,
The present which I may not send!

THE MAID OF THE MILL.—A lady boxer.



THE RIVAL ROMEOS AND THE OFTEN-DESERTED JULIET.

The Old Party will probably not be in too great a hurry to make her Choice.

OXFORD, 2000 A.D.

["The Midland University, which is being formed at Birmingham, will, in one respect, be quite unique amongst the Universities of Great Britain, for it has been decided to establish in connection with it a school of brewing. There will be a chair of brewing, and the training will be of the fullest. . . . A special brewing laboratory will be established contiguous to the University buildings."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

ON reading the above, *Mr. Punch* was seriously perturbed. What about Oxford and Cambridge? How would they stand such competition? Would they be cut out of the field by their up-to-date rival? Obviously there was but one way to answer these questions, and accordingly *Mr. Punch's* Special Prophetic Interviewer was despatched to the Isis.

At the first glimpse it was obvious that, whatever else had happened, Oxford was not deserted. Great changes had, however, been effected. The spires and towers had all disappeared, and in their place rose a forest of tall chimneys. The S. P. I. made his way to Christ Church, which indeed he had some difficulty in recognising. Tom Quad and the Cathedral had been pulled down to make room for a huge red-brick building, whence issued a continuous stream of brewers' drays driven by undergrads in cap and gown. The S. P. I. entered. A large audience were listening to Dr. VATZ, the Dean, who was lecturing on the Chemistry of Bitters, samples of which were handed round the class at frequent intervals. It appeared to be a very popular lecture. At its conclusion the S. P. I. presented himself to the Dean, who kindly volunteered as *cicerone*.

"Great changes?" remarked the Dean. "No doubt there are. Why, in your time, there wasn't even a chair of Brewing. This is the Bottling Department. Most of the undergraduates here are Freshmen. That man in the scholar's gown? He is one of our most promising students, and has already taken the Hertford and Ireland. No," added the Dean, smiling indulgently at the S. P. I.'s ignorance, "these are no longer classical scholarships. They are given for Malting and Brewing."

"Then is beer the only profession now taught in Oxford?"

"By no means. In Balliol they make whisky, in All Soles, boots and shoes, and so forth. But here we don't do much but brewing. Christ Church is still the aristocratic college, you know. Even in your time brewers were a majority of the House of Lords—not a majority? Well, a big percentage, at all events."

"And classics?"

The Dean laughed. "Of course, the old *régime* died hard. Balliol was the Pioneer of the new Oxford Movement, and when she first put up her whisky laboratory, Convocation and Congregation protested to a curate. But the change had to come. Birmingham was beating us everywhere. The aristocracy were all going there, and Birmingham Bachelors of Brewing and Doctors of Distilling were getting every post in the country worth having."

"And what about the women?"

"Of course, the New Movement affected them too. Somerville is now a steam-laundry with a mangling laboratory, and Lady Margaret's is a school of cookery where they read for degrees in the domestic arts. But I must be off," cried the Dean, "to visit the fermenting bins, or the Freshmen will be poisoning themselves with the carbonic acid. Before you leave Oxford, you should run round and see the improvements at the Ashmolean. It used to be a library, usedn't it? Now it's the University Co-operative Stores, where undergraduates do their practical work for the shopwalkers' degree."

So the S. P. I. returned to town, satisfied that Oxford will hold her own with her pushful younger sister.

RATHER DISCONCERTING.

[Prince GEORGE of Greece is to be welcomed, on his arrival in Crete, by the bands of the four Great Powers, playing their national anthems simultaneously.]

The new Governor-General soliloquises, aside:

WELL, *this* takes some beating,
When *four* rival bands,
By way of a greeting,
Strike up a Dutch concert the moment one lands!

With wind and percussion
Each patriot blares
Together the Russian,
French, British, Italian national airs.

This quadruple medley
Just gives me the numb,
And a longing that 's deadly
To put the performers straight under the pump!

Or, if that 's improper,
I 'd bribe them a-piece,
And chuck them a copper
(Or *lepton*) this mad charivari to cease.

Thank Heaven, there 's no Teuton
With "*Watch on the Rhine*,"
And the Austrian is mute on
His welcoming trumpet—or else I 'd resign!

MEMS. BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Yesterday.—Must have a kinsmen party. Must call all the poor relations together. Must do up the house with holly and mistletoe. Must have any number of crackers. Must keep up the festival with the customary cheery goodwill. Must eat beef, plum-pudding and mince-pies. Must for once in a way defy the doctor, and run the risk of gout. Must take CHARLES DICKENS seriously anent the Yule-tide season. Must meet all sorts and conditions of men. And, finally, must end in a first-class family row.

To-day.—Ignore the past. Ignore the family. Get away from friends and acquaintances. Shut up the town house, and leave it in the hands of a caretaker. And finally, go quietly to some out-of-commission watering-place, and end the Christmas season by dining *seul* in the coffee-room of an all but deserted hotel.

TO MY FRIENDS.

(*A Practical View.*)

DEAR friends, I am deeply affected
(As the door-bell incessantly rings)
By your gifts, always quite unexpected,
Each Christmas invariably brings.

Cheap port, vile champagne by the dozens,
Pots, inkstands, matchboxes, cigars
(Come from brothers, and neighbours, and cousins),
And mincemeat in family jars.

With cheeses, hares, turkeys and pheasants,
I 'm superabundantly stored.
Alas! but such valuable presents
I fear you can scarcely afford.

Then, to bibulous carmen who leave them
With "Happy New Year" on their lips,
Unfortunate I who receive them
Have to give a small fortune in tips.

So do you not think it were better,
Instead of extravagant trash,
To send me, by registered letter,
But one-third of their value *in cash*?



Master Tom. "WISH I COULD CATCH A COLD JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS."
Effie. "WHY?"
Master Tom. "WELL, MA 'S ALWAYS SAYIN', 'FEED A COLD.' WOULDN'T I! *JUST!*"

LITERARY QUERY.—*Chips and Chops*, by R. NEISH. Where did the author find his title? On a bill of fare? Or did he ever come across the lines following:—

PIPPLEDEWIPS,
She lived on chips;
POPPLEDEWOPS,
He lived on chops;
Said PIPPLEDEWIPS
To POPPLEDEWOPS,
"I 'll give you my chips
If you 'll give me your chops."

Now this is a very ancient nursery rhyme, not, as we believe, to be found in any book of small folk lore, but handed down from the nursery upstairs to the dining-room below by oral tradition. *Chips and Chops* ought to be a very Neish book for home consumption.

MR. PUNCH'S OFFICIAL NOTICE TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.—Orange-peel at Christmas time should be in puddings, not on pavements.

Mrs. Jibbins (*after gazing on a globe in a shop-window*). Well, nothing won't persuade me but what the world 's flat.

Mrs. Trimmins. Well, MARIAR, if the world 's flat, 'ow can you account for 'Averstock Hill?

COLUMBUS.

["The ashes of COLUMBUS are coming home, but to what sort of reception? At Granada, yesterday, a crowd of women pelted his statue with stones, on the ground that, if he had not discovered America, Spain would have escaped her worst misfortune."
Daily News.]

WHO found America? (A brat
In Standard I. would think you flat
To ask a question such as that!)
COLUMBUS.

Whom therefore have we now to thank
For this ill weed, most coarse, most rank,
The hateful, democratic Yank?
COLUMBUS.

Whom shall we Spaniards henceforth know
As conquered Spain's most fatal foe,
The primal source of all her woe?
COLUMBUS.

Whose erstwhile all-but-worshipped bones
Shall lie unhonoured, whilst old crones
Shall pelt his effigy with stones?
COLUMBUS.

Whose name shall be a foul black blot
Upon this fair creation?—What?
Well, no, I rather think it 's *not*
COLUMBUS.



BOXING DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Gwen. "OH, ALGY, THIS HORRID MAN WON'T LET US PASS UNLESS WE GIVE HIM SOME MONEY! YOU 'LL *MAKE* HIM, WON'T YOU?"

THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

(*Extracts from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.; Second.*)

P. & O. Mail Steamer "Peninsular. Off St. Vincent. Thursday.—Our Captain is a wonderful man. He can not only sail a ship, but can tell to sixty seconds when she will begin to roll.

WHELER is his name,
England is his nation,
St. Albans is his country home,
To see it his salvation.

That doesn't happen often in the year, a circumstance that gives him fuller opportunity of studying the phenomenon alluded to.

Sitting down to dinner at 7 o'clock just as we were rounding Cape St. Vincent, the ship that had borne herself so serenely through the fabled turmoil of the Bay of Biscay suddenly began to roll in a fashion that impartially distributed the soup. Noted on entering saloon that the fiddles were on the table. (The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and never dine to the accompaniment of the fiddle, must understand that nothing musical is meant. The framework temporarily attached to the saloon dining-tables in order to keep dishes, glasses and bottles from flying about is called the fiddle, because it in no way resembles a violin.) Appearance ominous, but the state of the weather on deck did not justify apprehension. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the soup just served was flying about the cabin like an April shower, only more unctious.

"Ah!" said the Captain, as if that were nothing, "in half an hour we 'll have another round."

The ship settling down as suddenly as she 'd erupted, the dinner went merrily on till, just as the game was being served, a similar earthquake swooped down on the cabin. The birds, after their kind, adroitly seized the opportunity to take to themselves wings and fly away into convenient bosoms and laps. With one consent we took out our watches, and found it was twenty-four minutes to eight.

"Um!" said the Captain, gloomily, "I 'm a minute out. It was just five minutes past seven when I spoke."

The warning was accurate enough for those seated at the Captain's table. A little hard upon passengers at others. If observation has reduced the matter to a precise science, why not utilise the *menu* for giving timely notice? In rounding Cape St. Vincent, the ship's course is twice changed, momentarily creating ructions. Why should not the *menu* run thus:—

Potage à la Reine.
Ructions à la Neptune.

The rest of the *menu* is calculated to take half an hour. Then—

Dindon rôti.
Bouleversement général à la Diable.

TO PHYLLIS.

(*With Christmas Greeting.*)

AH, PHYLLIS! let the cynic sneer,
And vent his spleen and humour bitter,
In scorn of joyful Christmas cheer,
Calling its pleasures empty glitter;
Such churlish thoughts though his may be,
It is not so with you and me.

You have no thought of coming pain
To darken your delights with sadness,
Your carol is a joyous strain,
Your life is but one hymn of gladness;
I catch a ray of gladness, too,
My PHYLLIS, when I think of you.

Nay, there is joy at Christmas still,
And youth and purity can buy it,
Although the world be harsh and chill;
Yes, you at least will not deny it,
PHYLLIS, for—sober truth to say—
You were not born last Christmas Day.

SOME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Or Consolation Prizes, as the case may be.

FOR Sir William Harcourt—the head of the editor of the *Daily Mail* on a charger.

For the German Emperor—an invitation to dine with the New Vagabonds.

For President Kruger—an invitation to stop away.

For M. Delcassé—a packet of *safety* pins.

For Sir E. Monson—a packet of soft soap.

For Mrs. Druce—a subscriber or two for her "Portland Bonds."

For the above subscriber or two—free lodgings, board and attendance *sine die* in Hanwell, that is, if they ever expect to see a termination of the case.

For the Sirdar—the opportunity to give Major Marchand the opportunity to subscribe to the Gordon College at Khartoum.

For Major Marchand—the opportunity to accept this opportunity.

For the Emperor of China—a passport for a perambulator-ride outside the Palace of Peking.

For the Dowager-Empress of China—a back seat on a bicycle built for two.

For the Tsar—the abolition of Russian conscripts, by way of postscript to his own Rescript.

For Col. Picquart, Capt. Dreyfus, and M. Zola—a return to the bosoms of their respective families, and a safe-conduct out of Paris to some place, under the rule of the Préfet of the Sane, where there is no "conspuing."

For Mr. Rudyard Kipling—a week's respite from the paragraphist.

For the newspaper-reader—a week's respite from Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

For the Liberal Party—a Leader.

For the Leader—A Liberal Party.

Martell's

"Three Star"

Brandy.

Imported Original Cases of

HEERING'S

CHERRY BRANDY,

containing 1 doz. Bottles, or 2 doz. Half-Bottles, make

MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

and may be had of all Wine Merchants.

From All Wine Merchants.

BEKMANN'S

(ST. PETERSBURG)

DRY AND RICH

KÜMMEL

OF THE TZARS

A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR AND A SPLENDID DIGESTIVE.

Samples free from the Sole Agents—

A. BECKMANN & Co.,

47, Mark Lane, LONDON.

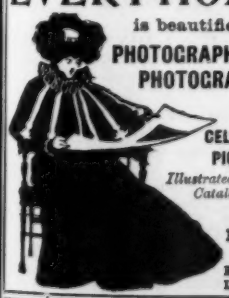
"COOPER" CYCLES.



From £5 10s. Competition Defied. Latest Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake and Mud-guards, Cushion Tyres, £8 10s., Pneumatic, £7 10s. Ladies', with Dress and Gear Guards, from £8. 12 Months' Warranty. Lists Free. AGENTS WANTED.

WM. COOPER, 793, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

EVERY HOME



is beautified by

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAVURES

AFTER

CELEBRATED PICTURES.

Illustrated Catalogue 1/-

BERLIN PHOTOGO., 133, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

FOR ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

BLISS'S CELEBRATED

ESTABD 1746

CHIPPING NORTON

for Hunting & Sporting wear

TWEEDS

All the genuine have this Trade Mark stamped on back of every two yards with this Trade Mark

W. BLISS C. NORTON

TRADE MARK

BLISS'S STANDARD TWEEDS in the lighter weights are specially adapted for Cycling and for ordinary wear. The heavier weights are specially adapted for Hunting, Riding, Shooting, Golfing and Fishing.

HIERATICA

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100.

Of all Stationers, or send stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames Street, London.

OLD JUDGE

TOBACCO

THOMAS TURNER & CO. Make Their Own Steel.

ENCORE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT



Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Encore" on Shank. Ivory, 6s.; Black, 4s. Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers, T. TURNER & CO., SUFFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, who will supply through nearest agent.

Ask for "Encore" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

SORE THROAT

"You cannot do better than gargle with 'Condy.'"—Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., *Physician to the late Emperor of Germany.*

Insist on buying CONDY'S Remedial FLUID

THURSTON'S

"PERFECT"

BILLIARD CUSHIONS

Still unequalled for accuracy, speed and durability.

The "Perfect" Low Cushions as fitted to the "Thurston" Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne, can be attached to any Billiard Table at a cost of 12 Guineas.

THURSTON & CO., LTD.,

(The Parent House of the Trade.)

16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Sole Makers to Her Majesty.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.

No. 931, as illustration, £2 12s. 0d. IN OAK THROUGHOUT.

Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.

Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

"NEVER SAY DIE, WHILE THERE'S ANY PLAYERS NAVY CUT IN THE LOCKER."



LIQUEURS OF THE CDE. CHARTREUSE.

LOAPWIER

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 36, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

"It is peculiarly well adapted for medicinal purposes."—LANCET, 26 March, 1898.

KINAHAN'S

L L AND GLENISLE

The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies. | The Finest Scotch Whisky Sold.

WHISKIES.

GUILDFORD STREET, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.

For elegance and exquisite flavour these Chocolates equal the finest French makes.

Rowntree's

"EMPEROR" CHOCOLATES.

A perfect blend of the rarest Cocoa and the most delicate Vanilla.

Of high-class Confectioners throughout the Kingdom.

CHARMING GIFTS

FOR CYCLISTS, TOURISTS, LADIES, SPORTSMEN, AND ALL HOLIDAY MAKERS.

KODAKS

Kodak Photography is the best hobby in the world. It is mastered in a few minutes by anyone.

No Dark Room Worry,

Films Changed in Daylight.

KODAKS FROM

£1. 1s. to £7. 7s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,

43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Retail branches—60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115-117, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.

CIGARES de JOY

(Joy's cigarettes)

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE

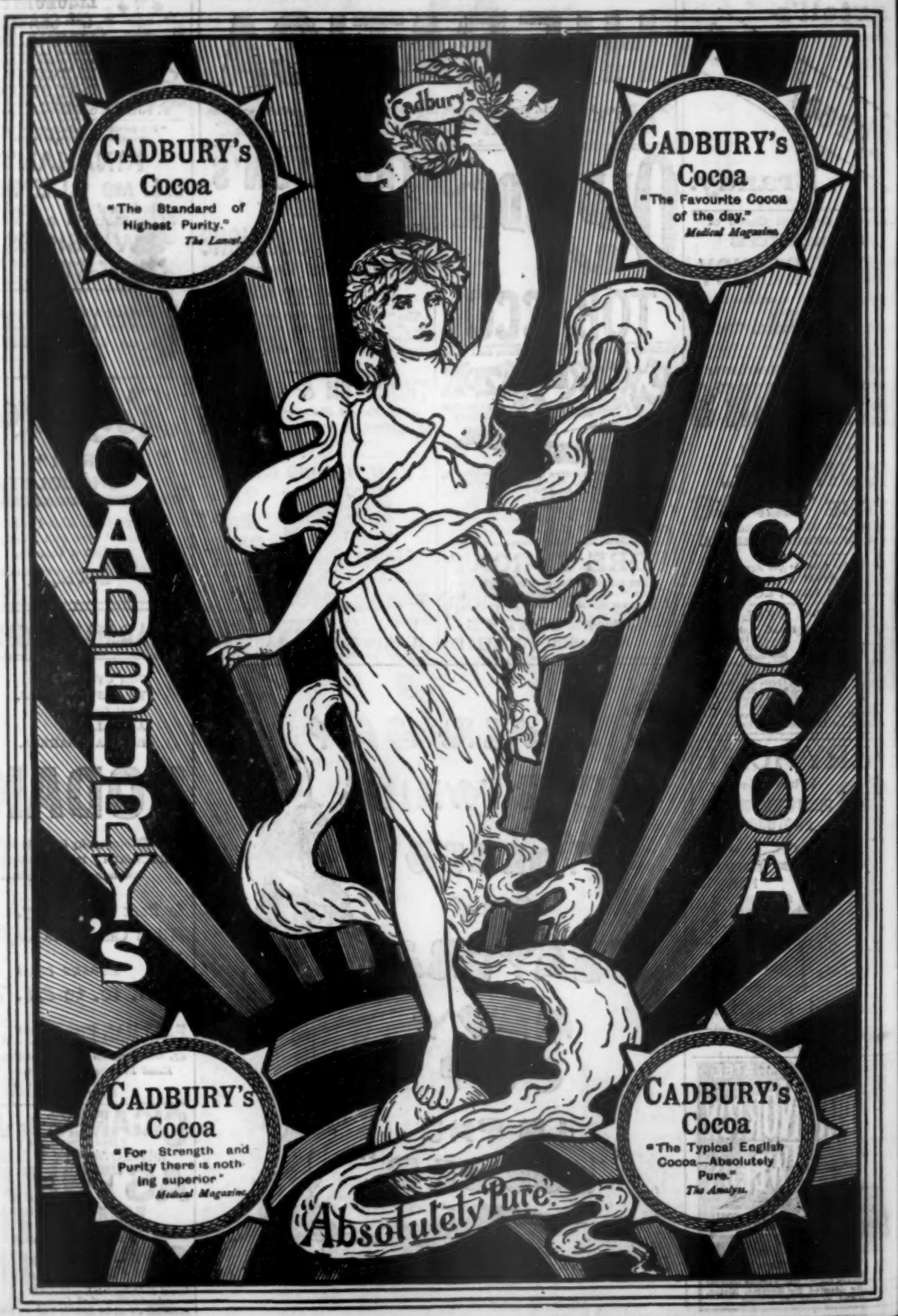
ASTHMA

WHEEZING

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Box of 25 4/- Post free from Wilcox & Co. 83 Mortimer St. London, W. or of all Chemists & Stores

SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF PENNY STAMP



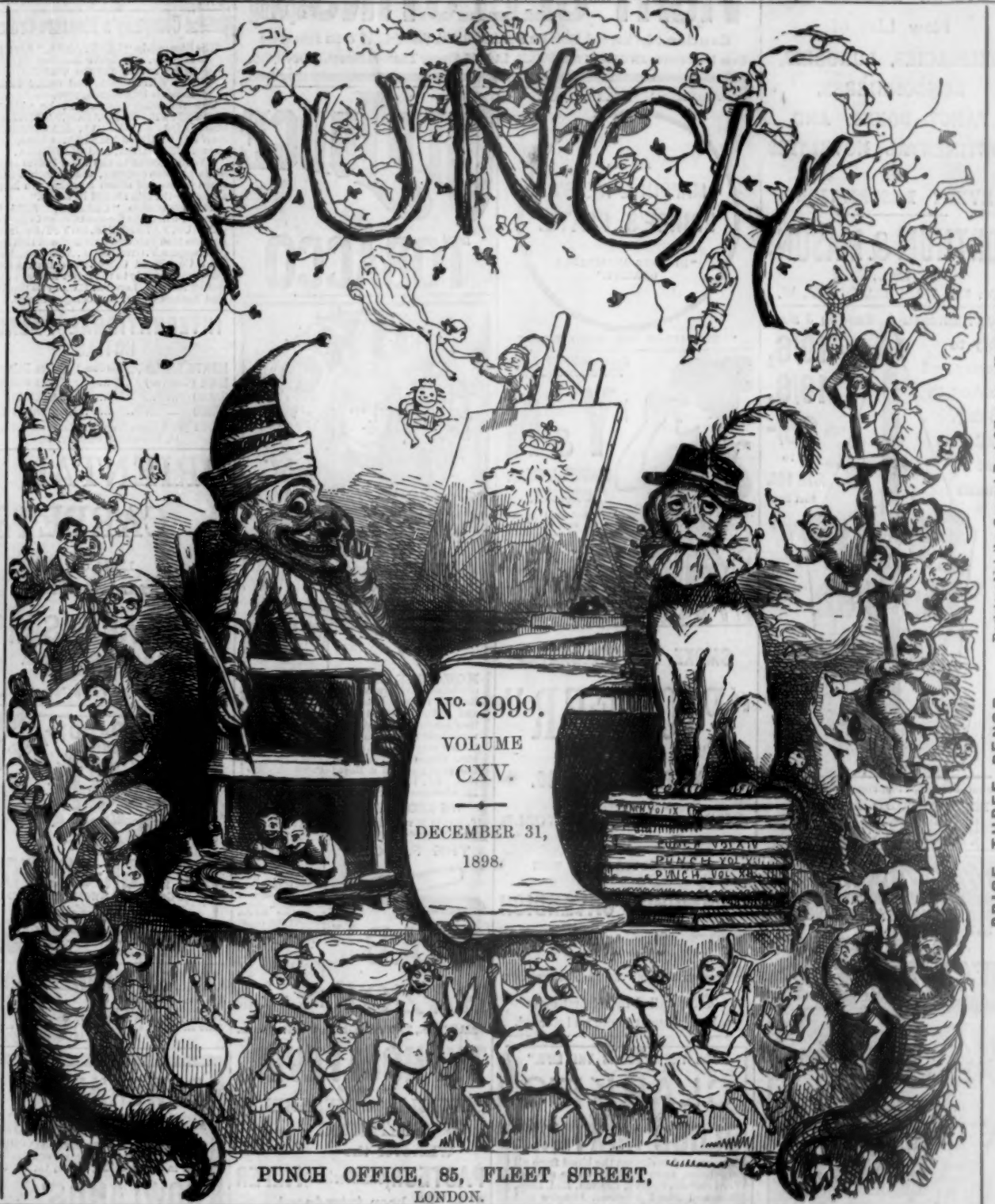
Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 80, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited

SPECIAL NOTICE

Commencing with next week's Number "PUNCH" *will be published on Tuesday afternoon, so as to permit of Copies being obtainable at the Bookstalls and Newsagents in all places throughout the Kingdom every Wednesday morning.* [PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



Nº. 2999.
VOLUME CXV.
DECEMBER 31, 1898.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

☞ NOTICE.—Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will not be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper.

CADBURY'S COCOA

MOST REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND SUSTAINING. *Free from drugs or any foreign admixture.*

FORTNUM & MASON,
LTD.

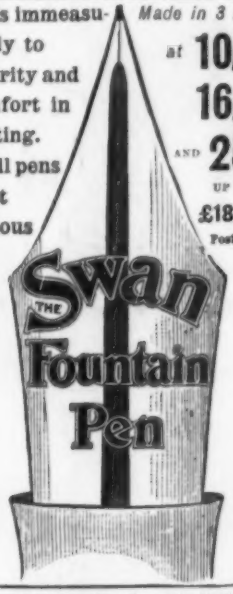
NOW READY.

New List of

DELICACIES, LUXURIES, BONBONNIÈRES, FANCY BOXES, AND CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES of EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FORTNUM & MASON,
LTD.,
181, 182, 183, PICCADILLY, W.

Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing. Of all pens most famous

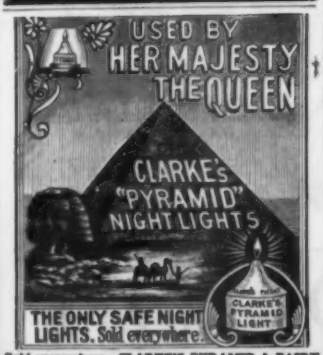


Made in 3 sizes at 10/6, 16/6, AND 25/- UP TO £18 18s. Post Free.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Application to

MABIE, TODD & BARD,
93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. } LONDON.
93a, Regent Street, W.
3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER.

Savory & Moore's
USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES.
Self-Digesting.
Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.
Infants Food



Sold everywhere. CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO. Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.

For COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, etc., DRINK

VICHY CÉLESTINS Spring

Caution: See that each bottle has a neck label with VICHY-ETAT & the name of the Sole Importers: INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd., 26, Upper Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
PRINCE'S PLATE.
(Regd.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."



Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N
DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all Fashionable Colours and Shades, in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Outfitters.
THREE GOLD MEDALS.

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

"PIONEER"

SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,

AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

OLD JUDGE
TOBACCO



KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandriff, prevents hair from falling, is most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. The only preparation of its kind that has ever received a Royal Recommendation. 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., or post free from

THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD.,
16, Bevis Marks and 233, Regent St., W.

THE FAMOUS



"MAB" RAZOR

The special amalgam of steel renders imitation impossible, and makes it the *finest shaving implement in the world.* None genuine unless bearing the registered trade-mark, "The Mab."

PRICE:—
Black handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black . . . 7/6
Ivory . . . 9/6
Sent post free.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham.

TYPHOID FEVER.

OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT STATEMENT—

"Wherever the PASTEUR (Chamberland) FILTER has been introduced "TYPHOID FEVER HAS DISAPPEARED."

Sold Everywhere. Sole Makers:

J. Defries & Sons, Limited,
147, Houndsditch, E.C.

West-End Show Rooms: 203, Victoria Street, S.W.

£21 PALESTINE, EGYPT, ATHENS, and NAPLES CRUISE, leaving London January 11th, 1899, on S.Y. "Argonaut," 3,254 tons, h.p. 4,000. Organised by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne.

The above Cruise begins and ends at Marseilles. Return ticket, London - Calais - Paris - Marseilles, £5 5s. extra.

Full particulars with plan of the Steamer from Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, Euston, London, N.W.

Orient Company's Pleasure Cruises.

The Steamship "LUSITANIA," 3,912 tons register, will leave London (Tilbury) 11th January for the WEST INDIES and BERMUDA, and arrive back in London 13th March, 1899.

The following places will be visited:—TENERIFFE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, CUBA (Santiago), BERMUDA, and MADEIRA.

"Winter afloat in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken."

The Steamship "ORIENT," 5,365 tons register, will make the next Cruise to SICILY, CYPRUS, PALESTINE, EGYPT, &c., leaving London 15th Feb. and arriving back 11th April.

Managers, F. Green & Co., Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Office: Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

INTERNATIONAL PALACE HOTELS.

MONTE CARLO (opens Jan.) Riviera Palace.
NICE (Cimiez) ... ... Riviera Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Ghezireh Palace.
CAIRO ... ... Shepheard's Hotel.

Full particulars from the London Offices, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.

LISTS OF SPECIAL SHIPMENTS.

TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Catalogue.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S



BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery."—Lancet

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncée" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 472, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Preserves, Beautifies, Strengthens the Hair; is the only reliable Preventive of Baldness; also in Golden Colour, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

The Best and Safest Dentifrice; Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. Ask Stores, Perfumers and Chemists for Rowlands' Articles, of Hatton Garden.



"IT IS *DREADFUL* TO THINK WHAT *HORRID* THINGS PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT ME!" "MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, SURELY YOU DON'T MIND SUCH ILL-NATURED GOSSIP AS ALL THAT!" "CERTAINLY I DO—WHEN IT 'S EVERY BIT OF IT TRUE!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

I.

Monday.—Have seen nothing of my relatives since that terrible visit of MAX and TOMMY to Shrimpton in September. My dear sister CONSTANCE, their mother, sends me muffin-dish. Hate muffins, terribly indigestible; but still, so kind. AUGUSTA presents me with barrel of oysters. So delicious, but never eat oysters for fear of typhoid. None the less thoughtful of her. Must do something in return. Might send them each a box of cigars or—No, the very thing! invite them and their husbands and elder children to dine on Christmas Day. Will word invitation warmly. Well, not *too* warmly, in case they prefer to refuse. Say 6 P.M. dinner. Delightful (rather) to renew acquaintance with MAX and TOMMY—for a short time. And they *may* all refuse. I hope—not.

Thursday.—Received replies accepting. AUGUSTA writes that, as head nurse has holiday that day, she is sure I won't mind her bringing TOPSY and WILLIE, the two younger children. Charmed, of course; at least, I think so.

Christmas Day.—Morning church, peace and goodwill, and a forty-five minutes constitutional afterwards. Luncheon, *sole à la Colbert*, cold grouse, and just a glass and a half Château Yquem. Cigar and the *Field*. Usual doze by fire just commencing, when sound of wheels causes heart to sink. Listen intently. Yes. No. It 's only three o'clock. They can't possibly—— THEY HAVE!!!

Dear AUGUSTA and five darlings (AUGUSTA'S phraseology, this) sweep into room, bringing with them the freshness of health and an icy draught. "Thought you wouldn't mind, CHARLEY, if we came rather earlier"—she said "rather earlier"—"than you asked us. We 'd promised our coachman a holiday, so determined to come over early, and let him get back to enjoy his afternoon. He 'll fetch us at ten. Now, don't you disturb yourself. Go on smoking your pipe" (disgusting habit, smoking pipes! Why mistake my Cabana for pipe? So hurtful), "and the children will just amuse themselves here in your room. Here, TOPSY." Gives TOPSY cherished small Dresden figure to play with. I writhe. "Now, WILLIE, you 're not to touch that nasty cat"—my blue Persian—"leave its tail alone, at once. Here 's something to amuse you; may he have this little carriage-clock to play with, CHARLEY?" Say I would rather he played with something else, the coals in the scuttle, for instance. AUGUSTA contemns the Wallsend as playthings. "Oh! here, this will do!" she says, snatching up cigar-box, and handing out a dozen or so of my choice Cabanas to dear WILLIE. (N.B.—AUGUSTA'S husband a non-smoker.) Feel that I could cheerfully sing, "*Willie, we have missed you.*" Bright, breezy creature, AUGUSTA. Other three children sit in a row, staring at me. Keep wary eye on TOPSY and WILLIE, and wonder how many of those cigars will be worth smoking when WILLIE has done with them. D—ear WILLIE!

Violent, or suppose I should say hearty, slap on back announces brother-in-law's arrival. AUGUSTA'S husband, Dr. PILLINGTON, has aggressive air of hail-fellow-well-met, and punctuates his remarks with acts of personal violence. "How are you, CHARLES?" Poke in ribs. "Putting a leetle too much on here." Dig at waistcoat. So rude. Shall hate this man directly. "Had a case of the sort once where my patient—— AUGUSTA, TOPSY is swallowing that Chinese coin. Yes, had a case——" Awful choking fit by TOPSY demands immediate attention, and I escape, saying I have to "see a man." Rush downstairs and implore housekeeper to hurry on dinner. Says quite impossible. Besides, what about other guests? Had forgotten that. Go to stables and smoke cigar. Return 5.30, and find dear CONSTANCE and the General, with MAX and TOMMY, just arrived.

"Good old Uncle CHARLEY, you *must* be glad to see us again!" says MAX. So hearty. Thump on back from TOMMY. "Won't it be fun!" So homely. Feel I have done nothing to deserve this. MAX takes me aside confidentially. "I 've brought you a white rat with pink eyes, Uncle CHARLEY, for a Christmas present, but I 'm blowed if I can find it! I—I think I *must* have slipped it into the Governor's greatcoat pocket instead of my own, and—Oh, by gum! there he goes!" Rat dashes across hall. CONSTANCE screams. General swears. Boys and butler chase. Mercifully, my terrier pounces on it, and with one snap rids me of this embarrassing gift. Calm down, and General says, "I hope you 've not asked PILLINGTON, CHARLEY? You have? Well, I 'll be hanged. You know I never will meet that feller if I can help it. It 's too bad!" Glares at me. Why me? Apologise. Frigid greeting between PILLINGTON and General. Awful twenty minutes, and then dinner announced.

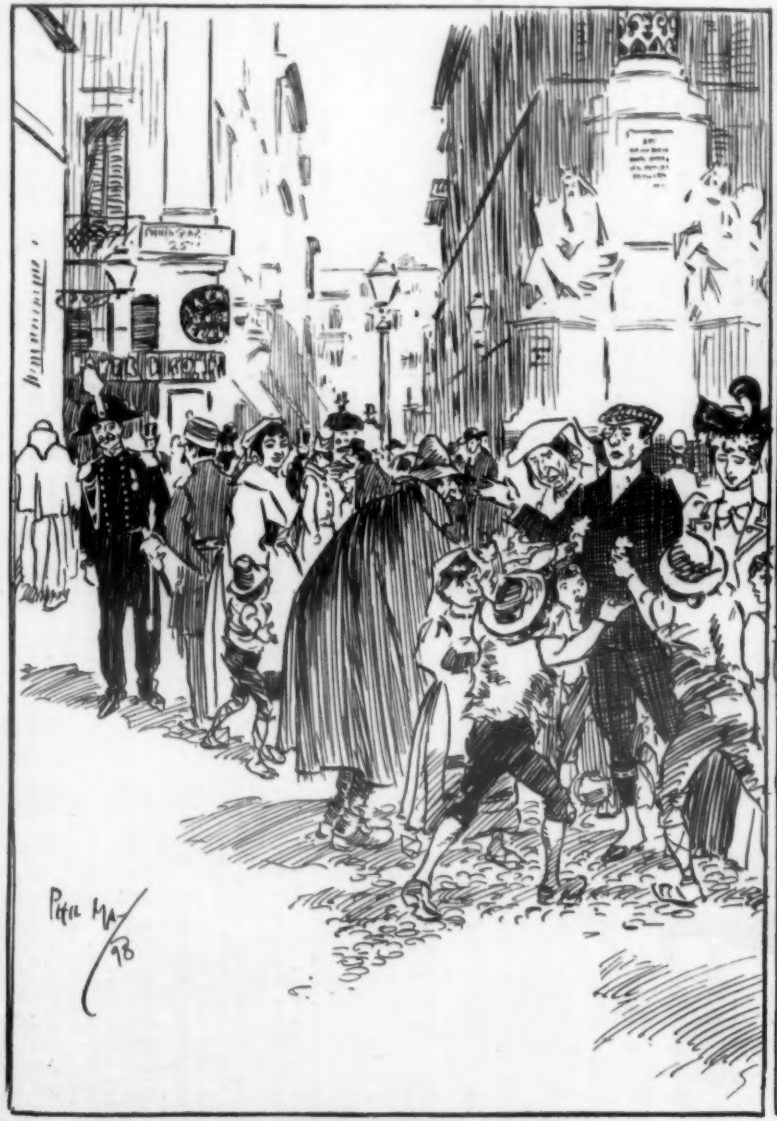
So Economical.

First Lady Churchgoer. Isn't it curious that Christmas Day should fall on a Sunday this year?

Second Lady Churchgoer (*who has made contribution suffice for the two days*). Very; but not, I think, so quaint as that, after Christmas falling on a Sunday, New Year's Day should follow suit. Why shouldn't this happen every year?

Q. What is the difference between Christmas on shore and Christmas at sea?

A. One is spent among the crackers, the other among the breakers.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN ROME.

Sketched in the Piazza di Spagna.



SEASONABLE REFRESHMENT.

Sketched in High Street, Whitechapel.

FIGURES.

(By the Ever-Ready Reckoner.)

FIGURES are wonderful things, and would be more marvellous still were it not for the intrusion of facts.

There is something weird and uncanny about figures. By their means, one can make the most abstruse calculations, such as, if a herring and a half cost three half pence, how much half a dozen herrings will cost. Nor is this all; by means of figures one can prove almost anything.

The cynic declares that "every man has his price," which may be true of most of us, and we know, of course, that every woman has her figure, and most of them are proud of it.

Abolish figures, and you do away with company promoters and managers of burlesque theatres at one blow.

Every company is floated. That is the technical term, derived, no doubt, from the fact that most of the shareholders are altogether "at sea" as to the real prospects of the company. But I digress. Every company, then, is started with a pretty set of figures, showing that the profits of the undertaking will be enormous, and the chances of a loss so infinitesimal as to be scarcely worthy of consideration.

When the company is formed, and the promoters have modestly and discreetly retired from the concern with their profits, certain facts thrust themselves forward with the result that not infrequently a pretty figure is cut by the shareholders, especially when the company is one of unlimited liability.

Numbers of pretty figures are to be seen at our burlesque and other theatres where light musical pieces are performed, and the prettier the figures disporting on the stage, the larger is the amount of the figures in the manager's bank-book. This is a fact.

Cockney Conundrum.

(By 'Arry from Paree.)

Q. Why should New Year's Day be held as a special feast by the supporters of the muzzling order?

A. Because it 's the *jour de Long.*



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

"SUPPOSE I *OUGHT* TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF! I *WILL.* WON'T MAKE ANY GOOD RESOLUTIONS!"

THE BALLAD OF HAPPINESS TO ORDER.

Now this is the road to Happiness—ye may make full sure of it,
If ye follow the rules of Tradition in the heart of the people writ.
For each mince-pie that the mouths of men take well and truly in,
Or ever the New Year's day shall dawn, one happy month they win;
Cost-free they may never attain to that which is more than rank and wealth,
But against each chance of Happiness they must wager a stake of Health!

JOHN ROBINSON bears him stoutly as a man untouched of Fate,
His glance is Youth, his smile is Joy, and Pride swings in his gait.
JOHN ROBINSON bears him lightly as a man who walks on air—
What is the virtue in him? Wisdom of *Punch*, declare!
He has won no soldier's laurel in the imminent deadly breach,
He has saved no drowning tripper off Margate's desolate beach;
He has stirred no soul with music, he has shed no printers' ink,
Wherewith the blind should be made to see, or unthinking folk to think.
He has won no love of woman—a thing which is hard to beat
For making a man conduct himself as one who has bought the street;
He has broken never a record by the might of his body or brain,
He has broken no shareholders in their simple search for gain;
He has not promoted companies, he has made no pile of cash,
Nor has he climbed or travelled, or achieved a social splash.
If he has gained no praises, so has he gained no blame,
Neither by truth nor lying has he made a Wide-world Name.
He has not rowed for Cambridge, he has stroked no Oxford eight,
He has not "run," and he has not "read," he is neither good nor great;
He has shot no English bison, he has tickled no basking shark,
In fact, he has done no single thing that is really worth remark!

* * * * * * *

Yet does he well to lift a proud, if slightly bilious, eye—
Has he not wrestled and fought with and conquered his *twelfth* mince-pie?
For this is the road to Happiness, &c.

SOME SAFE PROPHECIES FOR 1899.

NOVELS will be produced at the rate of one a minute, and read at the speed of one a year.

Ladies' fashions will be controlled by the dressmakers, and the bills paid under the order of the County Court.

A new hotel will be erected on the sea-shore, and a watering-place created to feed it.

Some one will take a theatre, with a capital of three-and-sixpence, and fail to the tune of twenty shillings in the pound.

A fair percentage of racegoers will utter an imprecation on learning the name of the winner of the Derby.

The weather will cause some conversation at the Henley Regatta and the Botanical Gardens night *fête.*

Several persons will wish to hang the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy.

The Lord Mayor will entertain all sorts and conditions of men at the Mansion House.

Various proposals will be made to shorten the long vacation, and remain—proposals.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF AT A MEET YOUR HORSE SHOULD GET A BIT OUT OF HAND, JUST RUN HIM UP AGAINST SOME ONE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron's assistant has been reading *Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege* (METHUEN & Co.), by Sir GEORGE S. ROBERTSON, K.C.S.I., and reports to his chief:—There may be stories of heroism and endurance and resource that can match this. I, at any rate, know none that can surpass it. For this is, as the children say, a real story. The men who figure in its pages, men brave as the paladins of romance, are real men, the author himself, CAMPBELL, GURDON, WHITCHURCH, HARLEY, TOWNSHEND, and the rest of them. I don't wish to say anything disrespectful about ACHILLES, HECTOR, and their companions, but it is certain that some of them were selfish, others sulky, and all of them, though their courage was unquestionable, bragged intolerably, and invariably stopped their warfare to strip their fallen foe of his armour. But the Englishmen of whom Sir GEORGE ROBERTSON speaks, held out against overwhelming odds, inspired their dusky soldiery with their own simple unfaltering courage, led forlorn hopes, outwitted oriental wiles, fought like Trojans or Greeks, and never gave a thought to themselves. It is a noble story nobly told, and stirs the reader's blood like the blast of a trumpet. These men were not picked for their task by a careful process of selection. Fortuitously brought together when the storm burst upon them, they all seem to have been upheld and ennobled by the same spirit of self-abnegation, cheerful devotion to duty, and heroic endurance. It gives one a higher sense of the greatness of one's birthright to reflect that they were ordinary Englishmen casually ordained to the performance of their great task, and fit to carry it through as they did just because they were Englishmen. Fortunately for them, and, above all things, fortunately for us, they have had in Sir GEORGE ROBERTSON a *vates sacer* admirably equipped for relating their story. Sir GEORGE is no military dry-as-dust, but a writer with a wonderful gift for the simple narrative of brave deeds. His writing swings along with a gallant movement, entirely in keeping with the tale it tells. Every scene is so vividly depicted that the reader fancies himself present in the fort, listens with a breathless anxiety to the strokes of the enemy's picks in the mine, rushes with HARLEY on his sortie, or, again, beholds WHITCHURCH supporting his stricken comrade, BAIRD, and stands with Sir GEORGE beside BAIRD'S deathbed. It is a splendid book, and worthily enshrines a splendid story.

One of the Baron's assistants reports as follows:—*The Book of the "Cambridge Review"* (Cambridge: MACMILLAN AND BOWES), is a selection of prose and verse gathered from the columns of the *Cambridge Review*, from 1879 up to the present year. Such a selection from a University journal, if it is to justify its appearance in book form, must do so by its *verve*, its sprightliness, and its fun. These are the qualities traditionally associated with University literature of the lighter kind. They are to be found—the comparison may be odious, but it is inevitable—in *Echoes from the "Oxford Magazine,"* the journal which at Oxford holds a position analogous to that of the *Review* at Cambridge. But in *The Book of the "Cambridge Review"* these qualities are, I do not say entirely absent, but certainly rare. The reader looks for parody, and he comes upon a solid article of useful information on "Rowing in Greek Triremes." He looks for humour and, lo, he is met with an account of "American Universities," excellent, no doubt, but not humorous. This spirit of information at all costs pervades the prose. The verse is lighter, but even in the verse there is an absence of the true Cambridge sparkle, and the general effect of the little book is, I grieve to say, somewhat stodgy. I may be told, of course, that I look at it from a wrong point of view, that it does not pretend to sparkle or lightness. If so, why should it have been published at all? Cambridge can do and has done better and more brilliant work than this in the field of light literature.

Military Dialogues (SANDS & Co.), by Lieut.-Col. N. NEWNHAM DAVIS, are decidedly very amusing, and had the author been less conscientious in literally reproducing the language of Private TOMMY ATKINS, the book would have been as irreproachable as it is humorous. The dialogues are all short, but those carried on by privates, more or less sober, and an occasional sergeant, are not particularly sweet. "A Subaltern's Court-Martial" conveys the notion that every sort of horse-play and tomfoolery has not been banished from the service. "Superannuated" is excellent, and there are genuine touches of nature in "Old Soldiers" and "Mail Day." The Baron, being of opinion that compression is the better part of humour, considers all the descriptions of scene, of "business," and of *dramatis personæ*, are considerably too long. The figure on the cover, drawn by R. CATON WOODVILLE, is excellent. THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

[At Chicago the other day, Lieutenant HOBSON, of Santiago fame, kissed one hundred and sixty-five girls in public after his lecture.—*Daily Paper.*]

YOUNG HOBSON is the hero of the Merrimac affair,
Which clearly demonstrated that he 's pluck enough to spare;
But as things go, he 'll possibly regret the same exploit,
When finding that his work 's cut out, from Texas to Detroit.

The feminine Amurrican *en masse* has gone for him,
Demanding each a chaste salute—was ever such a whim?
The other day eight score went home in patriotic bliss,
And swearing they will ne'er wash off the "Lewtenant's" late kiss.

Whene'er he 's giv'n a lecture, the policemen make a lane,
And fair enthusiasts rush up their guerdon to obtain,
While homely damsels catch the rage, and won't be left behind:
It mayn't be quite respectable, but that they do not mind!

If this by now is HOBSON'S choice—this mormonising game
Of osculating silly girls by thousands into fame,
With countless jealous sweethearts he will have to settle scores,
Or wear a mask and muzzle when proceeding out of doors.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(*From Mr. Punch's Vagrant Contributor.*)

To SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wonder if in your pleasant retirement at Malwood it is any satisfaction to you to reflect that you have not only created what the daily guides of our public opinion call an event of the gravest significance, but have also scattered confusion and dismay through the incoherent mob of disaffected politicians, some of whom it has been your privilege to lead? For myself, I think that the satisfaction, if you feel it (and you would be more than human if you did not), is largely mixed with a genuine and painful regret. To see his counsels set at nought, his principles derided, to have a pack of inflated mediocrities yelping at his heels in order to drive him into paths which his honour and the traditions of his past forbid him to tread, to be made answerable for the disappointed ambitions of petty men whose jealousies and querulous revilings make life intolerable, to be compelled to assault the disciplined legions of an entrenched enemy with a rabble, whom it would be affectation to look upon as "friendlies," to have to carry not only the burden of his own mistakes, but the accumulated and well-nigh insupportable load of the faults of others—that, Sir, would be for any one a terrible situation. It is in plain words the situation that you have been called upon to face. And there are circumstances that must have rendered it in a more than ordinary sense galling to you. You are, you have always been, a fighter, a burly warrior delighting in the clash of arms and the tumult of battle. In imagination it was easy to picture you clothed in ponderous mail, and charging on the back of some gigantic heavy-hoofed warhorse straight into the serried masses of the foe. Other men might shrink and grow pale, but you knew not fear: you flung your heart into the centre of the hostile array and followed it rejoicing. Thus you strove and worked: in good days your example inspired your people, in adversity your high courage and your skill were at their service to rally them and help them to pluck success from the overweening confidence of the enemy. And now, old in years, no doubt, but still strong, active and resourceful, with all your brilliant record of action bravely carried out through many tedious years, you find the hearts of your folk estranged from you and you are forced to realise that, whoever henceforth may pluck renown by fighting at their head, you can do so no more, since loyalty and faith, the foundations of all leadership, are lacking. And this must be, as I say, a bitter realisation for you who, having fought a good fight manfully, have yet your share both of the pride and of the sensitiveness that are proper to strong and manly natures.

How have these things come to pass? The answer is not easy, but partly, I think, it may be found in the condition of our national temper. We are passing through a warlike and enthusiastic phase. We are no longer satisfied with the inward consciousness of power, nor are we content with the serene demeanour that suits that state of mind. Like our new friends, the Americans, we feel that we must be up and doing, and the louder our doings resound through the world the better are we pleased. No observer can have doubted before their strife with Spain actually broke out that the immense majority of the American people were eager for war, and that, had the war been prevented, they would have felt as though they had been defrauded. Too long, they seemed to say, have we built up gigantic industrial enterprises, planned railroads, secured fortunes from enormous "corners," bought and sold and lived and died ingloriously:

We who make pretence
At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
And life's stale trick by repetition keep,
Our fickle permanence
(A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose play
Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
Is the mere cheat of sense.

Thus their hearts seemed to speak, and so they rushed to Santiago and laid down their lives.

De nobis fabula. The old watchwords have lost their power. Here and there some political hermit still cries out for peace, retrenchment and reform, but few mark him and fewer still applaud. We are to paint the map of Africa red; we are to maintain the biggest navy in the world, aye, and use it too; we are to stand no nonsense from German Emperors, from French Ministers, from Russian Czars, or from South African Presidents. Is there a pith-helmeted soldier in sight? Let us salute him with embraces and sentimental songs celebrating the heroic prowess and the simple virtues of TOMMY ATKINS, the numerically small but the eternally irresistible. Are we to enjoy the Christmas number of an illustrated paper? Then let it give us, in a highly-coloured supplement, at least one lurid picture of battle and destruction. And as to the expense, why, the expense be—neglected.

I am not arguing whether this state of feeling be praiseworthy or not. I merely state facts which must be plain even to the least observant. But in such an atmosphere you, Sir, are not at your ease. Other traditions are yours, other principles have guided you, and it may be that you find yourself neither sufficiently young nor sufficiently compliant to trim your sails to this new *popularis aura*. At any rate, you retire from leadership—though I will not take it upon myself to prophesy for how long the retirement may last. For the political scene shifts with a bewildering rapidity, and he would be a bold man who would deny that it is possible for you to be flung back, even against your will, to power on some wave of indignant protest, whether against high Church ritual or against a supposed militarism and a perpetual territorial expansion.

But for the present we bid you farewell—as a leader. That your vigorous strength and keen intelligence can ever resign themselves to idleness, I for one am not willing to believe. This truce of parties cannot last, and when the fight begins again, I know you will not be absent wherever hard blows are to be struck for the principles with which your life has so far been associated.

I am, Sir, with all respect, your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.



YULE-TIDE VISION.

Mrs. B. "WHERE HAVE I BEEN? WHY, SHOPPING, OF COURSE. DON'T I LOOK LIKE IT?"

Mr. B. "LOOK LIKE IT! WHY, YOU 'RE A CHRISTMAS-TREE COMPLETE!"



Ethel. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, GERTRUDE?"
Gertrude. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY JACK AND I HAD A QUARREL THE OTHER DAY, AND I WROTE AND TOLD HIM NEVER TO DARE TO SPEAK OR WRITE TO ME AGAIN,——AND THE WRETCH HASN'T EVEN HAD THE DECENCY TO ANSWER MY LETTER!"

THE GRAND TRUNK.

It matters not that people say
"Your Party has no head;
And simple trunks with this away
Are practically dead!"
Though chiefs are useful things, we know,
And 'tis with pain we sever,
Yet such may come and such may go,
But we roll on for ever!

It is, of course, a common plan
For one to take the lead,
And pointedly conduct the van
Upon a prancing steed;
Yet is he not of any use,
His *raison d'être* is hollow,
Who cannot, now and then, induce
The rank and file to follow.

Now fortunately we possess
(How seldom this occurs!)
A singularly level mess
Of junior officers;
The claims of each to rule the rest—
Some shorter, others longer—
In strength are equal to the best,
Or even slightly stronger.

One holds that Britain's manly force
Is undermined by Beer,
And one would move without remorse
To purge the bloated Peer;
One thinks the navy ought to cope
With any sort of crisis;
Another planks his final hope
On peace at famine prices.

(For me,* I am no man of wrath,
I own that I should blush
To go in brogues of breezy cloth
Tarred with the Tory brush;
Some want a man of spirit for
Diplomacy—I differ,
I'd have him made of water or
Skim-milk, but nothing stiffer.)

Each for himself and Heaven for all!
With such a battle-cry,
Though here and there a few may fall,
We cannot wholly die;
But when, if ever, we agree
And join in tuneful chorus,
Why, then, our unanimity
Will sweep the field before us!

Somewhere, no doubt, exists the man
Peculiarly designed
To lead our lively caravan
Or else to push behind;
He may be turning up to-day,
This week, or next, or never;
But let him come or stay away,
We still roll on for ever!

* "They would never wrap themselves in that filthiest of Tory rags, 'a spirited foreign policy.'"
—*Dr. Spence Watson at the Conference of the National Liberal Federation.*

WHAT A MAN PROPOSES.

(*Page from a Diary in Common Form.*)

January 1.—Now I purpose carrying out a long-cherished idea. This is the commencement of a new year, and I intend to record all my thoughts and the events of my life from day to day. Then in times to come I shall be able to refer back, and not only see what I was doing from hour to hour, but what I was thinking. This will be valuable, not only to myself and immediate family, but to my remote descendants. It may be that these pages now blank, but during the coming three hundred and sixty-five days to be filled with a mass of interesting details, may have a part in the creation of history. Who knows that this volume may not be a very mine of information to some Gibbon, Macaulay or Justin M'Carthy of the future? Well, to make a commencement. What did I do and think to-day? Why, I had my hair cut, and thought a shilling too much when I could have got it done at the stores for sixpence.

December 31.—Only one entry! The above! Wasted all the rest of the pages! And haven't exactly carried out my original intention! Well, better luck next year!

LONDON'S LATEST HEALTHFUL KLONDYKE.—Golder's Hill.

A FORECAST.

NINETY-NINE, who in the old year's wake
Follow in a never-broken line,
Come and bring us luck, for pity's sake,
Ninety-nine.

Now with brightest auguries you shine
(Ah! the old year had enough of ache)
Peace you offer us, and hope divine.

Yes, but of the promises you make—
Tell us as we worship at your shrine—
How many per hundred will you break?
Ninety-nine?

A SPOT TO BE AVOIDED BY ROYAL ARTILLERYMEN.—Gunnersbury.



1899.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.



AT A CHRISTMAS JUVENILE PARTY.

Aunt Florence. "I WILL FIND YOU A PARTNER, ETHEL, DEAR. BETWEEN OURSELVES, NOW, HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE?"
Miss Ethel. "WELL, AUNTIE, I SHOULD PREFER ONE WITH A *MOUSTACHE!*"



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—IV.

A fine Chair, of doubtful design; originally a Lounge. Has been much altered in Government offices. Made of Scotch fir, decorated with "goffer" wood. Like the Diplomatic Chair (No. 3), it is uncomfortable to sit upon. For a time at Hertford (with "my uncle"); afterwards at Dublin Castle, where it proved useful.

WONDERS OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE TZ-R—If my peace rescript will end in a first-rate European war.

THE K-S-R—Where I shall be off to next.

EMPEROR OF CH-NA—If I shall dispose of my Aunt.

DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF CH-NA—If I shall get rid of my nephew.

M. F-RE—If I shall have to resign the Presidentship of the Republic in favour of Marshal of France DREYFUS.

KING OF IT-LY—If I shall make both ends meet.

PRESIDENT MCK-NL-Y—If the British lion will take kindly to my tariff scheme.

THE S-LT-N—If I shall have a look-in at the next meeting of the Concert.

MARQUIS OF S-L-SB-RY—What I shall do with the Colonial Secretary.

RT. HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N—How I shall wake them up at the Foreign Office.

RT. HON. SIR W-LL-M H-RC-T—How they will get on without me.

LORD R-S-B-RY—What is my exact position.

MR. H-NN-K-R H-T-N—When Australia will come into the Imperial Penny Postage.

THE P-STM-ST-R G-N-R-L—If anything can be done towards cheapening National and Inter-Colonial telegraphy.

LORD K-TCH-N-R—If the Gordon College at Khartoum will prove more successful than that started forty-five years ago; and

MR. PUNCH—If all the above wonders will still be matters of conjecture at the end of the present century.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—V.

THE WOOLSACK RECREATION CHAIR.

A very distinguished, strong, tough, and rather dusty chair, made from the remains of old cases, from designs of great antiquity. Its history begins with the Tichborne trial; since in various law offices.

READY-MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, P.C., M.P.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, On a ship party-coloured, shattered, dismasted and water-logged, a crew prone to mutiny reguardant in complacence over the side a tried and weather-beaten chief avoirdupois proper, incontinently jettisoned without scruple or remorse; 2nd, On a ground of grievance two tents of Achilles, freely canvassed in the press, conjoined morly in tension and possibly somewhat overstrained; 3rd, A masterly heraldic bouget of finance, charged with a fleece of gold lifted proper from sundry millionaires gorged or, collared in transit on the hop; 4th, On a ground protestant kensittée a veteran campaigner statant single-handed (on his helmet the motto "Ut veniant omnes!"—"Let 'em *all* come!") bearing a plume mordant guttée de l'encre transfixing several anglican traitors foxy to the last but exposed proper in mummery. *Crest:* Emergent from a crown of the plantagenets, a rogue-elephant of the forest jumbonée, thwarted circumvented and finally ousted with alacrity. (*Motto:* "Contra dexter et audax"—"Skilful and bold in opposition.") *Supporters (otherwise engaged!*—mainly in accepting resignations by return of post—but in place thereof possibly the following will answer the purpose): Dexter, an eminent littérateur similarly isolated and unique in courtesy, and gratitude, charged with a colossal biography proper; sinister, an heraldic sun luluois radiant in geniality, exemplarily staunch and filial to the core. *Second Motto (Welsh translation):* "Lyddthe ryfraf, dydd yu effyr, nod yff y nowydd!"

THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

(*Extracts from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.; Third.*)

P. & O. Mail Steamer "Peninsular." Gibraltar, Friday.—The Member for Sark, who once journeyed round the world, tells me the thing that struck him most was the way in which pacific England, a nation of shopkeepers, has grabbed all the best bits. Sometimes they are big, like India, Australasia, Canada, and South Africa. Sometimes they are small, like Hong Kong, Aden, Malta, and Gibraltar. But wherever you go, in whichever hemisphere, North of the Line or South, you find the British flag flying at intervals, often in quite unexpected places.

"When I was a boy," says SARK, "I used to read a book called *Half Hours with the Best Authors.* Consider the universe, and you'll find that England has possessed herself of "Half Hours with the Best Bits."

Something particularly audacious, if you come to think of it, in our position at Gibraltar. Here's this rock, ultimate acre of Europe to the South-West, apparently especially designed for impregnable fortification. Its value is multiplied by the splendid bay in which men-of-war may safely ride at anchor within hail of the shore. For centuries the rock flew the flag of Imperial Spain. To-day it is ours. British soldiers garrison it. British guns perforate its rocky front; in the bay rides a British fleet—to-day in exceedingly low spirits at the collapse of the war-cloud.

"In a week," said a gallant Captain, with a faraway look in his eyes, turned in the direction of Marseilles, "there wouldn't have been a French war-ship afloat in the Mediterranean, and I suppose the Channel fleet would have looked after them in the North. At a pinch we could have managed both ends."

And the good man turned away to hide the unbidden tear.

Saturday.—The "blue" Mediterranean inky black under a leaden sky. The rain-clouds spouting over Africa. On the other side the coast of Spain, softly outlined by ring of fairy hills, on which a sun unknown to us pours a flood of rosy light.

Sit on deck reading *Mr. and Mrs. Neville Tyson.* A clever book rather than a nice one. *Neville Tyson* is the sort of man that only a woman armed with blue and red chalks, vitriolic flame being easy of access, could draw. Her idea of poor harmless man is "a brute with the immortal human soul struggling perpetually to be, the brute in him supreme and indestructible." That is the nightmare sort of man MAY SINCLAIR imagines, and she has forcibly realised her idea. In artistic contrast with *Mr. Neville Tyson* is *Mrs. Neville Tyson*, the frivolous, flirting, outwardly indifferent wife, who for love of the brute abandons her passionately-loved child. Incidentally she loses her peerless beauty in saving her husband from the fire, which SARK is pleased to reflect, must be his everlasting portion. When he deserts her a third time she dies. As for the paragon of husbands, he falls with his face to the foe in the Soudan, and even in Drayton Parva, where all things are remembered, his sins are forgotten. "Nay, more," MAY SINCLAIR writes, with the gentle sarcasm that occasionally flashes above the blue light of her story, "they forbear to speak of his wife's sins out of respect of the memory of a brave man."

Some more, gentle MAY, please, but harp on a pleasanter theme.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

["Many English Vicars have announced that cyclists attending their churches will find places for storing their machines, but a New York clergyman has carried out the brilliant idea of storage for babies."—*Globe.*]

TWINS! O ye Gods!—Then groaning, I—
"Ah! how much longer *will* they come?
Quot anni, heu! tot liberi,
And lo! the cry is *still* they come!
There 's KATE, MARIA, JANE and JACK,
And now another two of them——
The thing is past a joke. Alack!
Whatever shall I do with them!"

While brooding thus, I chanced to learn
About a gentle cleric, a
Good soul of philanthropic turn,
Who hails from North America;
He cares for little infants all,
The dark, the fair, the carroty,
The lean, the fat, the great, the small,
With all-embracing charity.

As up-to-date Divines on stump
Bid cyclists bring their bikes with them,
Providing rooms where each may pump,
Clean, oil—do what he likes with them;
He bids the mothers come to pray,
"And let the infants small come too!
The bottled babe, the toddler gay,
By all means, let 'em all come too!

"Just step in here, and you will see,
Upon a glimpse most cursory,
The vestry makes, you will agree,
A quite ideal nursery.
The little darlings here at large
May gambol, as is right, together—
Of course, a curate's left in charge
To see they do not fight together."

I started up, my beaming face
No longer like a lemon. I
Exclaimed, "Behold! the very place
For my beloved *Gemini!*
I'll take them to this good man; he
Will joyfully receive the brats,
And then I'll slip away, d'you see?
And with the curate leave the brats."



À BOULOGNE, 140
After Macbeth's Banquet, 252
Alfred on Cædmon, 150
Aller et Retour, 109
All for Hit, 82
Angelina to Edwin, 165
Anglo-American Vade Mecum (The), 97
Army Surgeon's Vade Mecum (The), 89
As Now Worn; or, the Gents' Arbiter of Fashion, 93, 202, 215
At Henley as it is, 4
At the Bar, 33, 51, 155
At the Palace, 57
Auguste and Ludwig, 52, 132, 149, 161, 209, 240, 264
Auguste en Angleterre, 15
Austiniad (An), 257
BACHELOR Uncle's Diary, 112, 123, 135, 155, 167, 301
Back in Berlin, 280
Ballade of Christmas Shopping, 297
Ballade of Concealed Art (A), 1
Ballad of Happiness to Order (The), 303
Beautiful Business for Bisley, 34
Belgian Shakspeare (The), 25, 121
Belle o' New York Co. (Unlimited), 269
Bismarck, 64
Blossoms at the St. James's, 179
Blue Mediterranean (The), 300, 310
Bold Adventure (A), 144
"Brother Officers," 228
'Bus Driver's Vade Mecum (The), 214
"But still the Douglas is the Theme," 97
By the Silver Sea, 99
CAGED Birds, 69
Caviare to "The General," 215
Chance for Misogynists (A), 45
Chinese Trouble (The), 165
Christmas, 289
Clown in Futuro, 293
Club Woman's Vade Mecum (The), 18
Cockney Rhapsody (A), 28
Columbus, 299
Complete Story Writer (The), 105, 113, 144, 147, 189
Confidences, 207, 261, 279
Conversations for Cash, 120
Coquelin "est né, parfait! 28
Cowes Week Experience (A), 60
Criminal Jurisprudence à la Mode, 185
Culture v. Agriculture, 111
Cure for the Scorcher (A), 72
DARBY Jones at Cowes, 49
Darby Jones considers Mr. Tod Sloan and Manchester, 241
Darby Jones laments on the Extinction of Stockbridge, 10
Darby Jones leaves Liverpool for Darby, 237
Darby Jones looks forward to Liverpool, 36
Darby Jones looks on Goodwood, 34
Darby Jones on a Lamented Death and Turf Nomenclature, 3
Darby Jones on "Bottlers" and Liverpool, 220
Darby Jones on Doncaster, 177
Darby Jones on Land and Sea Racing, 61
Darby Jones on Lingfield, 231
Darby Jones on Newmarket, 154
Darby Jones on Racing Contrasts, 183
Darby Jones on Racing Contrasts and the Cesarewitch, 171
Darby Jones on "Spilt Milk," 216
Darby Jones on the Harvest of the Turf, 274
Darby Jones on the Leger, 131
Darby Jones on the Past Season and the "Illegitimate Game," 255
Darby Jones on Turf Ruffianism and the Ebor Handicap, 85
Darby Jones on Turf Topics, 168
Darby Jones on Yarmouth and Bloaters, 137
Darby Jones resents an Aspersion on Newmarket, &c., 195
Darby Jones talks about Sandown and the Eclipse Stakes, 16
Day's Talk (The), 221
Depreciations, 270
Diary of a Successful General, 268
Diary of a Would be Member of Parliament, 197
Discipline all at Sea, 251
Dispute (The), 293
Distinguished Women's Husbands, 162
Doctor's Visit (The), 204
Dramatic Critic in 1832 (A) 285
Dream Music, 147
ECHOES from Paris, 173
Een Briefje, 120
Emperor's Journal (The), 196
Equality of the Sexes (The), 205
Essence of Parliament, 11, 23, 35, 47, 59, 71, 83
European Disarmament, 148
Examination Paper à la Mode, 27
Examination Paper for Travellers, 51
Feeding up to Date, 87
Figures, 303
Flittings, 21
Flodden Field, 113
Forthcoming Inventions, 249
(?) From "Far Cathay," 76
From the Seat of War or thereabouts, 108
Further Rules Regulating the Conduct of Barristers, 96
Future Director's Vade Mecum (The), 238
GEMS at Drury Lane, 166
"God in the Car" (The), 234
Good Business, 145
Grand Trunk (The), 306
Great Ungagged (The), 282
Guards of Right (The), 111
Gulliver the Second, 172
"Gyrations of a Genius" (The), 101
Handbook for the Militia, 84
Hand of Fate (The), 94
Hemispheres I have "extended" over, 13, 40
Hero's Progress (The), 198
Het Nieuws van den dag, 129
Historical Examination Paper, 61
Hobson's Choice, 305
Home for the Holidays, 16
House versus Grouse, 63
How to "Run" Egypt, 193
How to write a Christmas Annual, 265
H.R.H., 42
Humorist and the Hohenzollern, 143
"Hurt that Honour feels" (The), 210
IDEAL Holiday (The), 43
Idyllic Island (An), 88
I guess that 's so, 246
In Defence of Conventionality, 239
Indian Rising in the U.S.A., 184
In Futuro, 275
Intellectual Ten (The), 267
Interesting Papyrus (An). 161
"In the Bay of Biscay—oh!" 287
JADED Jester in August (The), 73
KISMET, 33
Kitchener, 293
LAST Shift (The), 191
Law of Chance (The), 153
Legal "Notes," 46
Le Monde où l'on s'affiche, 69, 78, 90, 102, 124
Le Sport, 156
"Letters may be addressed here," 141, 156
Letters to the Celebrated, 305
Lost Art (The), 220
Lymph-on-the-Conscience, 54
MAD Mullah Interviewed (The), 297
Manœuvres of Jones at the Haymarket, 217
Manx, 276
Marchand Report (The), 186
Merry Christmas (A), 294
Millennium up to Date (The), 1
Misconstruction, 241
Miséricorde! 181
Modern Rehearsal (A). 294
Morte d'Harcourt, 291
Mournful Numbers, 231
M.P.'s Lament (The). 17
Mr. Peeps' Diary at Henley, 9
Mr. Punch's Dreyfus Dictionary, 179
Mr. Punch the Prophet, 194
Mystery of a Handsome Cad, 256
NEW B.A. (The), 70
New Diplomacy (The), 288
New Guv'nor (The), 243
New Philanthropic Society (A), 213
Next Temperance Movement (The), 133
Nicotine, 114
No Baldheads need apply!" 27
Notes from a Stage Shooting-Box, 6
Of course, 228
"Oh, would I were a Bird!" 178
Old Age Pensions, 29
Operatic Notes, 4, 21, 30, 41
Ostend, 77, 96
Our Booking-Office, 1, 17, 29, 37, 53, 64, 81, 96, 109, 132, 135, 145, 157, 169, 192, 201, 205, 233, 245, 263, 269, 288, 292, 304
Our Children's Corner, 159
Oxford in the Vac., 153
Oxford 2000 A.D., 298
PACE "Pax Britannica," 262
Perfidious Gaul, 225
Philosemeiotisiscomistographists, 171
"Please to remember the Ninth of November," 227
Polite Education (A), 95
Professional Bridesmaid (The), 51
Progress of the War, 11
Promoter's Vade Mecum (The), 57
Public Benefactor (A), 253
Put to the Test, 177
QUESTIONS and Answers for a Mere Man, 106
Quite the Cheese; or, Snapshots at Edam, 138
RATHER Disconcerting, 299
Resolutions, 183
Return (The), 191
Riverie (A), 89
SARA BERNHARDT'S Trip to India, 229
"Scene in Court," 29
Schoolgirl Abroad (The), 63
Should Husbands Work? 108
Silomo's Warning, 9
"Small by degrees, and beautifully less," 75
Snapshots from the East, 232, 244
Social Whirl (The), 5
Some Christmas Presents, 300
Some Safe Prophecies for 1899, 303
Songs for the Nation, 75
Son of Heaven discusses his Aunt, 174
Spies: an Incident of '98 (The), 238
Sportive Songs, 22, 82, 84, 99, 297
Suggestion for Lloyd's (A), 107
Sultan and the Traveller (The), 219
TAX-COLLECTOR (The), 202
Terrible Adventure (A), 45
That Bicycle Lamp, 45
37th Field Battery R.A. at Omdurman, 192
"Those that live in glass houses—," 222
Tip for the Tripper (A), 3
Tips for Travellers, 63, 85
To a Fond Mamma, 250
To a Scion of the "Swiss Family R"—ougement, 174
To Brighton in an Hour, 180
To Charwomen, 102
To Middelkerke, 136
To my Pipe, 107
To Phyllis, 200
To the Pipe-r, 119
To the Sea-Serpent, 192
To W. G., 15

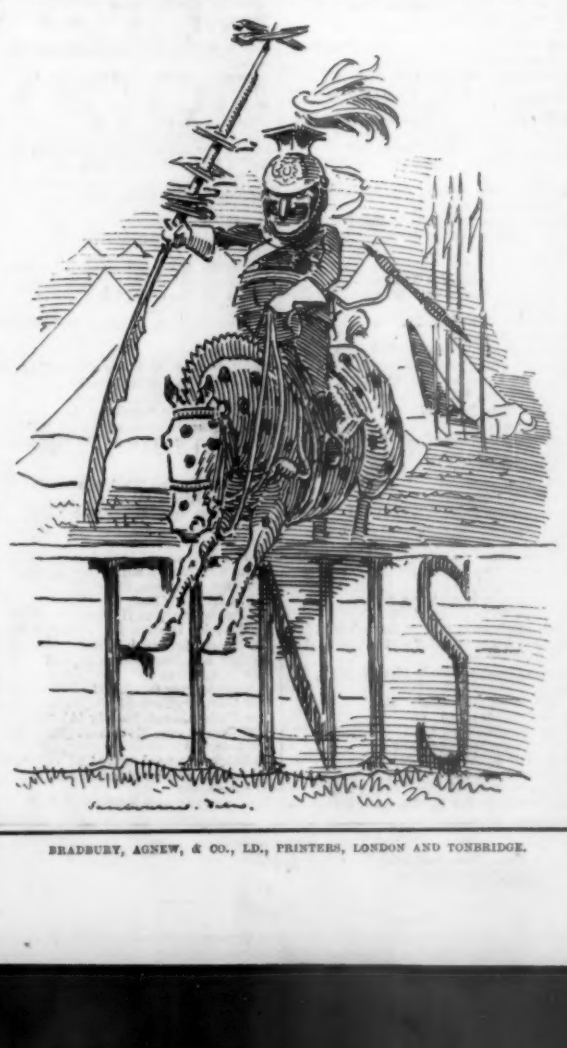
Treasury of Knowledge (The), 77
Trials of a Bloodhound, 180
True Philanthropist (A), 310
UMBRELLA-MAKER and the Barometer (The), 185
Unfortunate Morning (An), 277
Up for the Cattle Show, 274
VELDT Want (A), 258
Verses for a Psalter, 129
Very difficult Profession (A), 149
Vive la Vérité! 160
Vixi puellis nuper idoneus, 144
Vox Stellarum, 145
WAITING, 173
Warning Word (A), 208
Way to be a Policeman (The), 29
Weatherwise, 141
What a Man Proposes, 306
When the Police get the Telephone, 264
"Wednesday, Nov. 30, St. Andrew," 273
Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, 114
With Margaret at Margate, 142
Wonders of the New Year, 309
YELLOW Jack, 201

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"ADVANCE, Australia!" 31
Bismarck, 66-67
Business resumed, 151
Doctrine and Practice, 55
"Doth not a Meeting like this make Amends!" 247
"Dreaming True," 271
1899—His First Appearance, 307
Fixture (A), 225
"Flor de Cuba!" 42
Friendly Proposal (A), 115
Khartoum, 126, 127
Marches! Marchand! 163
"Men were Deceivers ever!" 279
New Star of India (The), 79
Ninety in the Shade—not out, 103
On the Brink, 199
Our Masters' Masters, 7
Peace—and After? 91
"Pinned!" 19
"Piping Times of Peace!" 283
Quit!—pro Quo? 187
Ready for Anything! 223
Slave of Duty (The), 139
Sold! 175
Under the Mistletoe, 215
Welcome! 211

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ABANDONED Bills, 26
Advertisement Boards on a House, 283
Afrikander's Present to John Bull, 278
Alpine Climbing in the Strand, 105
American Tourist's Favourite View, 121
America offers Cuba to Spain, 182
Anti-Anarchist Bomb-proof Ruler, 203
'Arriet and the Bee, 25
'Arriet's Name for our Artist, 274
'Arry learning Horsemanship, 191
'Arry on Norwegian Stolkjerre, 76
Australian Natural History Marvels, 190
Baby's Point of Conscience, 132
Bachelor dining at Club, 168
Bad Year for Mushrooms (A), 107
Bath-Chair Racing, 57
Better Judgment of Paris (The), 230
Bicycle Collision, 36
Bicycling over the Alps, 18
Billie's Stockings without Feet, 191
Bill's Definition of a Prodigal, 70
Bismarck and Dr. Johnson, 146
Blonde originally a Brunette, 136
Bloodhounds and Police, 160
Bluejacket, Boy, and Commander, 95
Boarding-School "Crocodile" (The), 34
Boating Man's Big Dinner, 54
Boating Scene at Henley, 15
Boatmen's Seaside Dialogue, 17
Bobby's Birds'-nesting, 174
Bobby's Satisfactory Meal, 222
Booth in the Wild West (A), 241
Borrowing a Friend's Bicycle, 269
Boxing Street Thieves, 189
Boy and Tied-up Fowl, 123
Bricklaying Class (A), 181
Britannia's Dancing Partners, 122
Cabby navigating the Ark, 196
Cab-runner and the Washing, 264
Cab Tout and Cabman, 267
Cannoning on Hunting Field, 304
Cartridges without Shot, 201
Celestial Waltzing and "Reversing," 60
Charles the Second and Cromwell, 47
"Charley's Aunt" in Greek, 220
Chemical Baker's shop (The), 133
Children going to Bed, 23
Chinese Emperor and Dowager, 158
Chinese Potentate and Belgium, 108
Christmas Contrasts, 302
Christmas Shopping, 265
Civic Festivities in Prehistoric Times, 226
Clergyman getting rather Bald, 16
Concertina Jury-Box, 85
Conductor and Swell on 'Bus, 209
Coster Guards (The), 130
Countrymen discussing Politics, 40
Cow and the Golf-Ball, 228
Crocodiles applying at the Zoo, 245
Cultured Niece's Literature (A), 204
Cyclist and Rural Policeman, 147
Cyclist and Steep Hill, 49
Cyclist meeting French Dog, 78
Cyclist on Horseback, 177
Cyclist's Hunting Boots (A), 237
Death and the Vaccination Bill, 38
Design for an Umbrella Handle, 208
Dialogue on an Atlantic Liner, 27
Dicky's Dead Crab, 185
Dirty Sailor's Sentence (A), 179
Discussing Gold Mine Shares, 30
Discussing Hunting Woman's Age, 244
Doctor guessing Conundrums, 113
Domestic Applicant and Suburban Lady, 239
Dougal's Opinion of Champagne, 208
Drawing a Seaman's Tooth, 275
Driving a Phaëton into the Sea, 46
Duchess and the Scullery-maid, 243
Dutch Peasants and Canal Boat, 102
Effie and the Plum Cake, 55
Electric Link Boy (An), 229
Emperor Crusader and Saladin, 170
Equestrian out House-hunting, 183
Exchanged Dogs at Railway Station, 249
Falling among the Hounds, 231
Feeding Pigeons at Venice, 255
Flourishing Brother (A), 75
Flower-seller (A), 186
Fox's Neck in a String, 297
Framework of a New Horse, 207
French and English at Ostend, 112
Gentleman's Fashion Paper (A), 37
Grace's Fiftieth Year, 14
Grandpapa's Long Eyebrows, 29
Golfer and the Donkey, 252
Golfer and Tinker, 24
Golfer explains what a Caddie is, 293
Golf—Fore and Aft, 216
Grenadiers' Boots (The), 177
Groom and Cantering Mistress, 10
Groom and Pony at Show, 81
Grouse and ill-omened Twelfth, 64
Guy Fox's Day, 216
Harlequin Chamberlain's Trick, 290
Horse Markets Illustrated, 165, 193, 253
Hornpipe at Peking (The), 106
Horses in the Paddock, 184
How many Stairs Grandma Jumps, 289
Hunting Lady asking for Bridge, 228
Hunting Man on the Turnips, 261
Hunting Tod-Sloan Fashion, 232
Hypnotic Steam-boat Steward, 214
Indignant Gillie and Londoner, 225
Intoxicated Butler's Excuse, 292
Invaders of the Soudan, 142
Irish "Boots" disturbing Visitor, 63
Irish Guide and Tourist, 159
Irish Labourer in the Mortar, 280
Irving and Toole convalescent, 265
Jack Frost's First Appearance, 267
Jam on Tommy's Cheek, 61
John Bull and Cecil Rhodes, 98
John Morley, Gladstone's Biographer, 105
Jones Honeymooning in Paris, 129
Key of the Safe (The), 169
Kruger down in his Luck, 153
Labourers who rescued the Beer, 195
Lady Bore's Refreshment (A), 171
Lady District Visitor (A), 157
Lady engaging Cook, 258
Lady engaging New Housemaid, 39
Lady like a Christmas Tree, 305
Lady listening to Mr. Boreham, 270
Lady objects to ill-natured Gossip, 301
Lady Quarrels with Sweetheart, 206
Lady Theosophist and Friend, 145
Lady who loves Lord's, 9
Lame Bicycle (A), 141
Laundress Herschell's American Ties, 249
Lieutenant at Speaking-Tube, 119
Little Boy and Plum-pudding, 279
Little Dorothy on being Kissed, 246
Little Doveleigh Trespassing, 221
Little Girl and Bulldog's Teeth, 144
Little Major at Yeomanry Ball, 273
Little Man mounting Tall Horse, 256
Little Simpson at a Concert Crush, 42
Loafer and Dressing-bag, 231
Mabel on Bird-shooting, 73
Madge and George Washington, 143
Maid and Mistress's Key, 294
Maid repeats Visitor's remark, 287
Maisie and the Pug-dog, 17
Major Esterhazy's Disguises, 153
Making a Bicycle, 113
Marriage Lines of Two Railways, 86
Master Tommy and Bathing Woman, 124
Member for a Goose Club, 219
Messenger and a Separation Order, 11
M.F.H.'s New Horse, 148
Millionaire's Cellars full of Pictures, 111
Miss Gushington's Fits of Giddiness, 234
Miss Nimrod's First Shooting, 52
Mistress and Dressy Servant, 261
Mistress and Servant early marketing, 84
"Mr. Beresford," Chinese Traveller, 74
Mr. Borecastle's Tedious Tale, 100
Mr. Dabbles and the Sketching Club, 109
Mr. Punch and American Ambassador, 96
Mr. Punch's Prophetic Cartoon, 194
Mrs. Mumble and Flippant Gent, 99
Muscovite "W. G." (The), 89
Nervous Sportsman's Rabbit-shooting, 276
New Colt's Character (The), 268
New Curate and Deaf Countryman, 3
Noble Company Directors, 62
North and South Poles (The), 50
Nuisances in London, 181
Old Dame and Lady Visitor, 167
Old Gent and Board School Child, 5
Old Gent bitten by Dog, 114
Old Gent's Ornamental Butter, 162
Old Lady and Donkey-boys, 33
One of War's Compensations, 21
One Plain Man criticises Another, 198
Parliamentary Stars, 286
Parson and his Man-of-all-work, 52
Picture framed with Ground Glass, 233
Playing at Sheep and Lions, 101
Playing Polo with Raw Ponies, 28
Ploughman and the Motor-car, 263
Podgson's Cub-hunting on Foot, 180
Policeman's Foot-warmer, 277
Preferring a Partner with Moustache, 209
Prehistoric Fashods, 178
Prince George at Crete, 242
"Private Secretary" at Foreign Office, 94
Professionals applying for Apartments, 251
Promenade Concerts and Smoke, 181
Provincial and London Actors, 282
Putting a "Monkey" on a Racer, 131
Punch and Superannuated Bill Sticker, 266
Race-starter's Difficulty (A), 137
Ready-made Coats-of-Arms, 154, 166, 238, 250, 310
Resolutions on New Year's Eve, 303
Result of Careless Bill-posting, 210
Return of the German Troubadour, 254
Richmond attacking Smoke, 262
Rising Watering-place (A), 70
Rival Romeos (The), 298
Room-full of Awfully Clever People, 156
Ruffians introduced to the Cat, 140
Saddle on the Wrong Way, 41
Sailor before Fleet Surgeon, 22
Salesman and Gentlemen's Ties, 45
Salisbury and Open Door, 28
Salisbury and the Phonograph, 206
Salisbury, the Mysterious Minister, 2
Scotch Fisher's Special Fly, 172
Sea-serpent's Lament, 156
Seaside in the Back Garden, 69
Seaside in Winter (The), 117
Seats of the Mighty, 277, 289, 309
Shakspeare on Mr. John Hare, 1
Sir Charles's Noisy Bicycle, 58
Smelling River in Normandy, 138
Smoky Thames (The), 134
Snooks at the Seaside, 87
Soldier walking with Sweetheart, 37
South African Smithfield Show, 253
Sportsman going out Shooting, 240
Sportsman peppering Keeper, 192
Sportsman stalking Cattle, 97
Stout Lady's Corsets, 173
Stout Rider and Pony, 213
Sultan and German Emperor, 218
Sunday Music, 244
Swell's Guess at Composer's Name, 227
Swell's Tipping at Country Houses, 6
Swell, Street-boy, and Baby, 202
Telling Fibs in a Drawing-room, 120
Temperance Orator's Hands (A), 150
Thomas and Press Bazaar Purchases, 4
Tom and Mademoiselle at Ostend, 13
Tommy and Papa's Indigestion, 149
Tom's Reason for catching a Cold, 299
Tourist and Potato-digger, 229
Traveller's Safe Jewel Transit, 198
Two Girls discussing Juliet, 20
Two Lady Friends meeting, 285
Two Yachtsmen and a Drink, 51
Uncle Sam and Hawaii, 72
Unsuccessful Shooting Party, 155
"Valet of the Nile" (The), 217
Vicar's Wife and Female Parishioner, 257
Volunteers and Park Owner, 165
Waiter and Fried Soles, 84
Weeping Margery's Pockethandkerchief, 197
Winter Strawberry and Giant Gooseberry, 265
Young Ladies stopped by a Rough, 300
Young Lady's Love for the Country, 215
Young Lady on Dog-shows, 135



BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., LD., PRINTERS, LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

LIQUEURS OF THE CDE. CHARTREUSE.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants, throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

L. GARNIER

BUCHANAN BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



ROPER FRÈRES' FIRST QUALITY CHAMPAGNE.

A NEW WRITING CABINET.



Stone's "Bureau" Cabinets.

No. 931, as illustration, £2 12s. 0d. IN OAK THROUGHOUT.

Size 21½ × 21½ × 10½. Order through any Furniture Dealer, Stationer, or direct from

H. STONE & SON, BANBURY.

Write for Catalogue of Novel & Useful Presents.

CELLULAR DRESS SHIRTS.

HEALTHIEST AND BEST FOR EVENING WEAR.

Illustrated Price List of full range of Cellular Goods for Men, Women, and Children, sent post free on application.

OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 33, New Bond St., W.
OLIVER BROTHERS, Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
ROBERT SCOTT, Ltd., 14 and 15, Poultry, E.C.
And Agents in all Towns in the United Kingdom.
See Price List for Names.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. Universally admitted to be The Best and Safest Article for Cleaning Silver, Electro-Plate, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c.
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH
INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
REFUSE ALL OTHER TAR SOAPS
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP WITH MEDICAL JOURNAL MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES LANCET
IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS 1/- SOLD EVERYWHERE
RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

HOWARD BEDFORD

Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Straw Trussers, Mowers, Hay Presses, Oil Engines & Light Railways.



GENTLEMEN'S WIGS.

Perfect Imitations of Nature. Weightless, no wiggy appearance. Unshrinkable Material. Instructions for self-measurement on application.

CHAS. BOND & SON,
43, NEW BOND STREET, W.
Specialists also for Ladies' Wigs and Scalpettes.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

CHARMING GIFTS

FOR CYCLISTS, TOURISTS, LADIES, SPORTSMEN, AND ALL HOLIDAY MAKERS.

KODAKS

Kodak Photography is the best hobby in the world. It is mastered in a few minutes by anyone.

No Dark Room Worry, Films Changed in Daylight.

KODAKS FROM

£1. 1s. to £7. 7s.

EASTMAN Photographic Materials Co., Ltd.,
43, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.
Retail Branches—60, Cheapside, E.C.
115-117, Oxford Street, W.
171-173, Regent Street, W.

A Medium Mild Indian Cigar, 3d. each.

'FLOR DE DINDIGUL'

Wholesome, Delightful, and Fragrant.

BEWLAY & CO., 49, STRAND, W.C.

"PUNCH"

is being set up every week by LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINES.

POUDRE D'AMOUR

Prepared by Picard Frères, Parfumeurs.

A TOILET POWDER FOR THE COMPLEXION,

For the Nursery, Roughness of the Skin, After Shaving, etc.

PURE AND HARMLESS.

BLANCHE, NATURELLE, RACHEL, 1s.

Of PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C., London.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.



Martell's "Three Star" Brandy.

MARIANI WINE

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

Testimonials from
His Holiness the POPE,
President MACKINLEY,
and 8,000 PHYSICIANS.

UNRIVALLED AS A TONIC & PICK-ME-UP.

WILCOX & Co., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., & all Chemists & Stores. 4/- bottle, 45/- per doz.

"THE BOONS & BLESSINGS."



MACNIVEN & CAMERON, Ltd., EDINBURGH.

SORE THROAT

"You cannot do better than gargle with 'Condy.'"—Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D., *Physician to the late Emperor of Germany.*

Insist on buying CONDY'S Remedial FLUID



PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS

of every description. Churches, Temporary Hospitals, Bungalows, Workshops, &c., &c. Packed on Rail or erected in any part of the Kingdom. Also Green-houses, Summer-houses, Poultry Houses, &c.

Lists, Plans, and Estimates free.

W. COOPER, 755, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.

"No Better Food Exists."
—*London Medical Record.*

Allen & Hanburys' Food

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

"Excellent in quality and flavour."—LANCET.

Sold Everywhere in 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Tins.

'K' BOOTS

AA-15
1

VINOLIA

CHOICE TOILET REQUISITES.

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP.

4d.



For Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable Skins.

1/- per Box of 3 Tablets.

VINOLIA CREAM.

1/1½



For Itching, Face Spots, Chaps, Chilblains, &c., and the Skin in Health and Disease.

1/1½ and 1/9 per Box.

VINOLIA POWDER.

1/-



For Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery, &c.
In White, Pink, and Cream Tints.

1/- and 1/9 per Box.

PREMIER VINOLIA DENTIFRICE

4d.



Aromatic, Tonic, Refreshing, Preservative. Keeps the Teeth Ivory White.

In Round Metal Box & Glass Bottle, 4d.

VINOLIA TOOTH SOAP.

6d.



An exquisite Preparation for the Teeth.

In Round Metal Box, 6d.

VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE.

6d.

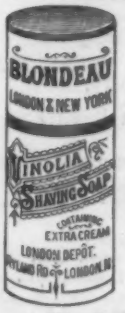


DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED.

Cleanses and Whitens the Teeth without in any way injuriously affecting the Dental Structures.

In Collapsable Tube, 6d.

6d. PREMIER VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP.



Yields a most soothing, substantial Lather.

Causes no Blotches under the Chin.

Premier Vinolia Shaving Stick, 6d.

6d. VINOLIA COSMETIC.



Strengthens the Hair, and keeps it from becoming Rusty, Bristly, or Untidy.

Sticks—In 4 Tints—White, Blonde, Brown, and Black.

The following Odours can be supplied:
VIOLET, ROSE, JASMIN, HELIOTROPE, OSMEDIA AND VANILLE.—6d. and 1/-.

3d. VINOLIA VIOLET POWDER.



SANITARY.
ANTISEPTIC.
SOOTHING.

Specially prepared for Toilet and Nursery Use.

In 2-oz. Packet, 3d.
In ¼-lb. Packet or Tin, 6d.

VINOLIA LIQUID DENTIFRICE.

6d.



Keeps the gums Strong, Healthy and of A Good Color.

Contains no Injurious Ingredients.

6d. and 1s. per bottle.

6d. LYPSYL.



A Coralline Emollient for Dry, Rough, Cracked or Pallid Lips.

In Rose-Red and White Tints,

6d.

6d. PREMIER VINOLIA POMADE.



Natural to the Hair and Scalp.

Imparts a fine Silkiness to the Hair.

In Glass Bottle, 6d.

6d. VINOLIA LAVENDER WATER.



NATURAL AND VERY LASTING.

Contains the finest Essential Oils, Concentrated, therefore the most Economical.

6d. and 1/- per bottle.

VINOLIA EAU DE COLOGNE.

6d.



FRAGRANT.
REFRESHING.

As fine as can possibly be made.

6d. and 1/- per Bottle.

BLONDEAU INEXHAUSTIBLE LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS.

6d.



These Smelling Salts are of exceptional strength, and most refreshing. They are agreeably scented, the pleasant odour of Lavender being very pronounced.

6d. and 9d. per Bottle.

BLONDEAU PERFUMES.

6d.



CONCENTRATED.
DELICATE.
PURE.

White Heliotrope, Opoponax, Stephanotis, White Rose, Violet, and all Popular Odours.

6d. per Bottle.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 30, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, December 31, 1898.

P 1898 12 (v. 115)